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A Tree Grows in Brooklyn

by Betty Smith



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Cover Girl It's hard to believe, in this day and age. But cover girl Barbara Britton, now on contract to Paramount, is out to win the Hollywood Oscar the quiet, earnest way. Reared in a Quaker household, she doesn't smoke, drink, go to night clubs, use much makeup or play gin rummy. For those who feared the wholesome girl was a vanishing American type, photographers Mead-Maddick took this picture of Barbara. Reassuring, isn't it?

Germany's campaign for world sympathy worked fine after the last war, but it can't compare with her present plans. Forewarned is forearmed!



What Price Pity for the Germans?

by CURT RIESS

IN APRIL, 1944, Germany's greatest surgeon, Professor Sauerbruch, made a speech before the Medical Society of Basle. He pointed out that science was doomed if international collaboration between scientists ceased. His final words were: "The first task of scientists is to fight for humanity!"

This is a somewhat astonishing speech coming from one of the oldest members of the Nazi Party and Hitler's personal physician-adviser. Yet nothing whatever happened to the professor. He was neither attacked nor arrested—and with good reason. For "humanity" is going to be one of the most important slogans German propaganda will use in years to come.

After the fall of Stalingrad a Swedish correspondent pointed out to Herr Paul Schmidt, spokesman of the Foreign Office in Berlin, what might happen to Germany if the Russians ever invaded the Fatherland. Schmidt was by no means alarmed. He planned, he said, to rely on what he termed, "the cultural achievements of Germany," saying that world opinion would

never permit a country which had produced Bach, Beethoven and Goethe to be injured.

Talking to a German banker and delegate to the Bank for International Settlements late in May, 1944, a Swiss banker got the same reaction. The German was not alarmed that Germany might be destroyed just as mercilessly as she had destroyed other countries. "We rely on the civilized world and its mercy for the vanquished," he said.

Germany, then, will rely on the world's mercy and humanity. The Germans who have burned towns, shot hostages, exterminated millions of Jews, scientifically starved to death half the population of Europe—these same Germans will now just as systematically, just as coldbloodedly, organize the mercy of the world.

Does this sound fantastic? It may. But once before the Germans tried it, and succeeded.

The German army did not fight what could be called a chivalrous war between 1914 and 1918. It invaded Belgium, a neutral country; it devastated territories from which

it had to retreat; it deported populations of occupied territories; it shot Red Cross nurses and hostages; its Imperial Navy sank ships without warning and let passengers—civilians, often enough of neutral nationality—drown.

But then, when Germany collapsed, appeals to the chivalry of the enemy began. Shortly after he retired from active service, Field Marshal von Hindenburg told Karl Rosner and General Werner Metzsch, who prepared and wrote his memoirs: "We must organize a campaign for world sympathy."

The organization of world sympathy started when a deputy from President Wilson came to Berlin to talk to Walther Rathenau, the liberal, progressive politician who later was assassinated by the Nazis. Rathenau told the deputy that Germany was in a worse spot than the poorest of the Central American republics; that all Germans would die if help was not forthcoming. The deputy was deeply impressed.

The man who directed the propaganda machinery for world pity after the last war was Dr. Alfred von Wegerer, a former member of the general staff. Officially his job was to fight "the lie of Germany's war guilt" and he was allowed to spend any amount of money.

The first country on his list was Norway. This and the other Nordic countries were approached immediately after the Armistice and told that German children born during the war were in such a bad state of health that unless something was done for them immediately, they all would die and the German race disappear. Whereupon, these countries suggested that the children be

sent to them, so they could be given good food and their health restored.

A secret letter circulated in 1921 among the branch offices of the Association for Teutons Abroad contained these statements:

"Norway possesses the second largest merchant fleet in the world. Given the small population of the country, every family has at least two members serving in this fleet. These members must learn about the starvation and the miserable conditions existing in Germany today, caused by the Armistice and the Treaty of Versailles. This must be done through the children whom we send to Norway and through the letters which they exchange with their relatives at home."

This plan succeeded. In time, great numbers of Norwegians believed the stories about the German misery and spread them in ports all over the world. The Norwegians themselves received payment for their kindness 20 years later, when the German children they had fed and taught returned as soldiers of the Third Reich.

ALFRED VON WEGERER recognized that the country best suited for his purposes was the United States of America. Said he: "We must squeeze tears from the eyes of the Americans and dollars from their pockets." In a way the countless food packages sent to Germany by Americans between 1920 and 1930 were a direct result of his work, as was the Hoover moratorium in 1931, excusing Germany from paying further reparations.

Von Wegerer used great numbers of agents. Among them were church men, internationally known

sportsmen, liberal politicians, university professors, scientists and exchange students. But his greatest success came through such lecturers as Count Luckner, who during the war had been in command of a German raider. After his return from a lecture tour in America, Luckner wrote von Wegerer:

"I made quite an impression on the ladies when I told them of the German children and German mothers, and that many tens of thousands had starved. After I got them really excited, I shouted: 'I know, my American friends, that you will not push back the begging hand of a German child.' I have spoken thus in the most exclusive clubs of countless cities, and I think I have obtained excellent results."

Sentimental Americans who listened so willingly to Count Luckner and others like him sent not only food, clothing and money to Germany; they also loaned countless millions so the Germans could rebuild their country. And they, too, were paid back; in the Thirties not only was their money frozen, but they could not even get interest on their loans.

The biggest single propaganda item, used everywhere to obtain pity for Germany, was the Treaty of Versailles, allegedly the cruelest treaty ever forced on a defeated nation. Strangely enough, this was believed by people all over the world, particularly in America, though only a few months before their collapse, early in 1918 at Brest Litovsk, the men who complained about Versailles forced on the defeated Russians a treaty ten times as cruel.

Seven years after the war ended,

nobody remembered the atrocities of German armed forces. In 1925, two years after the German mark had been stabilized, enormous amounts of foreign money flowed into Germany. German industries flourished and new buildings were erected in every German city. At the same time conditions in France and England were going from bad to worse. Altogether, the organized campaign for world pity made it possible for Germany to win a war its armies had lost.

If those now in control of Germany, those behind the Nazis, have their say, it will be precisely the same this time.

THE OFFICE which devotes its time to preparing what might be called the war of mercy is Department P2 of the General Staff, which carries the classification, "Psychology of the Enemy." Its directors are Major General Georg von Tresckow, former adjutant of Field Marshal von Kluge, and Oberst Erich von Barnim, former collaborator of Field Marshal von Manstein.

Close to this office is a department of the Foreign Office directed by Georg von Twardowski, a man who has traveled much abroad. Even during this war he has visited enemy countries to speed up the exchange of wounded prisoners, diplomats and newspapermen. Probably Twardowski's office will do the psychological groundwork in the war of mercy; that is, it will define the approaches to be used when dealing with particular countries. Department P2 will try to counteract "the lies of German atrocities" by publishing abroad so-called neutral accounts of what

happened during the second war.

Dr. Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry has its Department of Mercy—Department NK (*Nachkrieg-post-war*), under the direction of *Ministerialdirektor* Werner Buettner.

The role of the women looms big in the plans of the NK Department. German womanhood will be used as advance guard of psychological warfare against foreigners at the time when Allied troops occupy Germany. To put it bluntly: German women are being trained to seduce Allied soldiers, physically and mentally.

Pro-German foreigners, too, will play a part. Men like the Swedish explorer Sven Hedin who regularly writes in Nazi papers on subjects which "have nothing to do with politics." Men like Dr. Gerhard Domagk, discoverer of the sulfa drug, who declined the Nobel Prize in 1939 because Hitler told him to. He may say later that he was forced to decline to save his life and can very well remind the world that his discovery has helped all humanity.

Also what of the great German musicians and conductors? They have worked for Hitler and some have proved themselves excellent Nazis. But they will have excellent alibis. For example, Richard Strauss, who during the first years of Hitler's regime shamelessly courted the Nazis, has already gone on record as opposed to this war. Wilhelm Furtwängler, Hans Pfitzner, Walter Gieseking, Kirsten Flagstad, all will tell the world they were prisoners of the Third Reich, unable to say what they really thought of Hitler.

Next to the Goebbels setup there is the A.O., organization of Ger-

mans abroad, which will help the Germans mobilize world pity. As such, this organization will be dissolved, but other organizations will see to it that the millions of Germans in other countries will be used (as they were between 1933 and 1939) to combat accounts of Nazi atrocities. Years ago Goebbels formed a society for letter-writing-to-persons-abroad. Pupils of high schools and professional schools had to put in a certain time—two hours every two weeks—to compose such letters. All this will be repeated, possibly on a larger scale.

LAST BUT by no means least in the coming campaign for pity are the German industrialists with their international connections. These men have all the interest in the world in Germany's speedy recovery. If Germany does not recover, their business will collapse—which would not be advantageous for their businessmen friends in France, England or America, either.

A short time ago the directors of one of the greatest chemical concerns in the United States declared during a government investigation that their company saw no reason why it should not do business with Germany after the war. It had always worked closely with the directors of German industrial concerns. And if German industrialists tell such men that Germany is in a disastrous position and that something must be done for the starving children and women (and, incidentally, for the starving industries) such Americans will believe them and act accordingly.

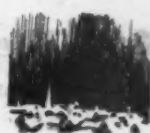
We may not believe the lies the German propagandists will spread

immediately after the war; but as Hitler says, "If a lie is big enough and if you repeat it often enough, it will finally be believed." Over a period of time, the world can again be lulled into thinking that Germany's need for pity is a dire one.

The best antidote against this coming propaganda war is knowledge that it is coming. Knowing

this, we can build something like a propaganda ministry to combat the coming campaign for world pity. If this is to be done it should be done immediately. For the German campaign has already started.

Do we not already hear daily that the unfortunate German people should not be punished for what the bad Nazis have done?



A Letter to St. Nicholas

DEAR SAINT NICHOLAS,
Please don't stop at our house this Christmas. Diane doesn't want you to. She is only three, and like other little girls, she loves dolls—but she knows that there will be presents far more important for you to deliver. So she doesn't want to take up your time this Christmas. Some bright tomorrow will do.

Diane doesn't know how to write yet, so she has asked me, her father, to write you to be sure not to overlook any marks on the chimneys of the world in this fateful Year of Our Lord, nineteen hundred and forty-four. Be sure, Saint Nicholas, to leave the Star of Bethlehem for the peace-makers so that its light, out of the East, will make them wise men, and compassionate and humble. Leave them, too, the gift of the spirit of brotherhood, so that they will know that we are all the children of God, whether bronze or white, yellow or brown, whether we were born under the Pillars of Hercules or in Cathay.

Now Dasher, now Dancer, now Prancer and Vixen! Hasten, for the time grows short. Be sure, Saint Nicholas, to leave tolerance for those who dwell in the halls of persecution. Shower upon the fighting men the gift of eternal gratitude. To all cynics leave the road to yesterday when, asleep like Little Boy Blue, they dreamed of gingerbread castles and rock candy mountains.

On Comet, on Cupid, on Donner and Blitzen! The journey is long, and already there is light in the East. Sweeten the grapes of wrath, Saint Nicholas. Into the dark valleys of doubt, from the Levant to the China Sea, leave trust, all wrapped in bright cellophane, and in the ghettos of the earth leave that most precious of all gifts—hope. Leave unselfishness for Capital, and leave the just reward of ambition for Saturday's Children—the children of Labor.

Yes, it will be quite all right if you miss our house this year, Saint Nicholas. Diane wants it that way, and so do Christopher Robin and Peter Pan and all the fairies in Kensington Gardens. How do I know all this? Well, I can't quite explain it. It is something Diane told me without words one night—when I looked at her while she was asleep.

Gratefully yours,
—ALAN HYND

If there isn't a lump in your throat after reading about this kid who came out of the telephone booth crying—you aren't human!



Most Welcome Call, Collect

by GEROLD FRANK

AT AN EAST COAST Debarkation Point, the kid comes out. His O.D. uniform is soiled and worn, he's no more than 20 for all his big, raw-boned huskiness, and he's bawling. He comes out of the flat, barracks-like building, pushes his way unseeingly through the queue of waiting soldiers overflowing onto the neat little front lawn, and he stands off to one side, sniffing and digging his fists into his eyes like a four-year old.

The kid's tough. Anyone can see that. He went through the terrors of assault landings, and foxholes, and bombings, and all the ordeals of war overseas, and not once did he yield to tears; but here, today, he cried, and you'd have to be pretty hard-hearted to blame him. For that drab, unpainted wooden structure houses Telephone Exchange X—a secret telephone center, whose location cannot be revealed, which never receives an incoming call, but from which pours day and night an endless stream of impassioned and delighted speech to parents and wives and sweethearts in every part of the United States.

In it now, jamming a square of 20 telephone booths, are G.I.'s like the kid, each gripping a telephone with terrific intensity, and talking, talking, talking—making their first call home after landing on American soil again. And like him, they find it almost too much to take—the sheer joy of hearing the familiar voices of home, of saying at last, "Hello, Mom! Sure it's me! I'm back. Yeah, Mom . . ." They can't disclose where they're calling from, but they can say they're back in the United States, and that they'll be walking in the front door at home about suppertime tonight, or tomorrow afternoon at three o'clock.

Open 24 hours a day and serving only soldiers calling home, Telephone Exchange X packs more drama within its walls than a drawerful of Hollywood scripts. No booth is out of use more than 45 seconds, day or night—as long as it takes the chief operator to announce over a public address system, "Corporal Smith calling Ashtabula, Ohio, please go to Booth 4," and Corporal Smith to crush the cigarette he's been nervously

smoking and dash into Booth 4.

He may have been waiting outside, perched on a little rickety, knee-high fence surrounding the lawn, or he may have been inside, flipping through the magazines placed there to make waiting a little easier. Sometimes, because civilians, too, make long distance calls and lines throughout the country are busy, he may have been waiting for hours to get his call through.

ONCE INSIDE the booth, Corporal Smith sits down tensely, and glues the receiver to his ear. Then he hears the voice—mother, wife or girl friend—and his face lights up. He speaks with his lips almost touching the mouthpiece, in an intimacy almost embarrassing to watch. He nudges himself against the telephone, he turns his back to the door and crowds himself into a corner of the booth in the urgency of his desire—squirming, chuckling, laughing aloud, shoving his battle helmet back on his head—lost in an endless moment of relief and anticipation.

If he's like most G.I.'s, he won't talk himself out in less than seven minutes and when he finally emerges, he'll appear slightly punch drunk. If not red-eyed, he'll grin idiotically at everyone he passes on the way out, or he'll mumble to himself; or he'll be silent and dreamy with the peace that comes when you know that everyone is all right at home and nothing has changed.

There are 18 switchboard girls, who are brought in from a nearby town by chartered bus in three eight-hour shifts, and they are wit-

ness to all this, and sometimes a little choked-up themselves. But none of it comes through to those at the other end of the wire. All you hear is a calm, "Is this Mrs. William Smith of 2424 Main St.? We have a collect call for you from Corporal John Smith. Will you accept the charges?"

Usually there's a gasp and then a breathless "Where is he? Where is he calling from?"

The regulation answer is a formal, "Due to military regulations we are not permitted to give you that information." Then, perhaps, because they are human, too, the girls weaken and say, "It is not an overseas call, Madam," And with that the call goes through.

Nine times out of 10 the boys are so flustered they don't remember their home telephone numbers. Some have not held a cradle telephone in their hands for so long that they are confused as to which is mouthpiece and which is receiver. Although the girls warn them, please, not to talk more than three minutes—"Others are waiting, sir," they will never break in on a soldier no matter how long he stays on the telephone. One taciturn sergeant surprised them by talking for 84 minutes. Most calls are collect, but this was not, and it cost him 45 dollars. Invariably, whatever the cost, G.I. Joe pays it cheerfully, saying something like, "Boy, it was cheap at half the price. It sure was worth it."

The girls delight in their job and they're particularly proud of their skill in finding a boy's sweetheart or mother even if they must—to take two actual cases—trail her to a corner grocery in a town five

hundred miles away, or pluck her off a train two thousand miles away. In this latter instance, the girl traced a boy's mother through a neighbor to the railway station, had a redcap search half a dozen coaches to find her, and had her at a telephone half an hour after her son had placed his call.

The telephone company, which admits discreetly that something like 1,500 calls have emanated from Telephone Exchange X during one 24-hour period, has done its best to make things comfortable. Not only does it furnish bound copies of the latest newspapers and magazines, but sees to it that free cigarettes and ice cold Coca-Colas are distributed to the waiting boys through the long hours of the night. Busy as the girls are—and their names cannot be given here—they find time during their rest periods to hear confidences. It is then that otherwise silent G.I.'s suddenly released from

their worries frequently go on a virtual spree of soul-baring. The girls listen quietly; they comfort and advise, and counsel on matters ranging from what gifts to buy to what train to take.

"We wouldn't change our jobs for anything," the girls tell you. "You see, we always bring good news." One likes to tell her favorite story. She placed a call, and reeled off the customary announcement, "We have a collect call," giving the soldier's name, and adding, "Will you accept the charges?"

A voice, dull, hopeless and uncomprehending, replied slowly:

"I wish I could, but I received word two months ago that he was killed in action."

"But he wasn't," the girl spoke up. "Why, he's standing right here beside me now."

And then there was silence, for the woman at the other end had fainted.

Voice of Decision

TRAVELING AND TRADING in the Near East was hazardous business in the days of the Sultans. But one foresighted merchant decided to obtain some guarantee of security by applying for a letter of safe conduct. The Sultan's chief minister, the Grand Vizier, graciously obliged:

"We, the Grand Vizier of Ali Pasha, declare the bearer to be under our protection, and he shall be neither bitten by the serpent nor stung by the flies."

—S. J. SABIN

IBN SA'UD, RULER of Saudi Arabia, is a deeply religious Moslem but a convert to certain Christian conveniences. One of them is the telephone. When Ibn Sa'ud decided to install telephones in his palace, his ministers protested. They said the telephone was an unholy heathen contraption.

Sa'ud heard them out. "You may be right," he said, "but let us first install the infidel appliances. If Mohammed disapproves, surely he will not allow our good Moslem voices to travel across the heathen wires."

The ministers agreed to the experiment.

Ibn Sa'ud still has the telephones in his palace.

—SIDNEY CARROLL

Astonishment gripped the writer of this piece when Dr. Volf told him this amazing story of his inventions that began with a mouse trap



From House Fly to Buzz Bomb

by JOHN REDDY

IT WAS A rainy summer afternoon in Copenhagen, Denmark, shortly after the turn of the century and eight-year-old Chris Volf was locked in his room for punishment. He had been up to his pet prank—catching flies and putting them inside the receiver of the old-fashioned telephone to startle the housekeeper with their loud buzzing.

To while away his banishment he caught a fly and looked glumly at the cause for his fall from parental grace. As he held it by the wings, the fly buzzed protestingly, and young Chris was struck by an idea: the buzzing must come from something other than the beating of its wings in flight. He was right. A fly does *not* fly with its wings!

The discovery of how a fly does fly started Volf on a 40-year path of scientific exploration that led to the invention of an early jet propulsion plane, the siren atop the Eiffel Tower in Paris, and the only burglar alarm on Wall Street modeled on a rat trap.

Today, Dr. Christian Volf—a noted authority on sound and problems of human hearing, and author

of a revolutionary new theory on equilibrium—is still applying lessons he learned from the fly to practical problems.

Only recently he was summoned to Paramount Studios in Hollywood and asked by producers Pine and Thomas how they could reproduce the sound of several hundred planes for the picture *Homesick Angel*.

"That's easy," he smiled. "Just take a few flies and put them in resonating containers."

The amazed producers found that Dr. Volf was right. It worked like a charm. "It's astonishing," says this energetic scientist, "how much can be done with sound."

Ironically, it once seemed that Volf would never hear a sound again. He was deafened by a blow on the head when he was 11 years old, but was cured after a year and a half by an operation performed by Dr. Mygind, the noted Danish surgeon. This probably accounts for the fact that he has devoted a great deal of thought to treatments for the deaf. Although he is not a physician, and doesn't treat diseases of the ear, he does improve hearing by means of

the acoustic phonograph record. This Volf invention stimulates the auditory system.

EVEN AS A BOY Christian Adolf Volf was a precocious youngster. Born in Copenhagen in 1894, the son of a prosperous biscuit manufacturer, he had mastered Newton's laws at the age of eight and at 13 made his first invention. It was a rat trap built by burying a barrel of water level with the ground and balancing the lid so the slightest pressure would tilt it. This was garnished with a smoked herring impaled on a nail. When a rat snatched at the herring he would tilt the delicately balanced lid and be plunged to a watery death.

He used the same principle of balance employed in the rat trap to make an automatic light switch which turned the light off at a certain interval after the switch had been pushed. This allowed the user to turn the switch and then wind the alarm clock and get comfortably settled in bed before it got dark. The following year he used the same general idea again to build an electric clock—a queer looking contraption made from an electrical switch, some glass and a lead pencil. A Copenhagen electric company purchased the invention for five thousand crowns.

Thus young Volf was already a full-fledged inventor, with money in the bank, when he journeyed from Denmark to enter the University of Berlin at the age of 15, where he majored in physiology and physics. He received his Doctor's Degree in Physics at the University of Vienna.

With the outbreak of World War I, Volf began to make air-raid

sirens for the British, and also built a big one on top of the Eiffel Tower in Paris.

In 1917, Dr. Volf came to America, and when the United States declared war on Germany, he enlisted as a private in the U.S. Army at Fort Dix, New Jersey.

When the Armistice was declared, the young inventor joined the Belgian Relief Organization and was sent back to Europe as an accountant and interpreter. Winding up that job in 1920, Volf returned to America, bringing with him models of his sirens used abroad during the war. These he proceeded to install in American banks as hold-up alarms, adding gadgets to catch the outlaw as well as sounding an alarm.

In one big Wall Street bank he built a Rube Goldberg type hold-up siren modeled on his rat trap. If a thug attempted to hold up the bank any of the cashiers could set off the siren by pushing a concealed button at his feet. This, in turn, would spring a mechanism so that if the bandit tried to flee through the entrance to the bank, the floor would open, plummeting him into a small moat filled with water.

"The water," Dr. Volf explains, "was to break the bandit's fall; not to drown him."

Another hold-up alarm devised by Volf substituted for the siren a loudspeaker hidden in the bank ceiling. If a hold-up was attempted, a button could be pushed and a phonograph record would start broadcasting over the loudspeaker: "Help! Police! Hold-up!"

The idea of the loudspeaker concealed in the ceiling, which Volf used in his hold-up alarm, was an

application of a device he had been working on for some time. Volf first built his loudspeaker for the early radio crystal sets; but later adapted it to use as a public address loudspeaker, in the form of a chandelier, and the first one was installed in the Wurlitzer Company in New York in 1931.

Volf tried to sell this system to a bank in Los Angeles but the president refused because his bank had never been held up. A few days later a bandit walked in and made off with some 50 thousand dollars. The bank president phoned Volf and bought his system.

Yet all the time Volf's sirens and loudspeakers were making a raucous medley of sound, the recollection of his research on the fly persisted. In studying the fly, Volf had discovered that it flies by sucking air into vents in its body and discharging it violently rearwardly, using its wings only as glider surfaces. He decided to try to apply the principle by which a fly flies to propel boats and airplanes.

The result was the Volf pneumatic plane, a Buck Rogers-looking craft which the inventor built and launched at Freeport, New York, in 1931, and which operated by jet propulsion.

Then he built a 14-foot boat in which a pair of motor-driven blowers sucked in air and then discharged it forcefully along longitudinal grooves in the hull, driving the craft forward.

Volf's jet-propelled plane was found impractical at the time and it was not until the present war that the tremendous effectiveness of jet propulsion was demonstrated.

The inventor tells of an equally

tough time demonstrating another of his creations—a therapeutic device for healing fractures by gentle exercise. This device was built on a theory directly contrary to the accepted medical practice of using plaster casts for complete immobility to heal fractures. Consequently, he could get no one to try the device on and finally, in despair, stuffed it away in a closet of his office in Elizabeth, N. J.

Then, on Labor Day, 1939, Volf suffered a broken leg when he was hurled from his motorcycle in the International races at Langhorne, Pennsylvania. He regained consciousness in a hospital at nearby Trenton, N. J., with doctors preparing to operate.

"Get me out of here," Volf demanded. "I'll fix my own leg."

Over the doctors' protests, Volf had his chauffeur carry him out to his car and drive him to his office at Elizabeth where the fracture-healing device was stored. There, without X-ray or anesthetic, Volf set his own leg and placed it in his device. Three weeks later, he says, he was riding a new motorcycle.

He still likes to ride and often recalls with pride that he is the only man ever to ride over the ice from Denmark to Sweden on a motorcycle.

As the foregoing incident would indicate, Volf is a little unusual, even for a scientist. In fact he has a reputation among his colleagues of being a lone wolf or, as one wag put it, a lone volf. Although he has never invented a perpetual-motion machine, Volf would serve as a good model for one.

Once he missed the *Mauretania* sailing from New York to Europe;

so he hastily chartered a seaplane and chased the liner out to sea. The plane caught up with the ship off Sandy Hook, but the weather was rough and the ship's captain refused to stop, and Volf had to fly back to New York.

Volf loves the unusual (like photographing an echo, which he once did) but he is a serious scientist and deeply concerned with aiding the deaf. This has been his chief aim ever since being cured of his own deafness, and it was stimulated by another experience in his youth.

At the age of 15 he went to visit an uncle in Germany. The uncle had 21 children, a couple of them at the toddling stage, and after dinner was relating expansively that the youngsters always walked to him instead of to their mother.

After observing this himself, Chris—already the budding scientist—decided there must be a scientific cause for such an effect.

He fumbled for the compass in his pocket, noticed that his uncle's chair was at the east end of the room and remarked, "Uncle, I'll bet you three marks that I can make the children go to aunty."

The uncle took the bet and Chris had his aunt move to the uncle's chair. Sure enough, the children toddled across the room to their mother.

This puzzled Chris. Why should children, just learning to walk, toddle toward the east? Was it because that is the direction on which the earth turns on its axis? Perhaps it had something to do with equilibrium. But all the books said that equilibrium was controlled by the canals in the inner ear.

Then he noticed that intoxicated

persons also staggered toward the east. But how could he get enough evidence to be sure?

A friend reminded him that on the Kaiser's birthday, which would be celebrated soon, the German soldiers got all the free beer they could drink. There should certainly be enough drunk soldiers then to test the theory.

So Chris shadowed the drunken soldiers, noting their every move. As he had suspected, the most intoxicated ones seemed always to stagger in an easterly direction. But facing west, they had a tendency to topple over at a gentle push. Thus he proved to himself that children learning to walk—and drunks—have a tendency to walk east. But he didn't know why.

Recently, on his 50th birthday, Volf finally wrote the answer: a scientific paper explaining that children and drunks walk east because they do not have full equilibrium. Therefore, he reasoned, equilibrium is *not* controlled by the semi-circular canals of the ears because the canals are fully developed at birth. Instead, he stated, equilibrium is an acquired trait that man has to learn by becoming "attuned to the rhythm of the rotation of the earth."

Concluded Volf: "We have gained our equilibrium in spite of the semi-circular canals and *not* because of them."

Of late years, Volf has been working more and more on deafness. Since 1936 he has served as consultant for several of the major hearing-aid companies. In 1938 he began to concentrate on his phonograph records for the hard of hearing.

When war broke out in Europe

in 1939, Volf, fearing that this country would eventually become involved, put aside his hearing-aid research and set his inventiveness on a military course. He developed a new parachute called the "panty chute," with an inverted cone under the big chute giving the appearance of old-fashioned pantaloons. He claims it opens faster and falls straighter than regulation parachutes. In fact, the shortest jump on record—from a height of less than 100 feet—was made in a "panty chute" near Mitchel Field, Long Island. Volf also has worked on a

freight chute strong enough to drop motorcycles and even jeeps.

Immediately after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, Volf placed all his patents of military value at the disposal of the National Inventors Council appointed to ferret out inventions useful to the war effort.

When the Axis began to crack under Allied blows, Volf turned away from his war inventions back to his first love—the human ear. "There will be many young men coming back deaf from the war," he says. "The big thing now is to help them regain their hearing."

Deliver What You Demand!

WHEN IT comes to other people satisfying you, you demand an awful lot—for instance, when you look at a girl walking along the street. If your eye is to give her an extra amount of time, you demand that she have an extraordinary figure, that she be perfectly dressed, that she have loads of personality apparent even at a distance and that her carriage and her walk be flawless. You regard yourself as the absolute and final judge of all this, a potentate whom it takes plenty to please. (If it's a girl looking at a man, she demands that he be young, good looking, tall, straight, flat-stomached, well-dressed and preferably have wavy hair.)

When you hear a man give a speech in public, he has to be brilliant, intelligible, eloquent, perfectly voiced and a great actor. Otherwise you will cut him to ribbons with your criticism and relegate him to the bush league in your mind. When it comes to others, you surely want perfection!

But who are you that you should think yourself entitled to engage with

only the cream of mankind, the very best specimens of the whole human race? Where did you acquire your taste for top performance? Perfection is what you demand—but what do you deliver?

As you walk down the street, do you cut a picture of handsome grace? And should you happen to make a speech, do you perform like Demosthenes?

Are you a star in all departments in the eyes of others? Probably not. Then why demand more than you can deliver? Next time you see a figure, male or female, don't scoff at it. Just draw a mental picture of your own figure and see if it's any better. And when it comes to judging the conversation of others, don't demand that it be in Dr. Samuel Johnson's class, because *yours* doesn't either!

Get into that class if you can! Grade yourself up so that you can honestly say you can deliver the perfection you demand in others! And if you should ever reach that lofty position, you'll find yourself a great deal more tolerant and more content to accept people as they are.

—JAMES T. MANGAN



Out of this World

How can the most in information and entertainment be compressed into the least space? Answer: by coming as quickly as possible to the point in six pages of capsule reading which you should find varied, amusing and memorable.

It Started with a Headache

IN 1897 a sharp-tempered Irish lad got a job in a large printer's establishment in Lowell, Massachusetts. He wasn't particularly fond of it nor of the ponderous presses which jarred the entire building with their constant vibrations, but he knew no other trade except that of type compositor and so had to make the best of it.

However, the relentless quaking of the floor beneath his feet grated on his sensitive nerves, tormenting him with excruciating headaches and interfering with his work.

The young man, Humphrey O'Sullivan by name, was desperate. Several times his Irish temper flared and there would be violent quarrels between him and the workers. Night after night he lay awake in his room at home trying to think of a way out of his predicament. Then the faint glimmer of an idea came to him; and he showed up for work with a piece of

CORONET

sponge rubber about 15 inches square and one inch thick. This he proceeded to place on the floor beneath his feet while at work, and it served to absorb the vibration of the presses. His nerve-wracking headaches stopped.

But his fellow workers, resenting his past outbursts of temper, were determined to make him lose his job. At every opportunity they hid his precious rubber mat. *

This time O'Sullivan used his head instead of his temper. He nailed pieces of rubber to the wooden heels of his shoes, thereby carrying insulation with him on all occasions. In order to keep the pieces of rubber from working themselves loose he molded them with washers, thus providing a surface against which the head of the nail could be firmly driven.

So was born the first rubber heel!

—LOUIS HIRSCH

Gambling Class

FINDING THAT SOME of his students were playing the slot machines, the superintendent of the school went to police headquarters, secured a confiscated machine and set it up in the mathematics room.



He then had an instructor devise a problem involving the law of mathematical probability, to be solved by playing the machine with phony money.

The boys learned that a player hits the jackpot once in four thousand times. At a nickel a throw, that meant it would cost about two hundred dollars to win five dollars. They also learned that the next

highest payoff was once in two thousand plays—it cost one hundred dollars to win one dollar.

The boys gave up gambling.

—IRVING HOFFMAN

Soundless Effects

THEODORE THOMAS, conductor and organizer of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, stressed dramatic effect in order to get the best audience response. His arrangement of Schumann's *Traumerei* was particularly successful.



"Play it piano, pianissimo, pianississimo," Thomas directed his violinists. "Then emphasize the impression at the end by continuing to draw your bows across the strings after the score is played."

Invariably, orchestra and conductor received a tremendous ovation. For led by what they saw, the audience imagined they still heard the softest sounds although the musicians had actually stopped playing.

—JOSEF S. CHEVALIER

Dr. Lifesaver

ABOUT A HALF-CENTURY ago, a young English boy on a visit to a rural community in Scotland set out to enjoy a swim in a small lake. He was seized with cramps while some distance from the shore. His cries for help were heard only by a young farm boy working in a nearby field.

The country lad plunged into the lake, towed the drowning swimmer to the shore and administered first aid. In a short time the

visitor recovered and was able to return to his home in London. The farm boy continued to perform his daily chores.

Years passed before the two boys met again. This time the city youth came to the rural community to ask the farm boy who had saved his life what plans he had formulated for the future. When the youth frankly confided that his ambition always had been to study medicine, the youth from London revealed that he and his parents were ready, in fact eager, to place at the young farmer's disposal the money he needed for his education.

More years passed. The farm boy attended a medical school, graduated with high honors, and embarked upon a career of scientific research. Eventually, in 1928, he made a discovery that was to save uncounted millions of lives. In his laboratory he found germs could not exist in certain vegetable molds. He discovered penicillin.

The one-time farm boy had become Dr. Alexander Fleming, internationally known scientist and benefactor of mankind.

But what about that London youth whose life Fleming had saved and through whose financial assistance Fleming had been able to scale the heights he once had regarded as unattainable?

Well, that's a rather interesting, essential part of the story.

Last winter that Londoner was stricken with pneumonia while on an epochal journey to the Near East. He had gone thither to meet Franklin Delano Roosevelt of



Washington, D. C., and Joseph Stalin of Moscow, U.S.S.R., for a series of important conferences.

The statesman's condition became alarming. Back in England the drug invented by the one-time farm boy was readied, then sped by plane to the sick man's bedside. Within a few hours the miracle-producing penicillin had performed its mission, had added another illustrious name to the long list of those whose lives had been saved by its amazing properties. For the second time Alexander Fleming had saved the Londoner's life.

Yes, Winston Churchill was the boy who went swimming in that little rustic lake a half-century ago.

—ARTHUR G. KEENEY

Thlip-up

WHEN A MIDWESTERN reporter turned in a story about a farmer's loss of 2,025 pigs by theft, an alert copyreader thought the figure pretty high and phoned the farmer to check.

"Did you have 2,025 pigs stolen?" he asked.

The distraught farmer answered, "Yeth."

The smart newsman thanked him, hung up the phone and changed the copy to make the loss two sows and 25 pigs.

—MAXWELL DROKE



Duel of the Deep

IT WAS AN ORDINARY coral reef—yet each time I stopped to rest on this particular reef I experienced a peculiar sense of dread. It was as if a malignant unclean thing

lurked in the dim shadows under the inshore side of this reef.

This time I had to find out.

I was dressed in the usual reef fisherman's attire: trunks, a long sheath knife, a three-pronged spear with a wooden handle. A small, plain inexpensive face mask and gloves made up the rest.

On the second try I made it. In the dim, sickly green light I could make out the usual anemones waving delicate fairy-like fingers, but no fish!

That in itself should have been sufficient warning, I knew afterward. Now it was too late! The monster opened his mouth to "breathe," not more than 18 inches from my face! A dirty pale green, he was perfectly camouflaged for the place. He was the biggest Moray eel I had ever seen.

The Moray is one of the most vicious, cruelly ferocious nightmares of the ocean. The long, sharp, dirty mottled teeth cause an infection very difficult to cure. A creature of the night, he hides in the blackest shadows to grab some hapless fish swimming by in the moonlight. He gluts himself, then kills or maims for sadistic pleasure. And he grows big enough to snap an arm or rip out a stomach. This one could have done both!

Now the best possible action in a case like this is to retire as gracefully and with as little trembling as possible. Perhaps a Moray will not attack from behind—perhaps!

I did not think. Mine was a simple reflex action. I grasped the ledge for a brace and drove the spear into him, just behind the

sneer on his face, with all my strength. The next instant I was on top of the reef, watching.

It had been an extremely lucky thrust. The spear had gone deep into the thick body just behind the head. (The Moray later measured almost six feet and close to 30 pounds in weight.)

In a thrashing, narrowing circle he made a mad maelstrom of the ocean for yards around. When he began to tire I was able to grasp the handle of the spear and pull him to the reef. With that cold green slimy body still slashing at my bare legs I pinned him down and gave him the coup de grâce.

Later Pepe, a friendly native, and his hungry brood ate him!

—JOHN EARL SIMS

And There Shall Be Flowers

I WAS MAKING the final inspection of a medical unit just two days before it left for overseas. As I entered the mess hall to check on the

packing of the equipment, the big mess sergeant in charge was standing by his meat block brandishing a cleaver and, in a foghorn voice, exhorting the last ounce of work from his helpers. He glared at me for interrupting and then bawled, "Attention!" When I told them to "carry on" he relaxed a bit, and proudly showed me how he had everything packed and ready to go.

I noticed that he was carrying a corrugated paper box about six inches square which he never once put down during the inspection;



finally curiosity got the better of me and I asked him what he had in the box. A bright red hue blossomed over his homely face. "W-well, you see, sir," he said, lowering his voice and looking around carefully, "I've got flower seeds in this box. It's this way—my wife used to make me plant flowers every spring. I didn't think much of it then, but since I've been away, I've kinda missed them."

His face was getting redder with every word and he tried to hide his confusion by banging the cleaver on the meat block. "I got to thinking that maybe there might be a lot of other guys like me, and maybe we would be some place where they didn't have flowers, and some of those kids might get well faster if they had some to look at."

That was nearly a year and a half ago. Since then I have conveyed the ideas of that big, red-faced sergeant to each of the dozens of units I have inspected. And since then I have received six letters from commanding officers of units stationed in as many different parts of the world thanking me for the suggestion and telling me about their flowers. One letter is typical:

Dear Major:—This place is about as God-forsaken as one could imagine. The country is desolate . . . I want to thank you for your help, but most of all for suggesting that we take along some flower seeds. I wrote to the seed company you told me about and they came right back with a package of all kinds of seeds, enough to last two years, and done up water-tight. And that isn't all. They sent along suggestions on how to raise them, and also just what kind of flowers would do best in all parts of the globe. You can't imagine what a bright spot our

hospital is now in this uninviting country. A big-shot general inspected us not long ago and then sent an official letter of commendation to us because of the flowers. Not bad eh? But best of all is the pleasure they give to our boys; those kids so far away from home, and especially the ones that are bed-fast. You'd be surprised to know what a difference it makes to the kids who are able to get around. They take care of them as though they were prize winners. Thanks again.

—MAJOR GEORGE AINLAY

Creed for Living

WITH KNOWLEDGE beyond their years, two lads were deep in a discussion of life and death. "It's this way, Pete," explained one. "If you live right the day before you die, all will be forgiven."



Pete's eyes opened wide in wonder. "But how do you know when you're going to die?"

The first lad patted his friend's shoulder. "That's it—you don't."

—EARL A. HOLMES

Revelation

NO ONE HAS ever turned day into night so successfully as Ferenc Molnar, the noted Hungarian playwright. In his native Budapest, he would get up and dress at six p.m., work for two hours, devote himself to dinner and enjoyment until midnight, write again—and at sunrise go to bed.

He carried on this schedule for years, until he became embroiled in a lawsuit between two theatrical

managers, who both summoned him as their leading witness. The trial was set for nine a.m. on a certain Monday morning. Frantically



Molnar sought to have the trial held at night, and when his efforts failed, he simply ignored the subpoenas. At last the judge lost his patience and threatened to jail him if he caused another postponement.

An anxious delegation of friends aroused Molnar at eight a.m., and carried him, still half asleep, into a waiting taxi. The streets were jammed with men and women hurrying to work. One friend jabbed Molnar in the ribs and showed him the scurrying crowds—the normal people who live by the clock.

Molnar stared at the sight in amazement, pointed to the passers-by, and asked incredulously: "All witnesses?" —LOWELL BRENTANO

Forever Christmas

A CHRISTMAS WREATH to Sandy Pratt of San Francisco!

It was 18 years ago this Christmas. The Pratts were dolling up the Christmas tree, and when they'd finished they sat down to admire it, just as you and I. It was beautiful. He thought: "What a pity no one else can see the tree."

Promptly he went outdoors, chose a tree in the yard, got electric light cord and a half-bushel of bulbs, and had the first outdoor Christmas tree in that section. People admired it; papers photographed it. Other people said next Christmas they'd do the same thing. The next Sandy knew he was the Father of the

Outdoor Christmas Tree.

Other localities leaped onto the idea; California had more blazing trees than a forest fire.

By this time Sandy had become tremendously interested in the Christmas tree idea—and he originated a brand-new twist: the idea of giving away living trees as Christmas presents. He got some seedlings of the California redwoods and gave them to his friends.

The idea of growing your own Christmas tree was so appealing that the word spread and people who didn't even know Sandy began writing in and asking if he would supply them with a tree. Sandy is obliging and sent the trees.

The idea spread. On Saturdays he used to play golf, but now he had to go out and dig up seedlings. He has sent out nine thousand living Christmas trees.

The appealing thing about this is that the California giant redwood lives to be the oldest thing on the face of this planet—(it and its cousin, the giant Sequoia). The tree will live to be five thousand years old. So Sandy is giving away presents that will shed glory on his name long after he has gone to Heaven.

The first Sandy tree was planted at Tulare, California, 18 years ago. It was half knee length when he planted it. It is now about 50 feet high. Eventually, though, it may grow to be one-third as tall as the Empire State Building, New York.

And that's a pretty lavish Christmas package, anyway you look at it!

—HOMER CROY



Sneezes, snores, even false teeth—all play their parts—in some of the ridiculous reasons folks drum up to start lawsuit proceedings



Loony Lawsuits

by CLEM AND HELEN WYLE

ONCE DURING A fox hunt in Tennessee, the fox suddenly turned capricious. With a pack of determined hounds still on his trail, he dashed onto some railroad tracks just as a train was approaching. The engineer was unable to stop short, so he sounded his whistle. This was sufficient warning for most of the hounds, but a few lingered on the tracks and were crushed to death.

Their owner promptly sued the railroad for a thousand dollars. "Only one whistle had been sounded," he contended, and that was not enough. All the dogs should have been given individual warnings. Since they weren't, the railroad was guilty of "gross and willful negligence."


The court decided in favor of the railroad. A whistle per dog, it felt, was too much to expect—and useless besides. "Just how could the engineer—who was clearly not at fault—have informed each dog which whistle was meant for him?" it asked the plaintiff, bitingly. The question remains unanswered.

"Loony" is probably the only

word that describes this suit, which is by no means an isolated one. Wade through the court records of any state and you'll come up with loads of them. They may involve anything from the alienation of a monkey's affections to the question of whether false teeth are absolute necessities.

In Texas, a gentleman criminal, who had paid two deputy sheriffs one hundred dollars apiece not to testify against him, haled them into court because they did. His complaint was "breach of contract." And in the East a woman sued a city for "operating the traffic lights in a haphazard and improper manner." It seems they had changed while she was crossing the street.

A major cause of this loony litigation, no doubt, is the mistaken impression some people have that they're entitled to redress for anything that happens—or doesn't happen—to them. In one case, a girl blamed the loss of her beau on a restaurant. The clock there was slow and caused her to miss a date with him. In another, a man asked a company to compensate him for



his damaged teeth. He had ground them in a fit of anger, he claimed, when merchandise he had ordered failed to arrive on time.

But for nerve with a capital "n," no one quite approaches Joe, who rode in a day coach with a razor and open knife in one hand, and a bottle of whisky in the other. After emptying the bottle, Joe tried another diversion—flirting with the women seated nearby. When they rebuffed him, he threatened them with razor and knife.

To forestall trouble, the conductor ejected Joe at the train's next stop and called the local authorities. They arrested the drunk and fined him heavily.

The aftermath was a trifle surprising. Joe sued the railroad for false arrest, defamation of character, and what not. Naturally, he wound up the loser and was forced to pay damages besides—the fate of practically all such litigants.

Still, should you ever be forced to defend yourself against one, don't be too over-confident. Take a lesson from Lulu's friends.

Lulu had great faith in a certain fortune-teller, and when she was told that a heavy chest of gold was awaiting her 30 feet underground, she went to work with pick and shovel. Sure enough, Lulu found the chest, and as the fortune-teller predicted, it was heavy—but not with gold. All that greeted her was a collection of stones and junk, placed there along with the chest by some prankish friends.

To them, the incident was a grand joke; to the tired Lulu, it was a pain in the neck, arms, and other parts of her body. She wanted balm for her aches, and she got it

all right. Her friends, persuaded by a judgment, paid her several hundred dollars.

Squabbles as inane as this often clog trial calendars and drag on indefinitely. One, which involved slight damage done by a Missouri mule to a horse cart, lasted eight years. The complainant could have obtained a dollar and a half at the very start. But no! He wanted five dollars and satisfaction. He wound up with neither.

OF COURSE, satisfaction-seekers can't indulge themselves for the price of a movie ticket. Petty, spite-born boundary disputes, for example, have been called by a Pennsylvania jurist, "one of the most expensive luxuries known to law."

Perhaps in the same class are libel and slander actions, so many of which result from insults and name-calling. A sensitive soul in the West couldn't resist the urge to sue a bus company after an indiscreet employe screeched at her and the rest of the passengers, "You all look like a bunch of pigs!" And in New York, a salesman who had been called a "nutty bull-thrower" by a friend valued his hurt feelings at well over two million dollars. The tiff, though, was finally settled by the defendant apologizing and agreeing to contribute to charity.

Outlandish requests, too, reach our judges. Hardly a week passes without someone prancing into court and asking for a zany restraint order or injunction. A neurotic woman wanted a factory to repaint its outside walls "because the white ones make me nervous"; while a crotchety farmer sought to

have trains stopped from "making any noise while they pass over the tracks near my house."

Husbands and wives seeking divorces take notorious advantage of the law. They may call anything from snoring to sneezing "cruel and inhuman treatment."

When it comes to annulments, though, the going everywhere is harder, something a Westchester farmer evidently did not know. He sought one, claiming that at the time of his marriage his wife had "fraudulently concealed her inability to have children."

A flabbergasted judge denied the petition. "I find," he wrote, "that a year after the couple were married the wife gave birth to twins. This would seem to dispose of her want of capacity—unless the complainant expected triplets."

Remarks as caustic also have been directed at the fortune-hunters who bring groundless personal injury suits. They find a dust particle in a piece of pie and immediately figure they can retire for life. Of course, they won't get a penny unless they prove that they have been hurt and the pie-maker has been negligent.

Others magnify their sufferings to the point of absurdity. They be-

come "permanent nervous wrecks" even though an object drops near them and not on them. Or they are "permanently disabled" by falls that wouldn't harm a baby.

A great many even traipse to the courtroom over accidents for which they themselves are responsible. Take Pete. He slapped a summons on a barber for telling him a joke during a shave. According to Pete, the joke made him laugh so uncontrollably that he doubled up and caught his hand on an open razor.

The barber indignantly denied that he knew jokes that good. "And," he stormed, "I have customers who will swear to it."

The defense never had to call these witnesses, though. For quite by chance it was discovered that Pete would have been gashed in any barber's chair—jokes or no jokes. Pete was abnormally ticklish, and would leap sky-high when a razor was wiped on his chest.

Why, you may reasonably ask, were all these suits allowed to be brought in the first place? The answer is that nothing except a court's injunction—and that is rarely granted—can prevent one American citizen from suing another, and for any reason.

A Strong Chaser

AMONG THE LEGENDS of the great financier, J. P. Morgan, is the story of his visit to a barroom one hot day for a glass of beer. Pushing his way to the crowded counter, he loudly ordered his drink and in the same tone added, "When Morgan drinks, everybody drinks."

The gang gladly fell in line and everyone had a beer. But when Morgan finished, he pulled out a dime. Dropping it on the counter, he said, "When Morgan pays, everybody pays."

—EMERY G. YOUNG

Why Bands Go Broke

by BARNEY NAGLER



JOE SAXOPHONIST, our mythical musician, is talented, ambitious and well-known in the musical world. He has had a high salaried job in a name dance band for some years, but suddenly he's overtaken by a powerful urge to organize his own band. Didn't Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller, Rudy Vallee and a lot of others hit the million-dollar mark in music? So off the deep end goes Joe Saxophonist, but not without taking with him some friends who have money.

Before long it is more than probable that he has lost his friends, his money, his friends' money—and even his band. It wasn't so much that Joe didn't know the band business. He did. But he learned about a lot of other things, too, when he became just another of the many leaders who learned that the short road to musical millions is a treacherous one strewn with the hopes of men who tried before.

So, the next time you hear your favorite dance band serenading America over the airwaves, you may as well relax and enjoy it. It's ten to one the leader of that band isn't, for more than likely he's paying handsomely for the privilege of waving a wand before the microphone. He knows it's the chance he must take in order to become a money-maker in popular music. No modern-day band sensation has scaled the top without such a radio

build-up—a costly affair because most coast-to-coast wires originate in hotels and night clubs whose operators cut down the expense for music by stressing the opportunity for the band gained by a nationwide air outlet.

There isn't a hotel in America which can afford to pay more than four thousand dollars a week for a dance band, a sum smaller than the pay roll of any headline musical aggregation. A band of 15 men may have a pay roll of over two thousand weekly, but there are other items which lift the cost above four thousand.

Each band must have a road manager, a band boy, a publicity agent, a staff of at least three arrangers and two copyists. In addition, a leader spends at least 200 dollars a week entertaining "important" people in the spot where his band is playing. The road manager must then put aside 10 per cent of the band's gross for the week—fees for the band's booking agent. So, after a week's work, the leader finds that he is from 600 to 1000 dollars in the red.

Yet all this while the dancing public visions its musical hero as a young man who is getting rich while tooting his own horn.

Consequently, one of two courses of action is open to the leader. He either dips into his own pocket, provided he's left with a pocket—

or he acquires an "angel," a man of means who takes a chance with his bank roll—for a good possible profit later.

Harry James had such an angel—his former boss, Benny Goodman. This enabled Harry to go some 40 thousand dollars into the red playing hotel spots before a single cent of profit came his way. Boyd Raeburn is a current example of a leader who is spending his own money for a build-up—in his case at the Lincoln and Commodore Hotels in New York—a privilege which costs him from 600 to 1000 dollars a week. It remains to be seen whether new bands like those of Raeburn and Herbie Fields end up in the James-Goodman-Miller bracket or in the bankruptcy court.

Bob Allen, vocalist with the late Hal Kemp's popular orchestra, organized his own outfit and dropped thousands of dollars before his band gave up the musical ghost. Jack Teagarden ended one of his ventures (not his current) in the bankruptcy court. Teddy Powell lost 50 thousand trying to put over his first band (but has been successful with his new outfit). Bobby Byrne dropped a handful of money and was just beginning to hit his stride when he entered the armed services. The behind-the-scenes records of many a band would reveal a similar story. In each case the money was lost during that period of radio build-up which a band must endure before it can attain the big-money bracket.

Booking agencies often own "pieces" of bands and thus work harder in behalf of these outfits. The most notorious example of this practice concerns the band which

paid over 25 per cent of its net to a booking agency, in addition to 25 per cent to its manager and 15 per cent to a music publisher who gave it the privilege of recording hit tunes. This band was licked before it started. It was this notorious example, in fact, which led the American Federation of Musicians to pass a ruling forbidding leaders from giving away pieces of their bands. Leaders may borrow money only at the legal rate of interest.

If the business of building a band is so discouraging, why do so many crack musicians do it? Mainly because they have confidence in their ability, often are willing to endure hardships, and because they seem always to carry the hope that they may be the exception which proves the rule.

Nonetheless, on the way up it is the piper himself who pays, and while a reasonable number of neophyte leaders gain modest box office success, it is only a very small percentage who hit the big money. And don't forget, the harder the leader tries to climb into the top commercial bracket, the more money he usually spends doing it.

Winter Wonderland

By midwinter you'd think nothing could be more lonely and drear than a deserted summer house. Yet photographer Harold Lambert found out otherwise. Stopping over at Medford Lakes, New Jersey, for a look at his favorite vacation spot, he came on this scene of wintry charm. Snow blanketed the house and lay along the tree branches and the old wooden fence; the place was quiet as it had never been during the hectic summer months. It was a wonderland—perfect for a photographer with kodachrome or anyone in search of a quiet haven.

FROM FREDERIC LEW

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Breaking the grip of Junior's teeth on his fingers isn't the only reason why a doctor may ask him to open his mouth and say "Ah"

Wizard of Ah's

by DR. HERBERT L. HERSCHENSOHN

"COME NOW, Junior, be a good boy. Open your mouth and say, 'Ah!' so the doctor can get his fingers out."

That isn't the only reason a physician may ask a patient to say *Ah!* Even though you do not have a sore throat or mouth trouble of any kind—when you open your mouth you open a treasure chest of clues which help the doctor to track down the cause of some of the most baffling symptoms.

Stand in front of a mirror and open your mouth. What do you see? A tongue, teeth and throat.

So what? Do you remember when Watson so-whated Sherlock Holmes when the great detective observed a splash of dried mud on the pants cuff of a suspected criminal? That apparently insignificant bit of information was mute evidence that the person visited a certain part of the city at a particular time of the day—and the culprit's guilt was thus established.

Sherlock Holmes was one in a million—a wizard. The physician around the corner in your neighborhood is one of a million doctors—all of them wizards in observation and deduction—wizards of *Ah's* who can find a world of medical clues in your mouth.

A young woman working in the aircraft industry had a cold which, oddly, would not respond to the usual remedies. Reluctantly taking time from her work she reported to the dispensary physician. When the girl said *Ah!* the doctor said, "Measles!"

"How can I have measles? I had it once already when I was a child. Besides, my skin is perfectly clear."

The diagnosis proved correct

Christmas Package

Look closely and quickly. For this may be your last glimpse of pretty Pat Clark, the girl in the parka. She might still be a cover girl if her fan mail hadn't contained a letter postmarked Trinidad, from certain Mr. Adams. She answered it, and the gentleman when he returned to his country, and married him. Now she's out of the modeling business and hankering to become a talent scout. This latest picture of Pat, done up for your Christmas checking by photographers Mead-Maddick, was taken in Big Bear Park, one of scenic California's more scenic spots.

TRACHROME FROM MEAD-MADDICK

when two days later almost every inch of skin was mottled by the typical rash. The young woman thought the physician was psychic but, as Sherlock Holmes might have said it, the solution to the mystery was one of simple deduction. When the patient said *Ah!* the doctor noticed little white dots, each about the size of a pinhead and surrounded by a purplish-red blush on the inside of the cheeks and lower lip. These are called "Koplik's Spots" and it is a safe bet to make the diagnosis of measles whether the rash has yet appeared.

A DISTINGUISHED gentleman applied for a position in a large company. He was 50 years old and said he had never had a sick day in his life. He had four grown healthy sons, all in service, and he wished to contribute his share of time to war work. Like everyone else he was given a complete pre-employment physical examination. When he said *Ah!* the physician said to himself, "This man has syphilis." Without embarrassing the gentleman, however, the examination proceeded in the routine way and blood tests were made. The Kahn Test for syphilis proved the doctor's suspicion was correct. The man admitted he had had a small, persistent sore when he was about 20, but said it had cleared up and that he had given it no more thought. Inasmuch as his condition was not contagious, the gentleman got the job. But he was advised to get treatments to prevent the possibility of a sudden awakening of the condition, which could lead to a serious disability in later years.

When a woman who was bucking

rivets for many months complained of pain in her shoulder she was given a course of treatments which did her no good. She was given lighter work but that did not help. Unless her complaint were cleared up, it was obvious not only that the woman would be disabled but that it might cost a small fortune in industrial compensation. Yet when she was first examined not a thing could be found wrong with her.

A consultant examined the woman. When asked to say *Ah!*, the wooden tongue blade was pressed against her teeth. The woman winced with pain. The blade was pressing a super-sensitive tooth which looked perfect. An X-ray revealed an abscess at the root. Next morning the tooth was extracted, and before evening the pain in the shoulder entirely disappeared.

A man was rushed to the hospital by his wife because she thought the pain in his abdomen must be due to nothing less than an about-to-rupture appendix. The interne made a hurried examination before the family physician arrived. When the man said *Ah!* the interne was almost floored by the strong alcoholic breath. The patient apologized for the offensive odor, explaining that he took small swallows of whiskey to counteract the sweet, nauseating taste of the dust he inhaled at work.

The interne's ears perked up. Hastily he examined the mouth again, seeking a particular clue. He found it! A thin, blue line on the gums a little way from the margins of the front teeth. Excitedly, he examined it with a hand lens and found the line was made up of tiny, individual spots most numerous op-

posite the spaces between the teeth. The "appendicitis" was colic from lead poisoning. The blue line is characteristic of this condition. It is a deposit of lead sulfide formed by the combination of lead with the hydrogen sulfide which accumulates around neglected teeth.

The wife of a famous movie producer, living in a mansion on one of the mountain tops of Bel-Air, complained of "being under the weather." From all appearances the woman took extremely good care of herself, from her coiffure to her painted toenails. She had no pains and, apparently, no worries. There was nothing the doctor could find to account for her let down feeling until he asked her to say *Ah!*

"It's your tongue. Look at it," offered the physician.

The woman took a mirror out of her purse and anxiously scanned her tongue from all angles. "I don't see a thing wrong with it. It's nice and pink and it isn't even coated. What's wrong with it?"

"Look at the sides. The impression of every tooth is clearly seen. Mine isn't like that. See?" The doctor and his patient compared the geography of their tongues.

The woman nodded. "What does it mean, doctor?"

"It means you are suffering from ariboflavinosis. You know—a deficiency of riboflavin, one of the parts of the vitamin B complex." And he went on to prescribe a sample diet.

Recently, a sensitive young man was locked up in the emergency ward of a hospital. He had attempted suicide by slashing his wrists.

At the time of military induction he had received a plain piece of

paper with the word **REJECTED** stamped on it. No reason for the rejection was given, but he knew what it meant. He had tuberculosis. He knew it, because he had a dry, hacking cough that had persisted for years. His younger brother had died of tuberculosis.

One of his young lady friends was a nurse in a medical clinic, and he asked her to get him a tuberculin patch test tape. He stuck the specially prepared adhesive to his chest, and waited 48 hours as directed on the tape's envelope. At that time he ripped off the tape and saw a violently red reaction. The test was strongly positive!

Calmly, he stepped into the bathroom and slashed his wrists—but fortunately, he survived. What the young man did not know was that the test only indicated that some time or other in his life he had been infected with tuberculosis. The test does not tell whether the infection is still active or entirely cleared up.

AFTER THE boy recovered, an X-ray of his chest showed conclusively that the tubercular spots were healed and that the chest was no worse than the average. When one of them asked the boy to say *Ah!* he discovered a bit of secretion on the back wall of the throat. This clue suggested X-ray and the simple transillumination studies of the skull. There was an infected sinus. The slow drip of secretion from the sinus tickled the throat and caused the persistent cough. The cure was easy. Investigation revealed that the boy's rejection by the Draft Board was because of a punctured eardrum he had long forgotten.

A beautiful girl of 14, while

playing on the street, became extremely tired and went home. She threw herself into a chair, limp with fatigue, every joint in her body aching. Instead of feeling better after a little rest she was just as tired at the end of an hour. In fact, she was worse and did not have the strength to stand up. A doctor was summoned. Instead of the normal lub-dub heartbeat, the stethoscope picked up a lub-swish beat which meant a damaged valve.

"Say Ah!, Gloria."

The tonsils looked like ping-pong balls. The doctor became emotionally upset with bitterness—bitterness that in this enlightened world there were still so many people who did not know that infected tonsils were flaming torches which burned and permanently distorted the valves of the heart and painfully seared the joints of the body. It is no exaggeration to say that a good many of the cases of valvular heart trouble would never exist if infected tonsils were removed in time.

Gloria died. But her death was

not in vain if the wide publication of this case will make parents think twice when a child complains of chronic fatigue or "growing pains," and seek a doctor's advice.

Saying Ah! in time may save the child's life.

There is a story about one lanky youth from the Ozarks who had all the Wizards of Ah's in a certain medical clinic stumped. He had an unusually large tongue which was black! The consultation among the "wizards" went something like this:

"This is a case of Raynaud's disease, characterized by black cyanosis."

"Can't you see it is pernicious anemia? A blood test will prove I am right."

"Nonsense! It is arsenic poisoning from bad liquor. Don't you remember that Manchester epidemic of arsenic poisoning from contaminated beer?"

The consultation came to an abrupt end when the youth turned to the pretty nurse and drawled, "Want a stick o' licorice, sister?"

Death Lines

❖ EPIGRAPH FOR A LEADER of the Third Reich: "Here lies Joseph Goebbels—as usual."
—Camp Roberts Dispatch

❖ A HARRIED YOUNG OFFICER put to work auditing some monthly accounts declared that his epitaph would be: "Died—in addition to other duties."
—S/SGT. GEORGE E. TOLES in *The Camp Lee Traveler*

❖ SUGGESTED EPIGRAPH for a waiter: "God finally caught his eye."
—EDITH GWYNN in *The Hollywood Reporter*

❖ IN A GRAVEYARD in Worcester, England, is a slab over the grave of a departed auctioneer bearing the single word, "Gone."

—JEROME P. FLEISHMAN



The joy of Christmas Eve is turned into a nightmare for the Hilchie family when an invisible guest enters their humble home

The Ghost Came for Christmas

by EARLE BEATTIE

EDITORS' NOTE: Earle Beattie, now in Canada's active army, is a prominent Canadian newspaperman and was the manager of the Maritime Bureau of the British United Press in Halifax, Nova Scotia at the time he investigated the strange manifestations described in this article.

CHRISTMAS EVE of 1943 will always be remembered by the Hilchie family, for it marked the date of the first visit from what, to their dying days, they will regard as a ghost. The tiny tree in the living room of their humble home in Eastern Passage, a bleak settlement hard by the icy North Atlantic near Halifax, Nova Scotia, had just been trimmed.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hilchie and their six children were all standing around admiring it, when, without warning, a board used for support purposes at the base of the tree flew into the air, sailed across the room and crashed against the wall. Stunned at the inexplicable happening that was to prove just the beginning of strange and terrifying manifestations, the Hilchies looked at one another in silent amazement.

On Christmas Day Mrs. Hilchie

—a thoroughly normal woman of middle age—was alone in the kitchen when a kettle leaped from the stove, went almost to the ceiling and then fell to the floor. Remembering the flying board of the night before, Mrs. Hilchie stiffened in alarm and then, a few seconds later, fled in terror when the doors of a wall cupboard were flung open, as if by someone inside, and pots and pans began flying into the air.

The day after Christmas Mrs. Hilchie was again in the kitchen, preparing to do some laundry, when the family washing machine moved from one end of the kitchen to the other, as if someone were pushing it. Later the same day Mrs. Hilchie was walking across the room, carrying a mixing bowl, when the cupboard doors opened again. An egg and two pats of butter left the cupboard, before her very eyes, traveled arc-wise through the air and landed in the bowl.

That night the Hilchies were at dinner when a bowl of soup rose several inches from the table, remained levitated while tipping and

spilling its contents on Catherine, aged 15, then settled to the table again. Catherine—a pallid, wide-eyed girl—was sitting between her father, a quiet, sober man who tended boilers at a nearby seaplane base, and 20-year-old Rita, eldest of the children.

Within the next 48 hours alarm spread rapidly through sparsely-populated Eastern Passage. The Hilchies had always been regarded as good, substantial people and their neighbors feared for them. A woman friend of the family was sitting in the living room, listening to Mrs. Hilchie's account of the inexplicable happenings, when there were several loud raps on the front door, which was less than three feet from where the visitor was sitting. She arose and opened the door in a matter of seconds. Nobody was there.

The woman had just seated herself again when she heard a clicking sound on a shelf behind her. She glanced up to observe a pair of scissors opening and closing—all by themselves.

A few hours later two other neighbor women were visiting the Hilchie home, talking to Mrs. Hilchie and Catherine in the living room, when the sounds of furious knocking issued from the kitchen, where Robert, five years old, was playing at the time.

Mrs. Hilchie, Catherine and the two visitors reached the kitchen just in time to see a claw hammer hurtling through space and missing the boy's head by inches. The tool had been thrown down a stairway that led from the second floor to the kitchen. The second floor was searched, but no one was there.

A few hours later, Rita and Catherine were descending the stairs when a large pail of lard, which was kept on a windowsill at the head of the landing, came banging down behind the girls, splattering them as it passed. There were loud knocks in the stairway passage, some only a few minutes apart, for several hours running, and the steps themselves seemed to be alive and creaking.

TALES OF THE happenings in the Hilchie home spread rapidly through the countryside. Nova Scotia remembered the green ghost of Antigonish. Some two decades before, cattle on a farm near the settlement of Antigonish had strangely stampeded night after night. Then the inhabitants of the vicinity had observed a green light hovering in the air above the seemingly possessed cattle. The light had finally vanished, never to be explained.

Midway between Christmas and the New Year, the Hilchie home became unbearable to Mrs. Hilchie, Rita and Catherine, so the three packed up for a bus trip across the province to Kentville, in the Evangeline country, where Mrs. Hilchie's father lived.

They had been riding only a short time when loud and unexplainable rapping sounds were heard on the side of the vehicle. The noise was so loud that other passengers thought something had gone wrong with the bus. The Hilchies whispered to each other. "It's that ghost following us."

When the trio arrived in Kentville, they went into a restaurant, but they couldn't evade their invisible escort. Soon there was such

loud knocking on their table that the waiter was twice attracted to it, thinking that it was a means by which the Hilchies were summoning him.

After the meal, the three took a taxi to the home of Mrs. Hilchie's father. During the ride the driver was disturbed by rappings on the doors of his car.

Mrs. Hilchie and the two girls heard disturbing rapping sounds while visiting the woman's father, so they returned to Eastern Passage. There they learned from other members of the family that what spiritualists call manifestations had ceased while they were away. But upon their return things started to happen once more.

The stairway leading from the second floor to the kitchen seemed to be turned into an astral bowling alley. Various objects, supposedly in secure places on the second floor, came tumbling down the stairs with haunting monotony.

On the last day of the year, Mrs. Hilchie was about to descend the stairs when the heel of one of her shoes was wrenched off. On New Year's Day, when she was wearing another pair of shoes, the same thing happened and she pitched down the passageway, fracturing a small bone in her ankle.

After this incident, Mrs. Hilchie decided to put in a call for the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. But when officials arrived they were unable to stop the pranks of this invisible lawbreaker. Eventually its reputation covered the whole continent and carried across the world through the crews of outward bound ships.

It was on a gray January day

that another reporter and I crossed Halifax Harbor by ferry, bound for Dartmouth, which was only a few miles from the Hilchie home at Eastern Passage. At Dartmouth we took a taxi to Eastern Passage. We drove through cheerless, desolate country that had, only three years before, been little more than bushland bounded by the sea, with a few farms here and there timidly challenging the chilling loneliness. Now, with the war, Eastern Passage had taken on strategic importance. A seaplane base where Mr. Hilchie was employed mushroomed along the waterfront, and Catalinas took off day and night to patrol the sea lanes. Across the road was an air training center.

Just opposite the seaplane base our taxi swung off the main highway into a narrow dirt road that led to the semi-wild district where the Hilchie home was located. We had to walk the last part of the way, along a railroad track. The house had been built a few years previously when Mr. Hilchie and his father had first broken the land.

I didn't believe in ghosts, but I felt a strange sensation, which I am to this day unable to reduce to words, as I got within a few feet of the Hilchie home.

I rapped on the door and 15-year-old Catherine, wide-eyed and white-faced, opened it. When we identified ourselves, she asked us to come in.

Her mother was sitting in the parlor, her injured ankle bandaged. Two of the boys were in the room and two were playing in the yard.

Mrs. Hilchie, looking grimly resigned, explained that the elder daughter—20-year-old Rita—had

been taken to the hospital that morning with what she described as brain pressure accompanied by periodic fits. The woman was friendly in a wan sort of way, and readily granted me permission to examine the house. But my search revealed nothing that would give me the answer to the inexplicable happenings that had been going on for more than a week.

Even assuming that some member of the Hilchie household had been playing ghost, for whatever motive, there were the reports of practical, level-headed neighbors to be taken into consideration. These neighbors had been witnesses to what researchers into the supernatural call phenomena.

I was looking around the attic when I heard a commotion in the kitchen. Five-year-old Robert, who had just been missed by the claw hammer, and his seven-year-old brother, Kenneth, had come running into the house to inform their mother that the outhouse had locked itself from the inside. The other reporter and I raced from the house and found that, sure enough, the door was fastened from the inside by a hook screw—though the place was vacant.

We yanked the door open, pulling the hook screw with it. Then we fastened the screw back in place and experimented to see if it were possible to so poise the hook that it would drop into place in its eye screw when the door was closed by someone on the outside. But this couldn't be done. That door just couldn't possibly have been fastened by anyone not on the inside—yet there was no denying that it *had* been fastened from the inside.

Satisfied on that point, the other reporter and I turned just in time to see something that looked like a hoop dropping from the air straight down to the ground at a point some distance from us. It landed in newly fallen snow.

We walked over to the spot and found a hoop embedded in the snow; but we were at a loss to determine how it had been thrown there. The hoop was a heavy metal one and it would have been a physical impossibility for anyone to have thrown it from the Hilchie house, which was the nearest point where there was another human being aside from ourselves. Moreover, nobody could have played a trick on us by sneaking up to a point close to where the hoop landed, and throwing it from there; for, aside from the tracks made by the other reporter and myself, the snow for a considerable distance all around the spot where the hoop landed was undisturbed.

STUDENTS OF the supernatural who investigated the Hilchie case were quick to attach significance to the fact that the rapping sounds followed the mother and daughters when they left Eastern Passage. Thus, they settled on Catherine, the 15-year-old, as the unwitting medium through whom a mischievous spirit functioned.

Adolescent girls such as Catherine, students of psychic phenomena say, are, without realizing it, frequently mediums for spirits who use a living body as a base of operations. Such a spirit, the experts will tell you, can thus operate within a certain radius of the medium while the medium goes

about the routine of her life without the slightest consciousness of what she is being used for.

There was a case in Poland some years ago wherein happenings quite similar to those in and around the Hilchie home occurred, always within a certain radius of a girl the same age as Catherine Hilchie. The girl was taken to England by British psychic researchers, and phenomena were observed wherever she went in the British Isles. There have also been similar cases, although not quite so pronounced, in the United States.

A disembodied spirit that works

through an adolescent girl, students of the supernatural maintain, is not necessarily close to the family of the child. It might come from anywhere and strike anywhere it can find the right medium through which to operate.

The Hilchie ghost, or whatever it was, departed after the incident of the hoop in the snow. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police are puzzled. A wag said that the Mounties always get their man but that a ghost is too clever for them. The fact remains, however, that the so-called ghost of Eastern Passage no longer molests the Hilchies.

The Man Who Murdered Christmas



IT CAN NOW BE proven that Adolf Hitler is the man who killed Santa Claus. Thirty five years ago, there was a town in Germany, the very name of which stood for children's laughter and all the gay tenderness that one associates with the Christmas season. Each year when the *Krippenspiel*—the famous Manger Plays—were given, the whole community broke out in an epidemic of kindly good cheer.

Alois Fleischmann started the festival. Remembering a Christmas when he had no gaily-lighted tree in his home and seeking a way to bring happiness to the town's poor children, he invited them to help him produce a 16th century Miracle Play. As the town organist, Herr Fleischmann arranged the music into which was woven the old hymn "*Heilige Nacht*."

The first show was such a success that the *Krippenspiel* soon became an institution. In the third year a Munich poet made the dramatization, famous artists helped paint scenery and make costumes, and the performances drew enormous crowds.

The organist had succeeded beyond his dreams. Not only was Alois Fleischmann revered in his home town, but his festival had become celebrated throughout the world.

And what was the town where the *Krippenspiel* was greeted with such glee? It was *Dachau*.

No longer standing for the spirit of Christmas, today that name inspires fierce anger and burning hatred. Instead of children's laughter, the town reverberates with the wails of the tortured and dying. For Dachau is the place where Hitler and his Nazi followers set up the most notorious concentration camp in all Europe.

—JAMES ALDREDGE

Grin and Share It

Edited by IRVING HOFFMAN



A CAB DRIVER was hailed by the doorman of a night club at two a.m. one morning. The doorman escorted four inebriated men to the taxi, arranged them carefully within and then instructed the cabbie: "The man on the left goes to 277 West End Avenue. The one next to him gets off at 79th Street and Riverside Drive. The one on the left front seat at 35 West 90th Street, and the other at 96th Street and Central Park West." The chauffeur nodded understandingly and drove off.

A few minutes later he was back, beckoning to the doorman. "Say, buddy," he said, "would you mind sortin' these guys out again? I hit a bump on Sixth Avenue!"

—ROBIN HARRIS
New York, N. Y.

"I 'AVEN'T 'AD a bite to eat for two days," whined the tramp to the landlady of George and the Dragon, a little English tavern. "D'yer think you could spare me a bit of bread?"

"Indeed not," snapped the woman. "Get along with you."

The tramp slouched off, but in a few minutes he was back again.

"What do you want now?" asked the landlady irritably.

"I was wonderin'," ventured the tramp. "Could I 'ave a few words with George?"

—CAPITOLA SHANK
Portland, Ore.

SO MANY PICTURES OF the Eiffel Tower have been published since the liberation of Paris, it brings back a tale they used to tell about the edifice. The Eiffel Tower gave sightseers a thrill, but artists argued that it was an eyesore.

In fact, it was often suggested that the tower be torn down.

Its most famous enemy was an elderly gentleman who lunched daily in the restaurant on the first landing. Because he was such a faithful customer, the proprietor asked him one day whether it was the quality of the food or the splendid view from the tower which attracted him.

"Neither," the peppery old guy retorted. "I come here because this is the only place in Paris where you can't see the thing!"

—JACQUES KAPRALIK
Hollywood, Calif.

BOUNCING JAUNTILY over the Australian plains with his wife in leap beside him, the kangaroo came to a sudden stop.

"Judith," he cried excitedly, "where's the baby?"

"Gosh," exclaimed Judith in dismay, "my pocket's been picked again."

—GLORIA LUEDKE
Omaha, Neb.

SOME PEOPLE considered the late Theodore Roosevelt overconfident, if not conceited. They liked to tell this story about him:

Theodore died and went to heaven, where he was shown about by St. Peter. He found several things lacking, one being a heavenly choir. "Yes," explained St. Peter, "we had one for several milleniums, but interest lagged. We had no outstanding leader, and it was finally disbanded."

"But we must have a choir," declared Roosevelt. "It is widely advertised on earth, and we mustn't disappoint those who come this way. If

all you need is a leader, I'll gladly take over."

"Perhaps we *should* make another try," agreed St. Peter. "How many singers shall I summon for practice?"

"Two hundred million sopranos and the same number of altos," said Roosevelt. St. Peter noted the numbers.

"And one hundred million tenors," added Roosevelt. Then he walked away.

"But, Roosevelt," called St. Peter. "How many basses do you want?"

"Oh, I'll sing bass," was the response.

—JEAN TENNYSON
New York, N. Y.

"I JUST CAN'T marry him, Mother," bemoaned the young girl in the throes of love. "Last night he told me that he was an atheist and didn't believe in hell."

"You just go right ahead and marry him," said her mother, "and between us we'll convince him he's wrong."

—MRS. H. C. MOORE
Van Nuys, Calif.

THE LOCAL LUNCH counter was crowded and noisy, but one disgruntled customer finally attracted the waiter's eye and made himself heard over the hubbub.

"I haven't come to the ham in this sandwich yet," he complained.

"Take another bite," advised the waiter.

All eyes were riveted on the diner as he took a huge mouthful. "Nope, none yet," he declared.

"H-m-m-m," said the waiter thoughtfully. "You must have gone right past it."

—JEAN M. CARTER
Inglewood, Calif.

MOSE LIGHTFOOT, one of the best hod carriers on the job, lost his footing and fell to the street, four stories below. He lit on his head, struck the cement pavement and went on through to the basement.

When the foreman reached the cellar

door, expecting to find Mose cold and stiff, he met him coming up the steps. "Great Scott, man, I thought you were killed!" cried the foreman.

"No," Mose replied, calmly dusting off his clothes. "I guess that concrete pavement broke my fall!"

—SUE LOI
New York, N. Y.

INTENT UPON joining the Air Force and earning his wings, the young man rushed over to the recruiting office to enlist.

"We'll have to ask you a few questions," began the officer in charge. "First off, do you gamble?"

"No, Sir."

"Do you drink?"

"No, Sir."

"Do you smoke or swear?"

"No, Sir."

"Do you go out with women?"

"No, Sir."

The officer sat back and looked the young man over carefully. "What do you want with wings?" he asked at length. "You already have them."

—LEE HARTMAN
Kansas City, Kans.

AS ONE OF THE witnesses to an accident, a rail-riding hobo was being cross-questioned by the defense lawyer.

"You say you saw this accident while bumming a ride on the freight train involved, Jake?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just where were you when the accident occurred?"

"About 50 cars from the crossing."

"Do you remember the time?"

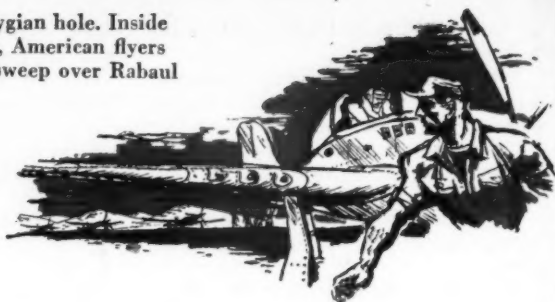
"Yes. It was about two a.m."

With a smile of triumph, the lawyer exclaimed, "Imagine—50 car lengths at two in the morning! Your eyesight must be exceptionally good, Jake. How far do you think you can see at night, anyway?"

"I don't rightly know, sir," returned Jake serenely. "Just how far away is the moon?"

—W. B. TANNER
Catonsville, Md.

Outside, the world was a Stygian hole. Inside the lighted intelligence tent, American flyers prepared for their historic sweep over Rabaul



Into the Wild Blue Yonder

by 1ST LT. LEN CAREY, U.S.M.C.R.

I'M HALFWAY through breakfast before I wake up. And it's the chatter of my division leader from across the table that finally whacks me into a conscious state.

"Now what I'm trying to get across is this—Bryon, are you listening to me?"

I acknowledge with a nod.

"All right. Now get this. We've got to stay to get them if we're to do any good today. Rabaul . . ."

Rabaul. Suddenly my mind is sharp. Today we sweep Rabaul. Today we're going to knock out the Zeros. After today our bombers can go in as sweet as you please and plaster hell out of them. Today we fly to Rabaul. Nothing unconscious about Bryon now. I'm on my toes and I can feel me tingling. I look at my hands and they're not quite so steady as they were before. Little pinpoints of sweat are mingling with the blond hairs. I shove my plate aside.

Outside the world is a Stygian hole. Black and quiet. And all the while the Midwestern voice of my division leader is bouncing off the side of my head. And today there's

no sense opposing his oracular approach to the problem with my usual jocular approach.

"We go in stacked, see? And we sweep around until we engage 'em. And then we've got to stick together. Dammit, they're fighting over their own field and we'll be a long way from home . . ."

A long way from home. Eight bloody long thousand bloody miles from home. It's winter at home and there's a fire going and Martinis before dinner.

"Now I'll lead off and make one broad turn. We'll rendezvous at three thousand over . . ."

I have a rendezvous with . . . I have a rendezvous with three other guys at three thousand feet. To hell with this getting up in the middle of the night. To hell with these pre-dawn takeoffs. To hell with Rabaul. So we go to Rabaul. So what the hell? The country's spent 30 thousand bucks to make us what we are and here we go to Rabaul. Blow the whistle!

Set the colors on high! Wave it, lads; blow those bugles. Here comes Bryon a-headin' for Rabaul.

I felt better. Ready for anything.

"Now we'll start to climb as soon as we've rendezvoused. So get in there fast. We won't go until we have a horizon . . ."

Yeah. Gotta have a horizon. Can't take off on instruments alone from this strip. Gotta have a horizon when we take off for Rabaul. Gotta be oriented. Good word, orientation. I'll line up carefully on the strip and go hurtling upward into the wild blue yonder. Rabaul.

"All right, you guys. The truck's here."

A last gulp of coffee. Not much chatter now. Just a lot of glow from cigarettes in the dark as we jounce down the road to the strip.

No talk. Just thinking.

We move into the lighted intelligence tent. Trippe, the brain; the clerk and the duty officer are already there fumbling over a map on the table. Last night Trippe gave us the word on the mission. He had said, "And tomorrow, boys, we go to Rabaul! Ha!"

Ha, hell! We, hell! I turn and walk out. Better go and get my gear. A spectral figure with a flashlight is cursing at the far end of the parachute rack. In the dim glimmer of his light I check my helmet and goggles, throat mike, junglepack, chute, forty-five, extra clips, first-aid pack, knife, airfoam cushion for my chronic case of parachute-butt. I slip off my Mae West and put on my shoulder holster, fasten my knife to my belt, grab my helmet, let the throat mike snap against my Adam's apple and start feeling my way back to the tent. One last look at those so-called "safe places" to sit down won't hurt me one little bit.

Most of the squadron is grouped around the large map of New Britain and Trippe is recounting those "safe places" for forced landings. He's a big fellow and cheerful. And I don't like people who are cheerful before dawn. But I join the crowd and follow Trippe's finger as he calls off the place names and hands out the abracadabra. I've got to be sure. One little 7.7 in the wrong place and you might have to come down in a hurry.

ANOTHER CIGARETTE. Tastes like the volcanic ash on Bougainville. Ashes to ashes, dust to . . . hell! It's almost time to go out to our planes. Don't want to be late. Wonder what would happen if I just said I wouldn't go? The crowd sort of flows away from the mapboard and back to the parachute racks.

I can't see the extinct volcano on the other island at the far end of the strip yet. No glow in the east. Keep your eye on that peak as you take off and you head straight down the runway. These fighters have the longest nose. It's getting a bit lighter. I can see the prow of my baby sticking out of her revetment.

The mech's in the cockpit. "Lemme have your chute, sir. I checked that oil leak and she's fine now. Gosh, today she goes over Rabaul!"

There's too damned much elation in his voice. Too much wonderment. I shove up the chute and the mech snuggles it in and goes down the far wing.

I had a boat about this size once, cutter rigged. And I used to take Judy out on the Sound and we'd sail down to that little cove that was all our own and we'd anchor. Judy,

I'd like to see her again. She married a Smilin' Jack and has two kids. Don't hook anything yet. Want to be free to jump, in case she fires as she starts. I set the pedals and get my seat up a little higher for taxiing. On with the cockpit light. A fumble for the fluorescents. One, two, three, four. What are we for? Rabaul.

Fuel selector on reserve. Up with the instrument switch. The whirr of the generator. Whirr, like my first hop in a Cub. How much fun it used to be to fly. All alone among the clouds and all those earth-bound people mugging about below. Just the whirr of those sixty-five horses out in front. That baby up front has two thousand horses and she doesn't whirr. She roars. Fuel pump.

I push the primer switch forward. It clicketh and those horses are primed. I get my feet set on the brakes. Mixture control? Okay. Throttle to the red line on the quadrant. Lift the safety on the starter switch. Look out at the mech.

"All clear, sir." It's getting lighter. I can see motion in the revetments across the way. Someone's plane roars into life, tearing at the stillness.

Time to push that switch. The starter shell explodes with a "poof!" And the prop turns jerkily. It catches, fires once, twice, evens and picks up. The mech puts his fire extinguisher down. Mixture control to automatic lean. Steady her down to a thousand rpms. She's galloping, 600, 850, 1,000. She steadies now and I've won mastery. The mech leans into the cockpit and lays the harness straps over my shoulders.

I fasten them, and I'm nailed to her. Feel like a guy strapped in the electric chair. Blood, sweat and tears and we shall fight on the beaches and in the cities and over Rabaul.

Set altimeter to zero. Cylinder temperature one fifty. Oil temp seventy-five, oil pressure eighty. Fuel pressure sixteen and check voltmeter. Okay. Plug in throat mike, connect earphones. Get set for a test call.

I'D LIKE TO CALL Lucy right now. I'd like to see if I could pick it up again. She was adventure, exploration, excitement. War's like that at first. And so was Lucy. Then I began to dread her call. Just as war is now revolting to me. But there's the same exciting uncertainty ahead and it's got me strapped in.

Check oxygen. Be nice and high today—1,800 pounds, okay. Stiffen on the brakes and rev her up to 1,800. My baby roars and the coral dust must be raising hell behind. Check the mags and watch her closely. Okay. Reach down with my left hand and pull up the prop pitch control. She quiets down, sort of purrs in that tremendous bass voice of hers. Where is Susan now? After the war I'll find Susan and I'll bring her out here and we'll sail around these jungled islands and make love on the warm sand.

Back into low pitch again and she picks up her throaty roar. Check my engine flaps and the radio's hot. I hear my division leader giving the tower a long count. The mech hands me the yellow sheet and I swish my name across it.

I hold up my hands with fists

closed. He disappears under the wing. He's a nice kid, this mech. He ought to be a corporal. But when you're stuck on some tiny piece of coral and volcanic rock people sometimes forget about you. Will they remember me if my number's called today? It's become so common to die . . . "Is there an after-life, a deathless soul? A heaven to which to aspire as to a goal?" Voltaire said it, or did he? It's the opening line . . . "men will dispute, as Autumn's leaves will rustle, the soul is an idea; the heart a muscle."

I lolled on the grass once with Susan and recited that whole damned thing. She loved it. And me too, I guess. Can see the peak now. We'll have a decent horizon for takeoff.

The mech tosses the chocks off to the side. I ease off the brakes and we come about onto the taxiway. I'm second off. And I'm going to Rabaul. And I'll come back and live a long life and pay a hell of a lot of taxes.

Ahead of me the strip stretches dull white into the sea. The field lights look like the tips of lighted cigarettes and the tower is a black blob against the jungle. I set my tabs for takeoff. Right wing down six degrees. Right rudder six degrees. Nose up one degree.

I think of Wolfe's line, "O lost, and by the wind grieved, ghost, come back again . . ."

And that's funny as hell and I turn and grin at the cockpit on my left. But he's got his head down.

I keep my eyes on the tower. Ease up on the brakes. Rabaul! And Truk! And Manila! And Tokyo! And home. Most particularly, achingly, home. Elevators and escalators, street lights and sidewalks, buses and trains and convertible coupes and malted milks and fresh eggs, and sanitary plumbing and women's hats.

The tower stabs with the green light. I ease off and line my nose up with the old volcano. Mixture control to automatic rich. Prop pitch control in low. Lock the tail wheel. The two thousand roaring horses take over and she moves ahead as though drawn by a monster rubber band. Easy now. Stick forward. Let the tail come up. The red lights are rushing by me. They're almost airborne.

And I get a glimpse of the guy in the tower as we rush past. And he's leaning over just like Doctor Dobbs in the church back home.

And I can hear Doctor Dobbs nasally canting, "And, dear God, bless the poor. May they be satisfied with their lot."

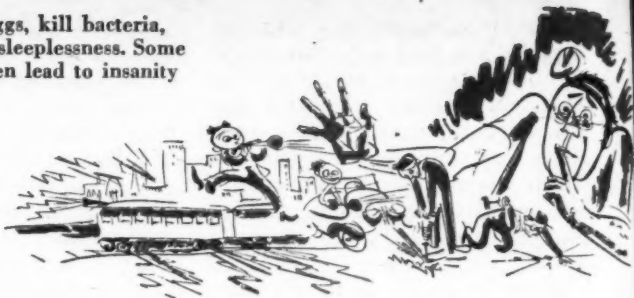
Not for His Ears

AN OLD GENTLEMAN APPROACHED Heinrich Gruenfeld, the cellist, and expressed his great admiration of the musician's art. "As I have not missed one of your concerts in many years," continued the old man, "I would like to have you play at my funeral."

"Agreed," responded Gruenfeld kindly. "And what would you like to hear?"

—KATE SCHWAB

Noise can soft boil eggs, kill bacteria, cause indigestion and sleeplessness. Some doctors say it may even lead to insanity



If You Knew What Noises Do

by WILLIAM E. MILES

THE MAJORITY of inmates in United States insane asylums come from noisy big cities. This may be a coincidence, but it would really be no wonder if noise affected the mind when you consider that the shrill sounds which are part of everyday life have been harnessed by scientists to soft boil eggs, homogenize milk, and even kill bacteria.

When they projected grating sounds into a liquid medium, Dr. Earl W. Flosdorf and Dr. Leslie A. Chambers discovered that noise brings about certain chemical changes such as coagulating proteins and—to some extent—breaking down starch into sugar.

Professor Karl Sollner of the University of Minnesota recently reported to the American Chemical Society that milk bombarded by sound waves—too high-pitched to be heard by human ears—is homogenized so that the cream cannot separate out. An electrically-activated tube creating short sound waves which have been used effectively to kill the staphylococci causing boils and carbuncles has been devised by Dr. A. P. Krueger


at the University of California.

At New York's Bellevue Hospital, Dr. Foster Kennedy discovered that the bursting of an inflated paper bag raised the average person's brain pressure four times higher than morphine or nitroglycerine—two of the most powerful drugs in the world.

High-pitched sounds can even extinguish a flame. To see for yourself, turn the dial of your radio to one of those gun-men thrillers. When the police siren starts, turn the loud speaker on full blast, light a match, and hold it in front of the speaker. In most cases, the noise will extinguish the match flame.

If noise can do all this, inquire some eminent physicians, why couldn't it conceivably bring about abnormal chemical changes in the human brain leading to murder, suicide or insanity? Practically the entire profession agrees that modern-day noise constitutes a grave menace to the physical and mental life of the nation.

When cats, dogs, guinea pigs, pigeons and mice were subjected to some of the sounds people endure



in industry, the health and hearing of all of them was adversely affected. Some even died from the effects of the noise! Furthermore, getting accustomed to noise doesn't lessen its harmful effects. Recent factory tests revealed a definite increase in output along with a decrease in noise. Metabolism tests on experienced typists showed that they consumed 19 per cent more energy working in a noisy office than in a quiet one.

It has been estimated that several million people in the United States are deficient in hearing. One reason may be their almost constant exposure to noise. Deafness now is becoming an occupational disease among taxi drivers and traffic policemen who work in congested areas of cities. At a recent boiler makers' convention, 75 out of a hundred men could not understand their speaker because of occupational deafness!

Several years ago a committee of doctors reported to New York city's Noise Abatement Commission that—in addition to endangering hearing—noise lessens attention, weakens concentration, throws a great strain on the nervous system, and interferes with sleep. Figures to prove these contentions were secured by policemen on orders of Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia who sent them throughout the city equipped with decibel meters to measure everything from the roar of a lion in the zoo to the music of a dance orchestra in a night club. A decibel is a measure of the intensity of noise. Sounds higher than 120 decibels deafen and pain the ears, while continued exposure to sounds of 90 decibels or better

eventually will injure the inner ear and often result in chronic deafness.

The policemen discovered that the roaring lion registered about 95 decibels; the dance orchestra—playing sweet music—about 85. Louder than either was the interior of a moving subway train, 98.

More comprehensive measurements of noise were made under the direction of the late Dr. E. E. Free. Loudest noise measured by the machine with which he worked was made by an airplane motor which registered 115 decibels. The loudest noise the world has ever heard, however, is believed to have been the eruption of the volcano Krakatoa in 1883. This blast was heard three thousand miles away and probably equaled 180 or 190 decibels. A boiler factory, 105 to 115 decibels, is louder than thunder, which is only 95 decibels.

A loud automobile horn registers 100 decibels. When Il Duce decreed in 1934 that no more automobile horns were to be blown in Rome, the traffic accident rate in the Eternal City immediately declined. Other world capitals have since followed suit with remarkable results. Havana authorities won't let drivers honk their horns between midnight and 5 a.m. and Bombay bans all horn blowing by vehicles if they are not in motion. Sound and safety engineers are continually striving to get other leading cities to discourage the promiscuous use of auto horns.

A census of auto toots on a busy New York street revealed not long ago that 97 per cent of them were totally unnecessary. Dr. Miller McClintock, formerly director of the Yale University Bureau for

Street Traffic Research, contends that, good drivers see their difficulties far enough ahead so they don't have to indulge in a lot of raucous horn tooting to evade them.

Dr. Charles A. Elsberg of the New York Neurological Institute blames many auto accidents on the effect that loud noises have on the drivers' tired eyes. He proved that there is a direct relationship between hearing and seeing and that you need more light in order to see an object after hearing a loud noise. Concluded Dr. Elsberg: "A loud noise will influence a driver's vision which is often already taxed to the fullest degree. As a result, he may not be able to judge distances as well and, in an emergency, he may have an accident."

Noise not only increases normal traffic hazards; it boosts the blood pressure, tenses the muscles and interferes with digestion. Dr. Donald A. Laird and E. L. Smith at Colgate University proved that a noise of 60 decibels or better (your radio or the man next door shoveling snow) slows down the digestive processes by decreasing the flow of saliva in the mouth and the gastric juice in the stomach. Their experiments led them to the conclusion that perhaps the majority of digestive disturbances are due as much to noisy surroundings as to improper selection of food.

Dr. Laird discovered that high-pitched shrill noises are the most irritating. "Low, rumbling noises are the next worse," he reported. "The middle ranges, such as the ordinary masculine baritone voice, are the least bothersome." Noise, according to Dr. Laird's findings, is not likely to do physical damage

to the ears, despite the fact that workers in noisy surroundings have a greater tendency toward deafness. He said that it takes the noise of a terrific explosion actually to rip the eardrums.

Soldiers who are obliged to withstand the roar of cannon for hours or days often sustain severe injuries to the auditory mechanism. In some instances, damage will not be severe, resulting only in failure to hear high tones. Even rifle fire, as well as the blasting from guns of larger calibre, may result in the rupture of the tiny capillaries in the ear. But the nearer to the muzzle blast the soldier is, the greater the likelihood of wear and tear on the nervous machinery.

"It is amazing that we do not have more of this type of disability," declares Dr. Irving S. Cutter. "Few of us realize the force of the wave which reaches the hearing structure. Its speed and the rapidity with which the pressure mounts may not only rupture a drum but actually harm the inner tissues. As a rule, the sufferer will know that something is wrong. Pain, bleeding and roaring will usually accompany a perforation. The steady hissing or surging noises wholly overshadow all other symptoms. This is about the last of the abnormal manifestations to disappear.

"Blocking the ear channels with cotton is not an effective method of avoiding this complication. In fact, no device is useful unless it completely prevents impulses from entering. If a plug is impregnated with petroleum jelly, increased protection is afforded. There are, in addition, various types of rubber stoppers. The objection to these is

that the wearers cannot hear orders. The whirr of airplanes has been combatted fairly well by means of a high altitude flying helmet, with the telephone a part of the apparatus. It would seem that those who compose gun crews will need to have such equipment if firing is long continued."

Noise is definitely the thief of sound sleep. Nine Colgate University students slept nightly for two weeks on vibrating beds while professors studied their reactions. The students reported that this type of "rest," gave them more headaches than they ordinarily experienced, increased the circles under their eyes, made them unsteady on their feet the following day, forced them to greater efforts to accomplish routine work, and heightened their irritability over minor things.

In a recent report to the American Medical Association, Dr. Carey P. McCord and John D. Goodell of Detroit maintained that most elimination of noise is simply a matter of educating the public.

Their report suggested, as a possible solution, that automobiles should be equipped with horns that don't startle people. They cited as one example already in use the Diesel locomotive's mellow horn as contrasted to the traditional shrill whistle of the steam engine.

The scientists further advanced the theory that most of the din in industrial plants could be done away with by means of simple architectural or operational changes. They pointed out that, by instituting air conditioning in a plant the necessity of opening windows for ventilation is eliminated and almost all exterior noise is excluded.

They also suggested that relatively quiet operations or devices could be substituted for those creating excessive noise. Specific examples they cited were the use of electric welding instead of riveting in construction and the use of light signals for telephone bells and other noisy devices designed to attract attention.

Dr. Vern O. Knudsen, professor of physics at the University of California at Los Angeles has invented an "ear-defender." His plug reduces sounds to about one-tenth of their normal loudness.

Ear plugs aren't necessary, however, in many up-to-the-minute establishments where the walls and ceilings are lined with sound-proofing materials that absorb sound similarly to the way water is soaked up by a sponge. A fine example of such sound-proofing can be found in Atlantic City's famous steel pier which has its floor entirely underlaid with a sound-absorbent material to deaden the roar of the ocean waves below.

Methods of absorbing sound have been known for a generation, but until recently the chief structures to be sound-proofed were schools and hospitals. A level of factory noise of 75 decibels is considered quiet enough for good morale, but when it goes much higher than that it's a good idea to summon the sound experts. With the large number of women being employed today—most of them unused to industrial noise—war plants have been increasing sound-conditioning units so rapidly that the business has nearly tripled over that of pre-war days.

The sound engineers have also successfully solved the problem of

noise in airplanes. Even in one of the big new bombers where the noise of the powerful engines reaches 140 decibels, the noise in the cabin is no worse than the racket in a machine shop—loud, but not ear-splitting.

Hiram P. Maxim, inventor of the famous Maxim Silencer for firearms, has gone on record with this statement: "Any noise that comes out of a pipe can be silenced effectively and economically."

Residential housing will provide a virtually untouched field for sound conditioning after the war. Thin plaster walls, ceilings and hardwood floors cut the sound level only 40 decibels. This level can be cut by 60 decibels or more by improved construction methods.

As a result of his decibel meter surveys, Dr. E. E. Free found that a city's greatest continuous noise-maker is the traffic in its streets. The average noise of a busy street in New York or Chicago, he revealed, makes the average person one-third deaf.

Dr. Free pointed out that the ear is the only sensory organ that so far has no, or very little, legal protection. There are laws against offensive odors, unsightly or objectionable signs and personal and public uncleanness—but not against harsh, nerve-shattering sounds. Dr. Free wholeheartedly asserted that our cities can be made practically noiseless—if the public demands a definite legally-enforced policy of noise control.



Pulpitations

A LITTLE GIRL WAS TAKEN to an old-fashioned church for the first time. She stared in awe at the old Highland minister, shut up in a box pulpit, thumping the Bible and waving his arms wildly. Then, unable to stand it any longer, she whispered to her father in a frightened voice, "What'll we do if he gets out?"

—*Montreal Herald*

DEAN SWIFT WAS ONCE asked to preach a charity sermon. It was intimated that a brief appeal would be preferred. "I shall be short," he promised. Entering the pulpit, he said, "My text is: 'He that giveth unto the poor lendeth unto the Lord.' Brethren, you have heard the terms of the loan. If you are satisfied with the security, put down your cash."

That was all. The collection was a record one.

—*IRVING HOFFMAN*

FATHER JOSEPH REGAN, a missionary in China, concluded a recent sermon with a strong plea to support the parish. Immediately after the service, his washerwoman, San Sao, advanced to the sanctuary and placed two dollars on the altar rail. Others, magnetized, followed suit.

The next day the priest sought San Sao to thank her for the liberal contribution to the church.

"Contrib?" said the old woman puzzled. "I just bring what I find in your pocket when I wash last week."

—*Catholic Transcript*



Here's a daily which plays down crime and scandal, plays up poetry and painting, and is deemed one of America's ace newspapers

Journalism Without Jaundice

by CAROL HUGHES

IN THE FIELD of American journalism, the *Christian Science Monitor* is, to put it mildly, a unique journal. Toughminded and learnedly written, the *Monitor* is one religious publication which thunders its views round the world.

It shuns sheer entertainment news, gives short shrift to crime and scandal and refuses advertising it considers unwholesome to the tune of a million dollars' worth annually. Catering to a scant 144 thousand subscribers, it is an aristocrat in its field.

Its readers live in 96 countries. More than 10 thousand leading periodicals quote it yearly as gospel truth. The first newspaper to attempt publication under such stringent self-restriction, the *Monitor* is, after 32 years, making money. Such was not always the case. In its early years, it was distributed chiefly through racks on railroad platforms and Christian Science reading rooms.

Shocked by the sensationalism of newspapers at the turn of the century, Mary Baker Glover Eddy, founder of the Christian Science

religion, sent a note to her Board of Trustees: "It is my request that you start a daily newspaper. Let there be no delay."

And there was no delay. The Board of Trustee's heralded the order to Christian Scientists everywhere. Money began to pour in. When the regal, block-long white palace arose at One Norway Street, Boston, Massachusetts, it was debt-free and mortgage clear. It cost four million dollars and even as the last stone was laid, the money was still flowing in. So the trustees sent word:

"Do not subscribe any more; much aplenty for all our needs is now in our treasury."

The first issue of the *Monitor* appeared on November 25, 1908—a 10-page sheet, price two cents. Its creator, Mary Baker Eddy, in a short editorial wrote: "I have named all Christian Science periodicals. I named this one the *Monitor*, to spread undivided the Science that operates unspent. The object of the *Monitor* is to injure no man, but to bless all mankind."

The *Monitor* did not mention the

words death, disease, disaster or crime, for these are considered "errors" by Christian Scientists. This restriction once forced a *Monitor* reporter to write an obituary about "passed on mules." The paper carried no advertisements for coffee, tea, cigarettes or liquor, for these are considered stimulants, unnecessary to a healthy, operating Christian Science body. It even refused ads for firearms and tombstones.

When a hurricane left many dead on Long Island, destroyed houses throughout New England, and every newspaper in the land shouted "Carnage, Death, Destruction," the *Monitor* calmly stated: "Relief is speeded in extensive areas swept by storm." The verdict in the Errol Flynn rape case rated only a seven-line story.

WHEN THE proper little sheet first appeared, editorial catcalls greeted it throughout the nation. "Can a big daily newspaper play down crime and disaster, ignore leading advertisers and expect to compete for reader and advertising attention?" chided more than one fat publication. Describing the new embryo as "compounded of phlegm with a desire to take something under its protective wing," one city paper predicted its quick demise.

Still the little curio went merrily about its business of publishing. Its editors took courage from the small line of type which ran underneath the editorial page banner. The line read: "First the blade, then the ear, then the full grain in the ear," and was thus explained by Mary Baker Eddy:

"Man must be patient: With the growth of man: With the child:

The Foreigner, the new Nation emerging into the light."

The *Monitor* was interested in everything; music, athletics, poetry, news, chess, the home, the theatre (briefly), ancient Mexico—even a few savory jokes. It discussed, at length, Renoir's painting and the poetry of John Donne. Its unbiased church page gave news space to all faiths.

In 1914 Frederick Dixon came to edit the *Monitor*, whose circulation was still confined mostly to Christian Science reading rooms. Dixon revolutionized the *Monitor* with a single order: "Send out correspondents. Send them throughout the world. Teach them the ways of all men—all nations."

The correspondents went out. Foreign news flowed in—news of everything, a diplomatic blunder in Turkey, bird life on the Danube. Many a meager newspaper talent was converted into skill under the Dixon tutelage. If a newspaperman didn't like to write about politics, Dixon let him ramble on about butterflies in Holland.

In far away England, the Hertfordshire *Mercury* commented: "There is one newspaper, the *Christian Science Monitor*, which sets a standard beyond that of most newspapers dealing with world events."

Today that standard means that the *Monitor* carries roughly 11.7 per cent national news; 7.7 per cent foreign news (a greater percentage than the *New York Times* in pre-war days); 18.6 per cent financial; 4.8 sports and 19.5 per cent advertisement.

Its circulation is still a small 144 thousand, but it reaches at least 350

thousand readers. It costs one million dollars annually to print, and can be purchased for 12 dollars a year. Since the death of Mary Baker Eddy in 1910, its management has been under a board of three trustees and its policy directed by five directors. The *Monitor* is still run according to Scientist principles, but its religious taboos are scarcely discernible.

The *Monitor's* white-towered dwelling place, which ranks with Bunker Hill as a tourist attraction, looks more like a museum than a newspaper building. Protected by huge iron gates, its landscaped gardens and splashing fountains are quite shut off from the outside world. Entrance can be gained only by presenting a statement about business to be transacted. Smoking, drinking, swearing and loud talk are prohibited in the building, which is pervaded by a cathedral-like hush. All chairs are equipped with rubber rollers.

Of the *Monitor's* staff of some hundred men, 85 per cent are Christian Scientists. A few top-ranking correspondents, like Roscoe Drummond, Washington Bureau Chief, and Edmund Stevens, war correspondent, are not. Most staff members are highly trained specialists and hold doctorates in science, philosophy, religion or finance.

Even in its best financial year, 1929, the paper netted only 400 thousand dollars. "All profits," says managing editor Erwin ("Spike") Canham, "go right back into correspondents." Profits have sent 850 to all parts of the free world. Considered one of the "best newspaper outfits" by the men who work for it, few ever leave for more tempting

offers. One motive for this loyalty can be traced to the conscientious effort on the part of the *Monitor* to help a man find his spot. The editor can't fire a man on the *Monitor*. The firing is done by the Board of Directors and it has always been at a minimum. Operating according to Christian principles of fairness, the *Monitor* policy is: "Try him somewhere else." A man can work many years, chalk up many failures and try many things before his compulsory exit.

THE CASUAL visitor to the paper's solemn halls is struck by the presence of Mary Baker Eddy. Her books are just where she left them. Messages from her pen are much evident throughout the building. Advertisements for her two major works are still carried in the *Monitor* in the same spot in which they appeared 32 years ago.

The paper has long had a policy of playing down its writers. Its masthead carries no names. Bylines are few and far between. Any pronouncement in the paper is the voice of the *Monitor*, not the individual opinion of any one man. When the journal ventured into radio, the boards' chief objection to the program was that it had to carry the name of the man who conducted it.

The man was Volney Hurd, and his brilliant and analytical newscasts eventually prompted the Board of Directors to subscribe to a coast to coast hook-up over the Mutual Broadcasting stations. Today the voice of Volney Hurd is that of the *Monitor's*, etherways.

It is estimated that each news story appearing in the *Monitor* has

been read and edited by at least 12 men. Demaree Bess once stated: "I have worked for the *Monitor* for several years, and I know it is the most carefully edited newspaper in America. Its information is checked and rechecked before it is published and its inaccuracies are, therefore, rare." Boston's *Back Bay Ledger* has asserted: "At present the *Monitor* is editorially against the New Deal. This has nothing to do with the way the

Coronet joins Simon & Schuster, publishers of *A Pictorial History of the Movies*, in thanking the motion picture companies who generously furnished the pictures in the book; and Culver Service.

national news is played up, as so often happens in anti-Roosevelt publications." As one columnist summed it up: "The average American newspaper totters only a few steps in any intellectual direction, but the *Monitor* could ask Nietzsche some mighty pertinent questions."

Penny Pinchers

■ WHILE VISITING Marienbad, the late King Edward VII was invited to luncheon by the daughter of an old friend, a charming but frugal creature.

When the King came to the table, he found that the decorations consisted of four little vases of artificial flowers torn from one of the lady's old hats. He pulled out a spray of lilacs and remarked a trifle reproachfully, "Surely, my dear, with flowers being sold on every street corner, I am worth a little more than these old castaways."

"Indeed yes," was her reply, "but I thought by decorating your table with immortal flowers, Your Majesty, I could better testify to my eternal devotion!"

—KRISHNA SHRINIVASA

■ BACK IN THE 18TH century, a rich but miserly London trader was visited on his deathbed by a committee of supervisors for the poor to thank him for the legacy of one thousand pounds he was to leave to their charities.

None too graciously he waved aside the thanks. Then a thought struck him. Eagerly he turned to the committee chairman, "Since the bargain is already made, would you allow me a discount for prompt payment?"

The speaker was nonplussed, yet there seemed nothing to do but agree.

The miser smiled happily and promptly made out a check to the group for 950 pounds.

—S. J. SABIN

■ ANDREW CARNEGIE, the steel tycoon, liked to tell about the two old Scotch friends who met after a lapse of many years. To celebrate their reunion, they went to a nearby tavern where Sandy ordered several rounds of drinks, but made no attempt to pay for them.

McTavish reluctantly paid the bill, but once outside he hinted rather strongly, "I say there, Sandy, you didn't pay for those drinks you ordered."

"Did you pay for them?"

"Of course I did."

"Well," shrugged Sandy, "what's the need for both of us paying for them?"

—LOUIS HIRSCH

■ IN THE French National Assembly a collection was taken. The gentleman in charge did not notice that stingy Sieyès had already given a few coins. When the hat was passed the second time, the famed pamphleteer said, "My share is in the hat."

The collector bowed. "I have not seen it, but I believe you."

Mirabeau, who witnessed the scene, said sarcastically, "I have seen it but I don't believe it."—ALBERT BRANDT

Picture Story:

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE MOVIES

by DEEMS TAYLOR,
Bryant Hale, and Marcolene Peterson

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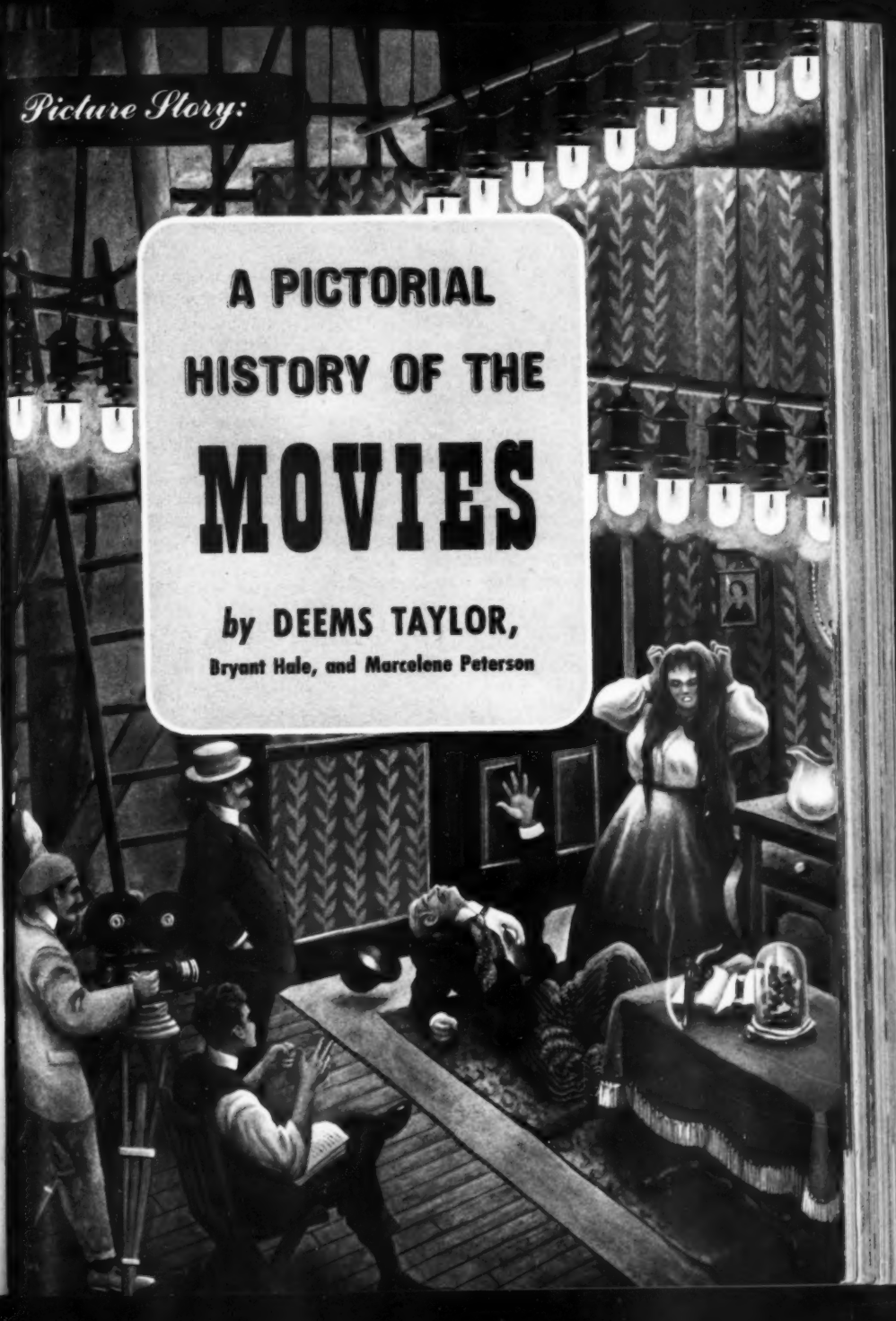
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A Pictorial History of the Movies

by DEEMS TAYLOR, BRYANT HALE and MARCELENE PETERSON

JUST 55 YEARS AGO the very first motion picture was put on film. Now go back 24 long centuries and compare the progress of the drama since the days of the great Greek playwrights with that of the motion picture in its scant half century of existence. One is apt to feel a little more charitably inclined toward the shortcomings of the younger art.

For it is an art. Within the past two decades it has produced films that rank with the best work of our contemporary playwrights and producers. Remember, there are many thousand movie houses and there must be pictures to show in them. Considering the assembly-line conditions under which the average picture must be turned out, the wonder is not that there are so few

good pictures, but that there are any at all.

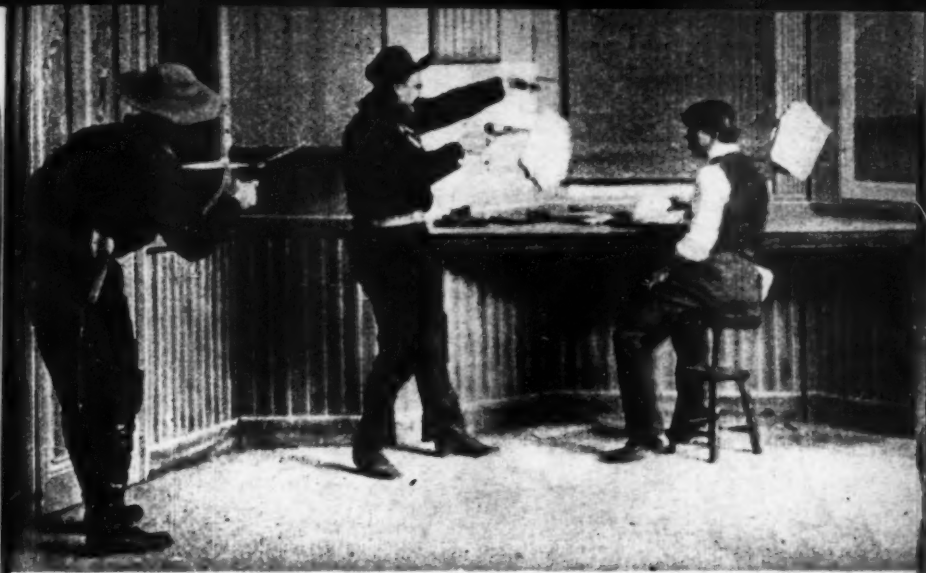
A single shot from every motion picture made since 1903 would require 50 crammed-full volumes. Nonetheless, within obvious limitations, this condensation of the book *A Pictorial History of the Movies* is an attempt to trace in visual terms the evolution of the motion picture to the highly developed art it is today. The first important movie exhibitor was called the Edison Kinetoscope. You saw the pictures by peering into a box through an eyepiece at the top, much as the persons in the picture above are doing. Edison, for one, pinned his faith to the Kinetoscope and saw no future in pictures projected on a screen.



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1. The earliest films were content to show action for action's sake—two persons kissing or an onrushing locomotive (so real it emptied 15 rows of customers). Then in 1903, Edwin Porter produced the first movie with a story—"The Great Train Robbery."



2. The public knew her as Little Mary long before she emerged as Mary Pickford. For 15 dollars Griffith bought "The New York Hat," written by a high school girl, Anita Loos. Mary starred in it opposite a promising young painter—Lionel Barrymore.



- 3.** *Instead of the usual few days, Mack Sennett spent 14 weeks shooting Charlie Chaplin and Marie Dressler to stardom in "Tillie's Punctured Romance," his first full-lengther. Sennett proved that pie-throwing, cops and beauties do mix—tastily.*



- 4.** *The year 1915 produced a masterpiece, "Birth of a Nation." It contained undreamed of realism in its battle scenes, closeups, fadeouts and last-minute rescues—all new devices then, dreamed up by David W. Griffith, the screen's greatest innovator.*

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5. Horror leered its way onto the screen with "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari." As a matter of fact, traces of its distorted scenery, bizarre costumes and makeup still linger in modern horror films. (That's Conrad Veidt in the cabinet.)

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6. As undisputed queen of another type of horror, the serial, Pearl White's "Perils of Pauline" carried her through quicksand (sample above) fires, millraces and situations so hopeless wild horses couldn't keep you away from the theatre next week.



- 7.** Lon Chaney attributed his gift for pantomime to his efforts to communicate with his deaf-mute parents. Jackie Coogan's first, wistful performance with Chaplin in "The Kid" made him the most valuable child in the industry.



- 8.** After "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," Rudolph Valentino was Romance to 50 million women. Young men sneered, but imitated his haircut. Douglas Fairbanks exuded a more athletic type of charm.

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- 9.** Cecil B. DeMille's first super spectacle was "The Ten Commandments." Critics scored its tampering with history and frequent vulgarity. But just so long as the producer pointed out how really revolting the orgies were, the censors didn't object.



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- 10.** Another early spectacle, Paramount's "Covered Wagon," directed by James Cruze, set the pace for future Westerns and films depicting American pioneer life with its exciting Indian attack and stampeding horses.



11. John Gilbert was best known as half the Gilbert-Garbo team of Great Lovers. One reason for Garbo's enduring popularity is undoubtedly that women are, if possible, more fascinated by her than men.



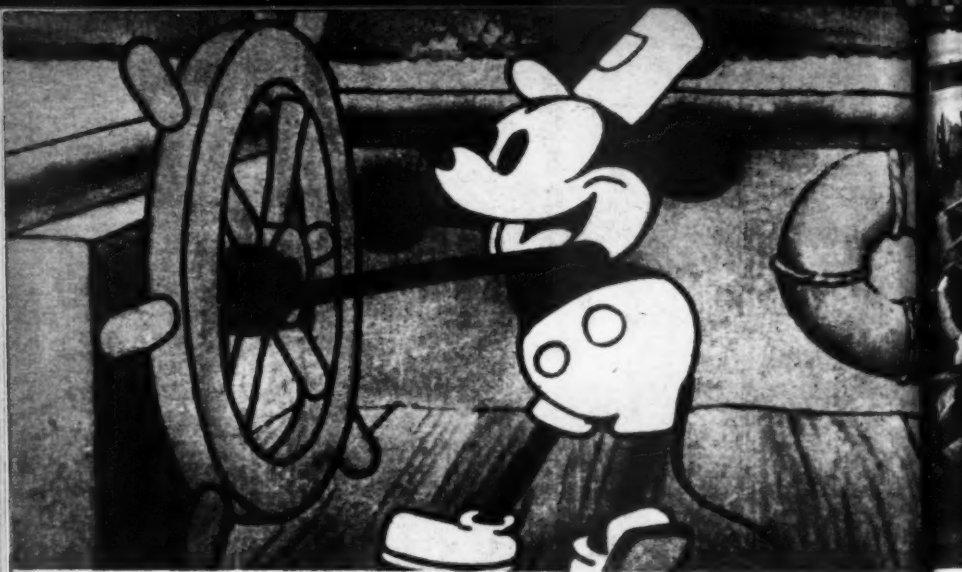
12. Not till '25 did the public cool off sufficiently to stand a picture uncomplimentary to the war. Thanks to an adult and moving script, "The Big Parade" took the country by storm, paved the way for films like "All Quiet on the Western Front."

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- 13.** *Came the revolution—sound! Well-established producers didn't fall for such new-fangled nonsense; it took the relatively obscure Warner Brothers to take a chance on the "Jazz Singer," which was part silent. It consigned silent films to the scrap heap.*

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- 14.** *By '29 Hollywood was grinding out "talkies" as fast as they could be shot. Garbo made the transition to sound safely via "Anna Christie." With "Little Caesar" began a cycle of gangster pictures which made "taken for a ride" a household phrase.*



- 15.** *Certie the Dinosaur*, drawn by a New York cartoonist, was unsurpassed as an animated cartoon principal until 1929 when Mickey Mouse, precocious rodent of a precocious young man named Walt Disney (then 28), came along.



- 16.** Increasingly Hollywood turned to the stage for actors—among them Lunt and Fontanne, Helen Hayes, and Mae West. Hemingway's *"A Farewell to Arms,"* with Hayes and Gary Cooper, was every bit as good in the movies as on the stage.

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- 17.** In 1933, the girl who appeared briefly in "Forty-Second Street," was promoted to Fred Astaire's dancing partner. Her name, Ginger Rogers. Producers found there was gold in them thar rills—and the wave of musicals began.



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- 18.** In 1934 along happened "It Happened One Night," which won Academy Awards for Colbert and Gable, Frank Capra the director and Robert Riskin the writer, besides setting the pace for other slick, fast-moving comedies like the Thin Man series.



19. *The movies were coming of age. One sign was the magnificent filming of Liam O'Flaherty's novel, "The Informer," which won Victor McLaglen the award for the best male performance of the year. Also superb was the direction, by John Ford.*



20. At this age, Shirley Temple was a veteran picture star, as great a box office draw as Coogan had been in another generation. "Of Human Bondage" starred Leslie Howard but established Bette Davis as one of the screen's great actresses.



21. When Disney began planning a feature-length film, he was told the public wouldn't sit through so long a cartoon; adults wouldn't sit through a fairy tale; there weren't enough juveniles to pay costs. "Snow White" broke attendance records everywhere.



- 22.** *The uncompromisingly honest presentation of "Grapes of Wrath," Steinbeck's saga of migrant workers, added new lustre to the reputation of John Ford, director. Here are Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell in one of its realistic, unprettified scenes.*



- 23.** *In "The Great Dictator" Chaplin for the first time played a speaking part—the dual role of a little Jewish barber who is a dictator's double. His enunciation was perfect and his voice pleasant—the great pantomimist proved a great speaking actor.*

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- 24.** David Selznick ran a heavy risk in presenting "*Gone With the Wind*," the great event of '39. It lasted 220 minutes, but the film vindicated his judgment, ran off with most of the year's Academy Awards and brought him a 13 million gross, to date.



- 25.** *When RKO commissioned a picture from Orson Welles, he became the only man besides Chaplin to combine the function of author, actor, producer and director. "Citizen Kane" allegedly paralleled the life of a famous newspaper publisher.*



- 26.** *"The Song of Bernadette" brings our movie history up to date. This picture, with its dignity and sincerity, its careful attention to historical accuracy, its beautiful photography, is eloquent testimony that the movies have come of age.*

Monte Carlo's One-Man Siege

by ISABEL MANNING HEWSON



IT HAPPENED some 70 years ago, when Monte Carlo was young.

One afternoon, along about sundown, a man-of-war sailed into the bay on a routine visit, and dropped anchor not far from shore. That evening as the commander paced the deck of his ship, he was fascinated by the lighted casino.

"What a pity," he thought, "to miss an opportunity like this. If I only had enough money to stake myself . . ."

Suddenly he realized he did have money—but it wasn't his—20 thousand francs that the government had given him to pay off his men. The more he thought of it, the more he was tempted. At last he took the money from the safe, rowed to shore and went up to the casino.

Feverish with hope, he bought chips and placed them on the black. The wheel spun around and stopped on the red. He raised the stakes again—and lost. At the end of two hours, he was cleaned out.

In a daze he got up and stumbled out the door. What could he do? Go back to his cabin and end it all? That didn't make sense. He didn't want to die, and he had no intention of going home to face charges.

Suddenly his head cleared. With a firm step, he marched back into the casino and told an astonished guard he wanted to be taken at once to the head of the management.

The authority in his voice plus

the braid on his uniform rated instant attention. A few minutes later he was led up a narrow flight of steps to the manager's office.

The door was thrown open and he strode into the room. Facing the manager, seated at a desk surrounded by his assistants, the commander came right to the point.

"I've just lost 20 thousand francs at your wretched roulette wheels, and I'm here to tell you that you'll have to pay it back. I had no right to use the money. It belongs to my government."

The manager replied stiffly, "My dear sir, you can hardly expect us to make good your loss."

"I *do* expect it," the commander snapped with a frown. "If you'll just glance out the window, you'll notice the lights aboard my ship in the harbor. It's a man-o'-war, gentlemen, with a complement of guns. It would take exactly one charge from the batteries to blow you and your casino off the face of the earth. Which I shall do, I assure you, if you don't restore those 20 thousand francs!"

The manager squirmed. "But—but good heavens, Commander, do you realize what would happen? You'd be court-martialed!"

The commander smiled. "That's perfectly true, but I'm disgraced as it is. If I *have* to take the honorable way out, there'll be plenty of time to do it *after* I've shot off those

guns. Think it over, gentlemen. I'm going back to my ship, and if I don't get the money within half an hour, I'll give the order to fire."

With that, he marched from the room.

The men in the office sat stunned. Was he *really* such a maniac? If he did open fire, he couldn't possibly miss. The casino was perched right on the hill.

Minutes ticked by. Someone ran to the window. "The lights are going on all over the ship! They're getting ready for *something!*"

"Hurry!" the manager gasped. "Get me the money."

One of his assistants dashed to the cashier and came back with a wad of 20 thousand francs. Hatless, the manager flew down the stairs, ran to the landing and jumped in a boat. Rowing like a

galley slave, he reached the battleship a few seconds before the end of the half hour limit.

Every bit of canvas had been stripped from the guns, and the muzzles were aimed squarely at the lighted casino. Sailors swarmed around bringing up the shells, and in the midst of it all stood the red-faced commander, a watch in his hand, bellowing orders.

Weakly, the manager walked toward him and held out a package—the 20 thousand francs. Then without a word, he turned and descended the ladder.

Behind him he could hear the commander canceling orders in a triumphant voice. By the time he reached his office, the ship was raising anchor and running up sail.

The siege of Monte Carlo was lifted.

Scornets

■ A WITNESS, TESTIFYING before the famous Justice Maule, thought he detected a gleam of doubt in the magistrate's eye and protested, "Surely Your Honor doesn't think I am lying? I would have you know that I have been wedded to truth since infancy."

"So—" remarked the judge skeptically, "but how long have you been a widower?"

—ADRIAN ANDERSON

■ SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE had such a pugnacious nature that when he took a course in engineering, one of his professors remarked, "You may become an engineer, but never a civil one."

—S/SOT. HAROLD HELPER

■ HAVING AGREED to accompany his hostess' two daughters in a song, the French composer, Saint-Saens, listened

for a moment as they sounded off, then turned to their beaming mother:

"Madame," he said coldly, "which daughter do you want me to accompany?"

—B. A. RYAN

Two Wishes Come True

This is four-year-old Elizabeth Meadows called "Ippie" by her family for no particular reason. It was the night before Christmas when S. Blake McNeely took this kodachrome, and Ippie, like hundreds and thousands of little girls everywhere, trudged off to bed in high excitement. Tomorrow there would be a new doll. And maybe word from her brother Captain Jack, who was overseas. Both wishes came true, eventually. Ippie got her doll and later in the year her commando brother returned—he was wounded while leading troops into North Africa.

FROM FREDERIC LEWIS

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Meet Joe Vincent Connolly, who has probably hired, fired—and bossed—more world-famous personages than any other man alive today!

Connolly Corrals the Great

by ALAN HYND

BENITO MUSSOLINI didn't look up from his desk for several minutes. When, at length, he scowled at his visitor and asked, in English, "What do you want?" Joe Connolly just grinned. "I don't want anything," said Joe. "I just thought I'd drop in and get acquainted; you see, I'm your boss!"

"My what!"

"Your boss," Joe repeated, still smiling. "You work for me on King Features Syndicate."

"That being so, you owe me 17 thousand dollars," thundered Il Duce belligerently. "I haven't seen

the checks for my last 17 articles."

This was no mythical conversation. It really happened shortly before Mussolini invaded Ethiopia, when he granted an interview to Joseph Vincent Connolly, head of King Features Syndicate, which is one of the most important possessions of the Hearst newspaper empire. For some time the Italian dictator had been writing articles on international affairs for the syndicate, at a dollar a word, but since negotiations had been carried on through the syndicate's representative in Rome, Mussolini didn't realize who Connolly was and mistook him for a foreign correspondent.

But the non-payment for the articles momentarily puzzled Connolly. Money, and plenty of it, had long since been the bait by which he hooked the biggest names in the world to write for King Features on virtually every subject that could be dealt with in print. Upon investigation, he learned that one of Mussolini's fiscal agents—an Italian count who worked in a Rome bank—had been building himself up as a target for a firing squad

Sitting Bull

Sweating it out with the master away is a long hard pull, and every weary day of it is etched in Butch's downcast countenance. Plopped by the gate, he surveys the passers-by in utter hopelessness, a far-away look in his eyes for the sober-faced lad in khaki who stooped down, rubbed his ears and murmured, "Goodbye for now, old pal. Take care of things." Tributes are penned to mothers and wives, but the dog who keeps watch for those familiar legs to stride up the walk again may sometimes be forgotten—except by the boy who left him behind.

ARDEAN MILLER III FROM FPG

by diverting the King Features checks to his own use. Connolly demanded that the count refund the money, which he did, and then Joe turned the 17 thousand over to Mussolini, saving the count by the fictional explanation that there had been a series of bookkeeping errors in New York.

Joseph Vincent Connolly takes in his stride personal encounters with the world's most famous men and women because the owner of a big name is, to him, either an actual or a potential employe. At one time or another during the past 20 years he has hired and fired and bossed probably more celebrities than any other man alive.

Kings, prime ministers and other top government officials of virtually every important country in the world have been on Connolly's pay roll as commentators-in-print at one time or another. The notable exception has been Adolf Hitler, whom Joe from the first regarded as a dangerous nut. On the other hand, Connolly's magnificent monetary offers have on occasion reluctantly been turned down by global luminaries. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, whom Joe wanted to turn columnist in 1939, was unable to accept a kingly offer, and only last year the Duke of Windsor regretfully turned down an offer to cover the war as a correspondent for International News Service, a subsidiary of King Features.

Signing up five-star names to write authoritative articles expressing their views to some 20 million readers of the Hearst papers, and feeding such writers with ideas so they won't go dry, happens to be but a part of Connolly's job, which

keeps him busy from 12 to 18 hours a day in the Daily Mirror Building in New York. Running International News Service, which is in no-holds-barred competition with the Associated Press and United Press 60 seconds of every minute, is also part of the week's work to Joe, as is his supervision of International News Photos.

CONNOLLY, too, is boss of the artists who turn out 100 daily-and-Sunday cartoon strips and panels—strips such as *Barney Google* and *Blondie*, and panels such as Ripley's *Believe It or Not*. He immediately steps into the breach with fresh ideas when a big strip shows signs of growing stale, and he has come up with luncheon-table ideas that have resulted in the creation of war-time comics such as *Rosie Rattletrap*, featuring a girl riveter in an airplane factory.

Just to top things off, Joe has the greatest aggregation of columnists ever to draw their salaries from the same accounting department.

As something of a sideline, Connolly buys up the best-selling books for serialization in the Hearst papers. He first became sold on the idea when, some years ago, he bought a moderate best-seller for 10 thousand dollars—a book called *All Quiet on the Western Front*—and watched newspaper serialization turn the book into one of the phenomenal hits of book-publishing history. Connolly views it this way: "The public couldn't wait for the next day's installment, so rushed to the bookstores to get the whole story in a hurry. We really made that book."

Although Connolly, now in his

fiftieth year, occupies one of the most conducive-to-ulcers jobs in the history of newspaperdom, at a salary that compares favorably with that of the President of the United States, he bears no resemblance whatever to the harassed, screaming, hair-pulling editors of the movies and radio. He is an easy-mannered, carefully turned-out man with a pleasant, round face, prematurely white hair and horn-rimmed glasses.

Connolly's associates do not recall his ever having spoken above a quiet conversational tone even on such occasions for anger as when the Associated or United Press has scooped International News Service or, on those much more frequent occasions for elation such as International's scoop on the execution in the nation's capital in 1942, of the German U-boat saboteurs—a yarn on which INS beat the field by three whole days.

It isn't that Joe Connolly is not excitable; as a matter of fact, he is, by virtue of his Irish heritage, an emotional man. But, as a 17-year-old reporter in his native New Haven, Connecticut, and later as a member of the city staff of the old morning *Sun* in New York, Connolly learned the value of calmness from two outstanding editors—Jim Scott of the New Haven *Union* and Keats Speed of the *Sun*.

Considering the assorted personalities among the stars who shine in the King Features firmament, it is a tribute to Connolly's diplomatic finesse that things run as smoothly as they do. Connolly has seen to it that the orbits in which his stars travel are pretty well defined and do not overlap. Occasionally, a cartoonist will exhibit

signs of unhappiness because he isn't in the paycheck class of George McManus who draws *Bringing Up Father*, or Chic Young who does *Blondie*, both of whom receive 100 thousand dollars a year. Connolly sends for the malcontent, talks softly and sends him away wondering why he had been such an ingrate as to question the generosity of the man who lifted him from obscurity to 50 thousand dollars a year.

Connolly's detractors say he is the master of the velvet heave-ho and the painless kick-in-the-pants; his admirers point out that Secretary of State Hull could do far worse than hire Joe and use him in the diplomatic service.

IN 1937, WHEN he was 42, Connolly underwent a serious operation, following which he suffered a severe heart attack. The doctors examined his heart, told Joe's wife, son and daughter that, at the outside, he had a week to live. With that sixth sense that leads a good newsman to the source of what's going on, Connolly learned of the medical verdict. "I figured," Joe recalls today, "that if I had only a week to go I might as well have some fun." So I bought myself a few boxes of good cigars and jumped on a boat for South America. You can bet that the professional pride of those doctors was pretty badly bruised when I returned several months later, feeling and looking better than they did."

For seven years now, Connolly has been defying the lightning by continuing to be a chain cigar-smoker, taking a highball whenever he feels like it, eating whatever he likes, getting by on as little as

four hours' sleep a night, and playing handball, softball and golf. Every once in a while, though, he visits a heart specialist just out of curiosity. When electrocardiograms are taken, they all tell him the same thing: he simply shouldn't be alive but, since he is alive, he can't possibly last another week unless he quits work and goes to bed. Whenever a heart specialist gives Connolly such bad news, Joe looks at the doctor with a strange expression on his face. Actually, every heart specialist who has examined Connolly since 1937 has himself died—and there have been five such specialists.

As chief of International News Service, Connolly constantly has an eye peeled for 100-dollar-a-week reporters who show that they have a curve on the ball, and offers them anywhere from 200 to 500 dollars a week to come over and work for him as INS correspondents.

Early in the Hitler regime Quentin Reynolds, whom Connolly first spotted as a fellow with a sharp-breaking reportorial curve, began sending stories out of Germany which convinced Joe that the expaper-hanger was an evil psychopath to be reckoned with. And so, while other editors were poking fun at Hitler's mustache, INS stories

led the field in picturing Hitler as a menace to the peace and security of the civilized world.

While Joe was telling the truth about the Nazis with one hand, he was busy with the other selling them comic strips. *Bringing Up Father* and *Popeye* were the two most popular strips in the Third Reich. Before the war, King comics appeared in 128 countries and in 33 languages. *Bringing Up Father* was the ranking strip throughout Japan. The war cut the income of Connolly's syndicate by 10 thousand dollars a week. But Popeye will eat his spinach again in Germany when peace comes, and Maggie will once more appeal to an innermost desire of Japanese women to be in her place, crowning her husband's head with a piece of crockery.

"The laugh is the common denominator among all the people of the world," Connolly points out, "and American cartoonists are the only cartoonists who have a genuinely universal appeal."

Joseph Vincent Connolly has elaborate post-war plans, which he isn't discussing in detail at this time. But once the restrictions are lifted on travel, Joe will be flying over the seven seas, his pockets bulging with syndicate contracts for the great and near-great of the earth.

House of Humorists

AN ASPIRING YOUNG JOURNALIST once went to Will Rogers for some pointers on how to write a successful newspaper column. Rogers obligingly gave out with some tips. As the young writer was about to leave, he asked:

"By the way, Mr. Rogers, is the field of humor crowded?"

"Only when Congress is in session," quipped Will.—IRVING HOFFMAN



Portfolio of Personalities

Famous Feuds

by EDITH ROBERTS

AMERICA'S FEUD of all time started back in 1880, when a Kentucky judge 'lowed that Hog Floyd Hatfield did wrong to steal those two razorbacks off Randolph McCoy. Hog's brother, Devil Anse, promptly tanked up on "moon" and announced he would fight the McCoy's to the death "because they were only barbarians anyhow and without human rights."

Well, it got so there wasn't a bush in that part of the Cumberland Mountains that didn't conceal a Hatfield with a bead on a McCoy—or vice-versa—and it lasted 30 years. The final score was 26 *known* killings.

About the same time out in Gila County, Arizona, the Grahams and the Tewksburys had got a hot range war going and were shooting it out at every cactus.

Folks got a strong taste for feuds in those days . . . and then for a while things sort of died down. But suddenly, just a few years ago, the feud came back into its own overnight—a new kind of feud altogether, where they snipe with words instead of bullets and reckon up the score in Crossley ratings.

Winchell Rings the Starting Bell

Walter Winchell did a bit of mental prospecting back in 1931 and hit on a hunch that proved to be rich pay-dirt. He'd start a feud. Moreover, he'd start it with the sweetest person he knew—his dearest friend

—the man who was known as "the Ol' Maestro of Friendships," *yow-sah*, Ben Bernie.



In those early days, Winchell was plugging hard for cigarettes, and a bonanza was needed to offset the

sponsor's sour suggestion that his radio show lacked punch. The show, incidentally, was a romantic little set-up known as the Magic Carpet, on which Winchell "rode" with bands from all over the world.

Telephoning Ben Bernie, who was playing at the College Inn in Chicago, Winchell told of his sponsorship and outlined plans for the now grand-daddy of cooked-up feuds. Bernie, no second-rate showman himself, immediately glimpsed the possibilities. Said he: "Swell, go ahead."

Winchell let Bernie indirectly fire the first salvo. During his next broadcast, he read a telegram ostensibly from Bernie and directed to the Magic Carpet's current orchestra leader, who happened to be Eddy Duchin. It said: "Just heard first broadcast with Winchell. You were wonderful! Can get you five thousand dollars at State-Lake Theatre

with Winchell, and 10 thousand *without* him. Signed: Ben Bernie."

For "revenge," Winchell began an endless barrage of airplane banter directed at Bernie. That first story has remained Walter's favorite through all the years.

"When Bernie played the Palace on Broadway," he related, "his act was put on second, following Karno's Monks. Ben went to the manager after the opening matinee and squawked . . . 'I'm gonna quit,' he said. 'I think it's awful having me follow monkeys.' 'I agree,' the manager replied, 'the audience might think it's an encore!'"

And that's how this modern radio feuding began.

All through the gloomy decade of the '30s, Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie kept the air crackling with their jibes. People loved it. Thousands of new listeners rushed to their radio dials, the sponsor smiled and the battle raged. Finally the two "arch enemies" immortalized their tiff in celluloid under the title, *Love and Hisses*.

Bernie, on his part, never let pass an opportunity to take a crack at Winchell.

Once he arrived in Chicago, leading on a leash a yellow alligator whose snapping jaws were held tight by a muzzle. Ben pointed to his captive with pride.

"First time," he announced triumphantly, "I've ever muzzled Winchell!"





Jack Benny

vs.

Fred Allen



It was a drear winter night in January, 1937. America was hugging her radiators and wondering how to meet the income tax, when Fred Allen first *insulted* Jack Benny.

What actually happened was that Fred Allen, staging a take-off on Major Bowes, had asked Stuart Kanin, a boy-violinist, to play. By chance, the lad chose to execute Franz Schubert's *The Bee*—Benny's prime number. No sooner had the applause died down than Fred cried: "Why, for a nine-year-old that's wonderful! A certain alleged violinist called Jack Benny studied *The Bee* for 59 years and still can't play it!"

The very next Sunday, Jack tossed in his glove. "Mary," several million listeners were thrilled to hear him say, "take a wire. 'Dear Fred: When I was nine years old, I could too play *The Bee*.' Why," he told Mary, "I played it so often I got the hives."

"Yeah," quipped Miss Livingstone, "I bet you stung up the town."

The Bee situation grew to such proportions that a few weeks later, when Benny took the broadcast to New York, he challenged young Kanin to a duet.

At the very opening of the show, Allen tipped his hand.

"What did you want to see me about, Mr. Benny?" asked the child.

"Well . . ." Jack began.

"If it's lessons," said Kanin quickly, "I don't give 'em."

When Benny and Allen appear together on the same program, Fred usually comes off winner, for Jack is no ad libber. Once when Fred had him down for the count, Benny wailed: "If I had my writers here, you wouldn't talk to me like that and get away with it."

"Benny with the light-brown toupee," taunts Fred, tossing this verbal tidbit off nonchalantly.

"Fred's not such an ad libber," Benny mocks. "You'll notice he always keeps his hands in his pockets. He's got a joke book printed in Braille."

In return, Fred insinuates that a horse committed suicide when it heard Benny's violin bow was made from its tail.

During a recent appearance together, Jack said in his plaintive way, "Fred, don't you think we ought to stop all this silly fighting?"

"No, Jack," replied Fred instantly, "because people will say we're in love," and they broke out into a horrible duet singing that very song.

Crazy? It's worth millions in publicity and causes audiences to grow like mushrooms in the rain.

Charlie McCarthy vs. W. C. Fields

May 7, 1937, was a momentous day in the calendar of feud fans. For it was then the diminutive Charlie McCarthy dared to tell the great W. C. Fields that his nose was made of redwood.

Fields, who'd already violated Sacred Rule Number 1 of Movie-dom (that an adult cannot strike a child) by kicking Baby LeRoy in the bottom of the diaper, now applied the same technique orally to McCarthy, and retorted: "Go away, you're full of termites."

Charlie howled with anguish, as if he felt the insects crawling about his anatomy, and bided his time.

"Hello, Mr. Fields," he said, with disarming sweetness, the following Sunday.

"Oh, hello, blood posion," was W. C.'s callous response.

Charlie overlooked this and rubbed more sugar into the wound. "I want to apologize for the nasty way I talked to you last week about your nose being made of redwood."

"Forget about it," said Fields, partially disarmed.

"That's big of you, Mr. Fields," continued Charlie, "and now," he said, oh so gently, "don't *you* feel sorry you said I was full of termites?"

"You see, Charlie really loves you, Mr. Fields," said Edgar Bergen, putting in his oar. "He'd like to kiss you."

The patent hypocrisy of this goaded Fields to the breaking point.

"I've been a gentleman up to now," he shouted, "but this is too much! Why, I was in the dressing room this very afternoon and over-



heard him telling Dorothy Lamour that, from the looks of my nose, I must have been weaned on ketchup. The little nipper! I've been picking my teeth with better wood than him for years!"

He turned to Charlie: "You better get yourself fire-proofed before I find a match."

Insult piled on insult, Sunday after Sunday, till Charlie was driven to hiring a barrister and bringing a 12 million-dollar suit for defamation of character, alienation of affection and libel against Fields.

"Mr. Fields," howled the dummy, "I'll clip you, so help me, I'll mow you down!"

"Quiet! Or I'll slice you into a venetian blind," drawled W. C.

"Alcohol burner!" screamed Charlie.

"Oh," suggested Fields wearily, "go ride piggy-back on a buzz-saw."

"Now that remark," moaned poor little Charles, "cuts me to the very quick."

And they're still at it!

Frances Langford vs. Vera Vague

This feud business got so popular—and paid off so prodigiously—that some of the femmes have gone in for skirmishes, too. And America has been treated to some rare verbal hair-pullings.

In the political arena, for instance, isolationist Clare Boothe Luce once called interventionist Dorothy Thompson “the Molly Pitcher of the Maginot Line”—all because Miss Thompson chanced to visit the Line during gunnery practice and, on gallant invitation, fired a couple of shots.

Louella O. Parsons and Hedda Hopper are famed for the printed blockbusters they’ve tossed back and forth in their movie columns.

But delight of millions is the hair-pulling contest between Frances Langford and Vera Vague. This little feud is one of Bob Hope’s brain-children for his Tuesday night NBC riot. Barbara Jo Allen (a *béauteous* brunette in real life) plays Vera Vague, the shrill-voiced spinster who never gets her man. The glamorous Frances Langford, on the other hand, is the girl who always does. Not always does she “get” Miss Vague, however, in their barbed exchanges.



“Oh, hello there, Miss Vague,” she will chortle.

“Oh, Miss Langford,” coos Vera, in a voice resembling sugared vitriol.



“I suppose you came here to make a hit with these flyers (they’re broadcasting, of course, from a camp) but I warn you, I’ll be stiff competition.”

“You’d be competition, Vera, even if you weren’t stiff.”

“Oh, you darling . . . you’re so cute, Frances. Tell me, did you flunk a flying exam, or were you always a *washed-out* blonde?”

Frances, the adorable kitten, just can’t keep her claws sheathed when she talks to Vera.

“You really look wonderful this evening, Miss Vague,” she purrs, setting the trap, “and that new gown is *so* becoming.”

Vera apparently falls for this eagerly. “Oh, do you *really* like it?”

“I think it’s so smart,” breathes Langford, “and such a darling design! Whoever thought it up . . . just imagine . . . a *strapless barracks-bag!*”

The military roars and Vera moans: “How *can* you say that? Why, only last week I entered a beauty contest . . . and do you know where I came out?”

“Yes,” cries Miss Langford, “in all directions!” But she laughs too soon.

“Bless your heart,” says Vera, “but I can’t get angry with you, Frances, you’re so charming . . . I’m just wild about that cute turned-up nose of yours . . . too bad it isn’t in the middle of your face!”

And their millions of fans keep clamoring for more!



Bing Crosby vs. Frank Sinatra

Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra were such naturals for a feud that when they didn't do anything about it, the public trumped up one between them and practically forced script writers to adopt it.

On one occasion, Ed Gardner, the Archie of Duffy's Tavern, pulled a nifty.

"Well, Archie," said Bing, "did you have any trouble finding the old Kraft Music Hall?"

"Nah," drawled Archie, "I just walked up to a cop and said, 'Where's the least likely place to find Sinatra?' And here I am."

Ukie Sherin, Bing's stooge, often refers to Crosby as Sinatra, the Elder. The only instance so far in which audiences in this country

have heard Bing himself make a direct remark about Sinatra on the air was on a recent Elgin program. Bing was singing *My Heart Tells Me This Is Just a Fling* when, without warning, he did a trill and remarked casually into the mike: "That's how Frankie would sing it," and resumed the song with the flabbergasted band floundering along two or three bars ahead.

It was in Feb-

ruary, 1944, that the event for which everybody was breathlessly awaiting occurred . . . and which nearly everyone missed. The Crooner and The Voice met. It was a Command Performance to make transcriptions to be short-waved overseas. A closely guarded affair, there were only 320 carefully selected guests. They reported a rare good time.

Dinah Shore remarked that Sinatra was "all backbone."

"I was wondering," drawled Bing, "what held him up."

Immediately thereafter when they asked Frankie please to raise the mike a little, he said: "Do you think I can lift it?" Later he referred to Crosby as The Sinatra of 1909.

But for a long time, Frankie never had the audacity to mention Bing over the local ether. Now that he has his own program, however, he occasionally ventures a gentle crack at the Great Groaner, of whom it has been said that it is unlikely that a single minute passes, day or night, when his voice is not being heard somewhere in the world on phonograph, juke box, movie track or radio.

The plain fact is there just isn't any basis for a feud between The Voice and The Crooner. Frankie has his own style and never, never imitates Uncle Bing. And everyone knows that Bing has always been Frankie's ideal.



I'll Always Remember

by HARVEY WEBER



EVERY YEAR the magic of Christmas works its special charm to carry most of us along in a gay swirl of holly and gifts and good things to eat. But in a few the Spirit slumbers, unawakened.

The fellow who got into my car seemed to be one of these. It was not quite eight on Christmas Eve. He was standing on the curb when I stopped for a red light. He came hurriedly to my car, opened the door and got in. I felt a hard point jabbing into my side.

"Keep driving," he said. "Out to the country."

His voice was hoarse and strained. As the streetlights streaked by, I was able to get quick views of the man. His coat and hat were clean, but battered and worn. He seemed more afraid of me than I was of him. As my fear subsided, I began talking to him. If he was after my money he was doomed to disappointment. Teachers never had much of it.

He answered in monosyllables. After a while he held the gun in his lap and began to talk more freely. His story was the depression story of millions of unemployed the country over in '32—no job, no money, a family hoping for something extra on a Christmas when there was nothing extra.

Teachers have little to offer materially, other than fodder for the mind. So I began telling him a story that I had often told my classes.

The man sat quietly, listening, for it was that kind of a story—O. Henry's *The Gift of the Magi*. And when the man heard how Jim and Della, by sacrificing for each other the treasures of their house, had given themselves the indestructible gift of love, he did a strange thing.

He commanded me to drive to a tiny and deteriorating bungalow on the south side. Inside a woman and three children were sitting about on the shabby furniture in coats and sweaters to make up for a furnace that had no fuel. A large basket of fruit and canned goods—obviously from a charity—sat on the table.

After introducing me to his wife as a "friend," a moment or two passed before the man spoke:

"Say, will you tell the kids that story about Jim and Della?"

So I sat down on a kitchen chair and told once more O. Henry's Christmas story. When I finished, the children asked me eagerly if I knew any more. Briefly, I told them the tale of Scrooge and Tiny Tim and all the Christmas stories I could remember. No class had ever been as attentive. By midnight the toddlers were tired. Quietly the man motioned me to the door and told me I could go.

Driving home I considered how a teacher's best work is sometimes done far from the classroom. And I wondered which books from my library I'd send them the next day.

To the north there's a revolution brewing,
where Canada's youngest political party
is waging a battle of ballots, not bullets



Canada: Revolution by Ballot?

by LEE NICHOLS

THOUGH YOU probably won't hear gunshots or read about dictators seizing the government, there is a revolution brewing in Canada which may have profound effects on the political future of all North America.

A dozen years ago a young Canadian appeared before a Rhodes scholarship examiner who also happened to be the vice-president and general manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The examiner asked the young man whether he would enter politics or the law when he returned from studies in England.

"Politics," declared the young man promptly.

"With which party—liberal or conservative?" was the next question.

"I'm a socialist," he replied.

The railroad magnate smiled and said, "I hear that socialists believe in taking over industry. What would you do if you were in power?"

The young man, looking him squarely in the eye, said: "I'd take over the Canadian Pacific Railroad."

David Lewis got his Rhodes

scholarship. Today he is national secretary of the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation (CCF), a political party which might in the not-too-distant future take over not only Canada's railroads, but the major part of its "free, private enterprise." And this would indeed be revolution if by revolution you mean sudden and drastic change in form of government.

The rise of the party since the depression of the early '30's has been meteoric. Founded in 1932, it has weathered a torrent of abuse heaped on it by business, the press and Canada's two long-established parties, the Liberals and the Conservatives (now the Progressive-Conservatives).

While its opponents trumpeted that its plan for government control of industry would turn workers into regimented automatons, CCF nearly upset the applecart in Ontario, Canada's most highly-industrialized and populous province, by winning 34 seats in the last provincial election. Previously it held not one.

Though business leaders warned

in large, paid ads that a socialist government would "communize" Canada, the party gained so much support that by 1943 a Gallup poll showed it to be backed by 29 per cent of the voters. The other two parties polled but 28 per cent apiece.

Twelve years ago the CCF was quietly started by a small group of farmer and labor members of Parliament who had managed to co-operate effectively in the legislature; the next step, they decided, was to unite the groups behind them in a common political program. So they called a convention at Calgary, Alberta, at which all labor, farmer and socialist political groups in the four big western provinces joined in a new alliance.

TODAY this political fledgling is without doubt a serious threat to Canada's traditional government and free enterprise system.

Why?

Are Canadians tired of "freedom"? Do they want to be "regimented" and "communized"?

The new party says it offers Canadians "a Commonwealth in which the principle regulating production, distribution and exchange will be the supplying of human needs, not the making of profits."

To workers in mine, mill, factory and forest it promises a new kind of freedom—freedom from "the stultifying effects of poverty and worry" through increased social security and continuous employment; freedom to enjoy leisure through shorter hours and greater educational opportunities; freedom within their jobs through greater choice of employment and the right

to join with management in the regulation of enterprise. It promises to protect the right of labor to organize, not now guaranteed in Canada, and to enforce collective bargaining. It advocates an income "floor" conceivably as high as 3,500 dollars a year per family.

To farmers, 50 per cent of whom do not now fully own their farms, it promises not "communism" or socialization of land, but secure ownership of their land. It promises higher crop prices so that farmers can raise their living standards to city levels, and enjoy bathrooms with running water and electricity, new cars and good schools.

To bright young students, it offers state scholarships and as much education as their talents deserve; to students and workers, cheap travel so that they can enjoy their leisure and appreciate the beauties of their land. It advocates a big housing program, national health insurance, maternity aid for workers' families and full security against unemployment, sickness and old age.

How would the CCF go about fulfilling these glowing promises? To begin with, it would concentrate on taking over "the centers of economic power"—banks, transportation and power companies, and great monopolies such as aluminum and nickel. These, it claims, have under private ownership the power and inclination to exploit vast numbers of people. A wide field would still be left for small-size private enterprise—such as manufacturers, merchants and service outfits.

To run this new system, CCF would set up control boards staffed

by technicians and in constant consultation with labor, farmer and consumer groups, which would draw up blueprints for the production and distribution of the nation's basic raw materials and the finished products of its economic life.

To finance their program, which they admit would cost a whopping sum of money, the party would bank on maintaining full productivity and a high level of employment. Government income, either in the form of profits realized from government businesses or revenue from increased income taxes, should, they tell, pay for their program and more.

Minus the support of moneyed interests, the CCF has had to struggle along on meager funds gathered from its supporters—mostly those of modest income. To reach the public, its leaders have had to trudge the roads, walking from farm to farm, ringing doorbells, working up small study clubs and holding meetings with labor unions, farm groups, middle class and professional organizations. For no large daily newspaper in Canada actively supports the Federation.

Father of the CCF was James S. Woodsworth, a fifth generation Canadian and son of a Methodist minister. Himself a minister, Woodsworth later became a longshoreman and a labor leader. As editor of the strikers' paper during the bitter Winnipeg General Strike of 1919, he was arrested for quoting from the Bible (Isaiah 65:22): "They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat."

Woodsworth was CCF's first pres-

ident and represented it in Parliament until his death in 1942. Prime Minister Mackenzie King said of the venerable old man, with the vandyke beard: "There are few men in this Parliament for whom . . . I have greater respect. I admire him because time and again he has had the courage to say what lay on his conscience . . ."

Inheritor of Woodsworth's mantle is M. J. Coldwell, an English-born school teacher who was once president of Canada's Federation of Teachers.

His army is an orderly array of voters. Labor support is strong, more than 200 thousand workers are members—the equivalent of 2,320,000 workers in this country. The United Farmers of Alberta and the United Farmers of Saskatchewan were two main groups which united to form the CCF in 1932. White collar support is great in the large cities. The Catholic Church, which at one time forbade membership in the party, recently withdrew the ban. This is expected to have great influence on Canada's many French Catholics. The CCF took 60 per cent of the soldier vote in its late victory in Saskatchewan.

It refuses to have anything to do with the Canadian Communist party.

WHY HAS socialism been so successful in Canada at a time when America is clamoring for return to uncontrolled private enterprise?

For one thing, socialism is more respectable in Canada, as it is in the entire British Commonwealth. New Zealand and Australia are run by socialist-minded governments and Britain's ultra-respectable La-

bor Party is now helping govern the country in coalition with two other major parties.

Canada has never had a "New Deal" government and the two old parties have hewed pretty closely to economic laissez faire. Moreover, Canadian labor has been less opposed to socialism than labor here which is still—nominally, at least—in favor of the capitalistic system.

Finally, the CCF has drawn a powerful moral from Canada's wartime government controls. If controls are necessary to run a war, say party leaders, they are equally needed to insure a peacetime production geared for full employment.

They may yet get a chance to prove their point. On June 16, the Federation swept into power in the big farming province of Sas-

katchewan, the first socialist government of a province in Canadian history. It won 47 seats out of a total of 55, the liberals getting but five and the conservatives, none.

The CCF is planning to make Saskatchewan a testing ground of its policy, by calling in some of the best minds in Canada to help put over a broad program of social security for workers and farmers.

A general election is imminent in Canada. Though the Federation may not win power this time, it may the next. And the United States may yet find itself with a revolutionized, socialist neighbor to the north, one which, if successful, could well inspire American socialists and left-wing labor, farm and liberal groups to say—"Why can't we do the same thing here?"

Last Days of the Third Reich



AS V-DAY APPROACHED, Hitler decided that none of his hierarchy should outlast the regime, and detailed reliable Gestapo men to help each official end it all.

The S.S. gangster assigned to Goebbels found the Herr Doktor in his sumptuous living room, now cold and dark. Goebbels agreed to the unhappy necessity, and sadly the Gestapo man drew his pistol. With every consideration for the genius whose propaganda he so highly admired, he pulled the curtains and plunged the room into darkness.

Suddenly the S.S. man knew he could not destroy that magnificent mind. With a quick stride, he reached the fireplace and emptied his gun up the chimney.

And alas—brought down Herr Goebbels!—S. J. SABIN

IT WAS DURING THE RECENT aerial poundings of Berlin when the bombs were dropping like hail stones, and the constant drone of bombers and fighters overhead kept up for hours.

A still-defiant Nazi shook his fist at the skies and shouted, "Deutschland über alles!"

There came a tap on his shoulder and an air-raid warden pointed to a nearby shelter with the reminder, "Alles über Deutschland!"

—CPL. JEROME K. LEVIN

The Cherry Sisters were lemons when it came to acting talent. They just leaped up the ladder of fame by sheer terribleness!



So Bad They Were Good

by AVERY HALE

WHEN WALTER WINCHELL, who, among other things, is a dramatic critic, undergoes the misfortune of having to sit through a particularly pediculous performance on a stage, he consoles himself with thoughts of the Cherry Sisters. Winchell, who is allergic to anything third-rate, knows that no matter how bad a theatrical performance is, it is far superior to a vaudeville act billed as *The Gypsy's Warning* in which the Cherry Sisters appeared before and after the turn of the century. By any standard of criticism, the Cherry Sisters were the worst actresses in the history of the American theatre—but they made their singular lack of ability pay off handsomely.

There were, back in 1893, five Cherrys in all—Jessie, Ella, Lizzie, Addie and Effie—daughters of a farmer who had for years fought a losing battle with the good earth near a place called Marion, not far from Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The girls, who ranged in age from the late teens to the late twenties, found their sole escape from the monotony of farm life in occasional visits to

the peanut gallery of Greene's Opera House in Cedar Rapids, which in those days was a jump break for road shows en route from Chicago to Omaha.

The sisters—particularly Effie—a tall young lady of 20 with a long face, a large nose and a belligerent stance—were deeply impressed with the "corn" served up by the passing Thespians. Virtue was usually melodramatically triumphant and retribution caught up with the silk-hatted villain just before the last-act curtain.

The girls wanted to take in the Chicago World's Fair of 1893, but didn't have the funds. It was Effie who conceived the idea of giving a theatrical performance to raise money. She whipped up an evening's entertainment that included dramatic clichés that had stirred her in Greene's Opera House; in fact, just about everything except the mortgage on her father's farm, and cast herself and her four sisters in all of the roles.

The performance was given in the Marion Hall rented for five dollars for the evening. Practically

the whole town turned out. With song and gesture and recitation, the local actresses wowed their friends. It wasn't a case of their best friends not telling them; their best friends simply didn't know a theatrical atrocity when they saw it.

In the days that followed Marionites stopped the girls on the street and told them that they should be on the stage. Thus the Cherrys were flattered into hiring Greene's Opera House for a one-night show.

Things were different at their second performance. Cedar Rapids playgoers, while not exactly seasoned, at least had some standards of comparison, and the five young actresses were hardly into a dramatic skit in which a virtuous maiden, played by Lizzie, was about to go wrong, when somebody in the gallery blew a horn. There were many horns, left over from a recent election campaign, in the audience that night and everybody started blowing. Soon the demons were in possession of the playhouse. Those without horns began to hoot, whistle and stomp their feet.

The farm girls, who couldn't be heard in the uproar, stepped out of character long enough to group themselves awkwardly and smilingly acknowledge what they sincerely believed was a thunderous ovation. Then they stepped back into character again and the noise suddenly subsided merely because the audience wanted to get a load of what came next. During the remainder of the performance the sisters were frequently interrupted by vociferous demonstrations which they continued to mistake for clamorous approval.

While attending the World's

Fair, Effie and Addie—the two mentors of the quintet—visited a Chicago theatrical booking office. An astute agent saw commercial value in an act that was so bad that it was a novelty and the sisters were booked throughout the corn belt in Effie's one-act dramatic thunderbolt, *The Gypsy's Warning*.

The three principal characters were an innocent girl, a gypsy woman and a wolf in the costume of a Spanish cavalier. The big moment came when the heroine, heedless of the gypsy's warning, succumbed to the blandishments of the wolf, presumably to suffer a fate worse than death.

Sister Addie always portrayed the Spaniard but the other girls took turns playing the maiden and the gypsy and two comparatively minor roles. Interspersed in *The Gypsy's Warning* were musical ditties such as *Don't You Remember Sweet Alice Ben Bolt?* and *She Was My Sister And Oh How I Miss Her*, and recitations of the *Curfew-Must-Not-Ring-Tonight* school.

Effie's dramaturgical efforts, while they would probably have given George Jean Nathan apoplexy, were hardly as bad as the acting of her sisters. Old-timers who saw them in their prime are of the opinion that not one of them had a single saving grace. Their voices were twangy and irritating; they were personally ungainly and their choice of apparel—usually home-made calico creations—was a modiste's nightmare.

The girls—billed as *The Charming Cherry Sisters—Something Glad, Something Sad*—met with cries of derision wherever they played, but their fame—or notorie-

ty—was like a snowball rolling downhill and they got to be quite a draft at the box office.

They were so naïve, unsullied and completely devoted to their profession that, incredibly enough, they considered packed, demonstrative houses as nothing less than a tribute to their art. Booking agents and theatre managers refrained from telling them the truth for fear that a money-making attraction would break up in shame. Honest, critical opinions that reached the ears of the sisters were quickly pegged by them as sour-grapes stuff.

WHEN THE Charming Cherrys had been convulsing audiences for three years, Oscar Hammerstein, the great New York impresario, booked them into his renowned Olympia Theatre on Broadway. On opening night, Effie, in full voice, was halfway through a touching ballad entitled *Three Cheers for the Railroad Boys* when a small head of cabbage flew through the auditorium and just missed her. Other patrons of the arts that evening had come well fortified with defunct fruit and vegetables and the Olympia stage was a mess by the time the Iowa actresses had retired to the wings.

Hammerstein, fearful of losing the best draw he had had in months, explained to the bewildered bucolics that fruit-and-vegetable throwing was a symbol of success in New York. "Other stage stars," he said to Effie, "are jealous of anybody who has outstanding talent and they hire people to throw things at girls like you." Hammerstein paused to note that the girls were falling

for every word he said. "Your talent is so great," Hammerstein continued, "that you can expect fruit and vegetables to be thrown at every performance."

Tossing produce at the Cherrys became the thing to do in smart New York circles. During the girls' six-weeks appearance at the Olympia the amount of garden stuff that a given person had thrown at them became something of a yardstick for measuring social standing.

On the strength of what they chose to regard as their New York success, the Iowans received bookings in other cities, including Chicago, at as high as 1,000 dollars a week. Effie kept up with her playwriting. The only effort that rivaled *The Gypsy's Warning*, however, was one called *Americy, Cuby and Spain*.

Never for a moment did the girls lose their naïve faith in themselves nor forget what Hammerstein had told them about professional jealousy. Adverse newspaper notices, which began to appear about this time, now that the joke had gone far enough, were similarly laid to a conspiracy.

When, however, the Des Moines *Leader* gave the Cherrys both barrels in 1900 there were repercussions that still have a bearing on the laws of libel. The *Leader* merely reprinted a criticism of an obscure critic on an obscure paper which had described Effie as spavined, Addie as a capering monstrosity, and the facial features of the entire troupe as rancid. That, the Cherrys decided, was going too far, so they sued the *Leader* for libel.

The Iowa Supreme Court threw out the case in 1901, finding that newspapers have the right to

criticise freely and even hold up to ridicule public performers.

Undaunted, the sisters went on their incredible way. The fruit and vegetables continued and there came the day when they were obliged to perform behind fish netting and wire screens for self-protection. The fact that they had to use protective devices irked them, especially Effie, and the theatre began to lose some of its enchantment.

Jessie, the oldest of the quintet, died in 1903, and the other sisters, weary of trouping and financially well-fixed, settled down on the farm near Marion. They lived in semi-retirement for two decades, but kept abreast of theatrical doings by reading trade publications.

For a while, Effie operated a bakery in Cedar Rapids. The sister who had been so closely identified with such a theatrical turkey as *The Gypsy's Warning* found herself, ironically enough, roasting turkeys in the bakery oven for the townfolk at Thanksgiving and Christmas time.

None of the sisters ever married, or even came close to it. It was one of their boasts that they had never been kissed. With the theatre behind them, Ella, Lizzie and Addie seemed to be content to sit on the farm, knitting and dreaming of the glories that were gone.

Effie, however, had to have something to fill the void, so she chose reform. During Prohibition, she traveled the length and breadth of her native Linn County, smelling out stills and speakeasies and reporting them to Prohibition agents.

Then, in 1924, apparently still possessed of a streak of incurable

ham, Effie went into politics. She ran for mayor of Cedar Rapids on a reform platform, although students of civics were agreed that there was virtually nothing in Cedar Rapids to reform.

Effie put on a fair-to-middling campaign, but was roundly trounced on election day. Then the stage bug bit her again, and she and Sister Addie left the farm and tried a come-back at the Orpheum Theatre in Des Moines. They did songs and recitations, both glad and sad. The local reviewer for *Variety* said of their turn, "As terribleness, their skit is perfection."

Two years later, Effie ran for mayor again and was defeated again. Meanwhile, she and Addie made so many so-called farewell appearances in and around Cedar Rapids that they found themselves in a class with Sir Harry Lauder.

Ella died in 1934. The sisters, who had been living now for almost 30 years principally on money they had earned around the turn of the century, were in a hard way financially. The farm went, and they took up residence in a Cedar Rapids roominghouse.

In 1935, Bill Hardey, the proprietor of a New York night club called *The Gay Nineties*, which specializes in nostalgia, thought it would be a good idea to play the remaining Cherry Sisters. He sent an agent to Cedar Rapids where Addie and Effie jumped at the chance of another appearance.

Two old ladies, dressed in the long, sweeping attire of a bygone day, presented an incongruous picture when they landed in Gotham's Grand Central Terminal. Many Broadway celebrities were on hand

for the opening at *The Gay Nineties* and they laughed uproariously when the old girls came out and began their act with a song.

Then, as the act progressed, a strange hush fell over the night club. Even blasé New Yorkers could not laugh at tragedy.

Hardey had sent money for Pullman transportation both ways for Addie and Effie. They had come by day coach to save the difference, and they went back to Iowa by bus. Although their meals were all paid for by Hardey, the two Cherrys ate little; the prices took their appetites away.

Elizabeth, the third sister, died less than a year after her sisters returned from New York. Addie

died in 1942, leaving only Effie.

A reformer to the last, Effie Cherry was sure that the world was going to the dogs. She used to lie awake nights, in her cheap, lonely room, wondering what would happen if Sally Rand's bubble burst. She had dreams, too, had old Effie. She read in the papers about a pretty young woman named Clare Luce who had been elected to Congress. Effie wrote to the *Cedar Rapids Gazette*, announcing that she was going to run for the United States Senate on an anti-tobacco and anti-liquor platform. Then one day she fell and fractured her hip, and last August she made her final farewell appearance and went into the wings forever.

Temperance Lessons

WHEN PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, a delegation of lady blue-noses called on him. "Mr. Roosevelt," urged the ardent drys, "wouldn't it be better to christen new ships with soda pop instead of champagne?"

"Ladies," replied the future President, "I fail to understand why you should be against the use of champagne in launching a vessel. As far as I can see, using the wine should prove an excellent temperance lesson."

"How is that?" asked the "drys."

"Just as soon as a ship gets her first taste of champagne," explained FDR, "it takes to water and sticks to it forever after." —LEO GUILD

MARK TWAIN USED TO TELL the story of a man who came home drunk one evening, and tried to explain how it had happened to his wife. She heard him out, but when he had finished she said reprovingly, "John, when you have drunk all the whiskey you want, you ought to ask for sarsaparilla."

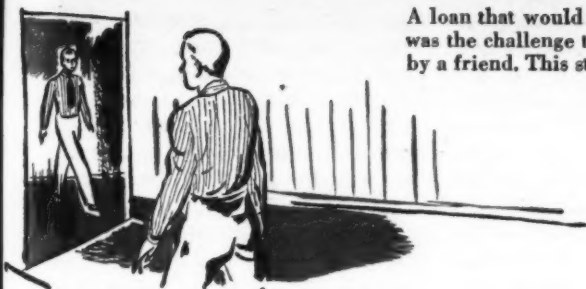
"It won't work, dear," he replied. "When I have drunk all the whiskey I want, I can't say sarsaparilla."

—HAROLD S. GROSS

IN SOUTH AFRICA, the natives say, "He is speaking English," when they mean a man is drunk. The expression dates back to the days when the English were just beginning to colonize Africa. Their language sounded so comical to the Negroes that they compared it to the babbling of a drunken man.

—KRISHNA SHRINIVASA

A loan that would take a lifetime to repay was the challenge thrown to George Behrendt by a friend. This story tells how he met it



Head Coach to the Handicapped

by SIDNEY CARROLL

THERE IS A certain philosopher who says that the only ones among us who realize life—every minute of the living—are the saints and the poets. That is a noble concept, but from a purely realistic point of view, it doesn't cover enough ground. It doesn't include the disabled who come to a full realization of living by fighting their way back into life.

The average saint or poet is born with a full endowment. He has 10 fingers, 10 toes, and a zest for life. He cannot be given too much credit for making the most of those natural gifts. But there are men and women who walk through life on one leg, or push their way through the mob with just one arm. They "realize" life with an intensity that places them with the saints and the poets.

This story has something to do with all of that. It is about a man, a boy, a group of soldiers, and a hospital. The man is called George, the boy, Peter, and the hospital is known as Birmingham. The soldiers will have to be anonymous. Wounded men prefer to tell no tales.

It starts off in the hospital called Birmingham, in Van Nuys, California, which happens to be about 10 miles from Hollywood. It starts in one of the amputee wards, those restricted quarters inhabited by men who have lost fingers, arms, legs, in battle.

The doctors at Birmingham are military men—specialists, psychiatrists, surgeons in uniform. But this story is not of them. It is, first of all, about a man who comes into this amputee ward about three or four times a week, a big man in civilian clothes.

He walks into a ward full of men newly arrived from the battlefields. The men have never seen him before, but he wastes no time on introductions. Instead of indulging in the usual formalities he proceeds to act as if he is going crazy. First, he turns a few cartwheels. Then he stands on his hands. Then he reaches over, picks up a soldier and holds him over his head. At this point in the proceedings the men in the beds are gaping; a few feel inclined to holler for help. And then this strange civilian

proceeds to loosen his belt, let his trousers fall to the floor and stands nonchalantly before them in his shorts, revealing an artificial left leg made of wood, steel and leather.

The man's name is George Behrendt. He is six feet four inches tall and weighs 220 pounds. Square-jawed, he has the shoulders of a running tackle and the waist of a welterweight. He is 40 years old and darkly handsome.

He lives in an extraordinarily modern house on top of a California hill. He has a gracious and handsome wife. He is an excellent athlete. He exudes an almost aggressive kind of physical fitness. And when the wounded men see that leg they begin to understand the method in the man's madness.

Behrendt lets them have a good look before he puts his trousers back on, and then he starts the real business of the day. "I've got one leg," he booms. "My other leg is tied together with string and tape. But I can do anything any other man can do—and so can you!"

Those declarations are delivered straight, without tinge of preaching or pleading. For what Behrendt is talking about and demonstrating in his own extraordinary way, is *confidence*.

BEHRENDT is the Civilian Morale Department of Birmingham. He is the only civilian member of the official staff. He talked the position into existence and then he talked himself into it. To understand why he did it you have to go back a few years.

Behrendt lost his own leg in an accident 18 years ago. He was 22 years old at the time, a big, healthy

specimen with a passion and a talent for most any sport, but especially for yachting. He lost the leg when something went wrong on the ways while a ship was being launched, and a coil of rope caught him and flung him in between the devil and the deep.

He spent 11 months in the hospital. His left leg had to be amputated and he had 36 operations on his right leg. He was told he would have to walk with crutches for the rest of his life.

Behrendt's family had money. He was one of the few who could afford such an accident. But he lost more than his leg. He lost his confidence—in himself, in his big body. He could not bear the thought of going back into the world on crutches, of watching from the sidelines while other men played the games he had played all his life. On the hospital bed, looking at the flat place under the blanket where his left leg used to be, he reached the low point of his life.

And then a man named Treanor came into Behrendt's life. John Treanor, the president of the Portland Cement Company, had also lost one leg in an accident. He came to Behrendt's bedside and spoke to him. What he told him then was what Behrendt tells the men of Birmingham today.

He told him that to learn something is easy, but to re-learn it is hard. That to learn to walk with two good legs is any man's birthright, but to re-learn with one leg is an enormous triumph; it gives the man with an orthopedic appliance a spiritual edge over the two-legged creatures of the earth. Treanor taught Behrendt that those

who realize life best are the saints, the poets, and the rehabilitated.

Behrendt listened to Treanor, and believed him, and was reassured. He tried to express his thanks. Treanor told him, "This isn't a matter of thanks. I am making you a loan. You'll have to go on paying it back for the rest of your life."

Behrendt got out of his hospital bed and went to live on a small island off Panama. That seemed to him to be about as far away as he could get from the life he had known.

He had been fitted out with a false leg. He bought a full-length mirror, rigged it up in his hotel room, and started the process of re-learning to walk. For hours every day he studied his movements, as an actor rehearses in front of mirrors. He would have nothing to do with crutches. And slowly, tediously, he re-learned how to walk. He learned so well that nobody watching him could tell there was anything wrong with him. And when the process of re-learning was complete, Behrendt started to pay back his debt to Treanor.

He started out by working with underprivileged and physically handicapped children. He sent boys to college, he footed hospital bills. He did that sort of thing for years. His payments to Treanor became the consuming hobby of his life, but he really started payments with accumulated and compound interest when America went to war.

First of all, Behrendt tried to enlist. The armed forces would not accept him. He wrote dozens of letters to men in high office, asking for a chance to do any of the things he does so well. Invariably, the

loss of his leg was against him. He was turned down so many times it was almost funny. And then the Army built the hospital at Birmingham and Behrendt sold himself and his ideas to the military men of Birmingham.

He goes to the hospital three or four times a week. His main job is with the amputees. He is, basically, a morale builder. His approach consists mainly of joking with the men, cajoling them—and sometimes bullying them—in order to convince them. He's even talked some of them out of the idea of committing suicide.

If a man is worried about the effect of his disfigurement on his home life, then Behrendt's wife, Olive, comes in and speaks to the man. She, of course, has the ultimate authority on her side. She is the wife of a man who has one leg. She can tell the men exactly how a real wife reacts to such things. And the men listen to her and are reassured.

NOW WE COME to the part of this story which deals with the boy called Peter.

Peter is 15, a blond, slim, handsome lad. Behrendt met Peter a short time ago and told him about Birmingham. The boy was fascinated. He asked if he too could go out with Behrendt and do the same sort of work. Behrendt said he could. It was a bold and delicate sort of experiment, for Peter, too, has something to say to the soldiers of Birmingham.

On his first visit to the hospital Peter walked over to the bedside of a man whose hands had been mangled by a grenade. Peter said,

"You've hurt your hands." The soldier nodded. Peter said, "I wouldn't worry about it if I were you." The soldier looked at the boy and smiled. "What do you know about it?" he asked.

It was Peter's turn to smile. He held up his own two hands. Peter has two fingers on his left hand and one finger on his right hand.

The soldier gulped, "How—what happened to you?"

"Nothing happened to me," said Peter, "I was born this way."

And then the conversation started, for the words are the important things. In this conversation a young man who had been physically whole most of his life learned from the lips of a boy who has been handicapped from birth that you don't have to have all your fingers to get along just as well as any other human being.

That sort of thing has been going on for many weeks now. Fifteen-year-old Peter is Behrendt's unofficial chief of staff. The two make up the Civilian Morale Department of Birmingham Hospital and the two of them have accomplished small miracles.

The reaction to Peter and his hands is always an interesting one. At first the men resent the sudden appearance of this boy who looks like the kid on all the magazine covers; for wounded men don't often bother about hiding their feelings. Then Peter shows his hands, and the point of conflict vanishes. The soldier becomes the solicitous one, the encouraging one. He begins to tell Peter to buck up, that everything will be all right. And that's the way it's meant to be, for forgetting himself is the

Color photographs taken at Birmingham Hospital especially for Coronet by John Engstead and Corp. Frederic Lombard.

best thing that can happen to a disabled man.

Last summer Peter was given a job out at Birmingham. During his summer vacation from school he was made a messenger boy at the hospital so that he could spend that much more time with the men.

George Behrendt has become a sort of legend with wounded men all over the country. He receives letters from disabled men thousands of miles from Van Nuys, California, asking his advice on all sorts of things: What is the best way to practice walking? What are the best exercises? Will they ever relearn to ride horseback? Behrendt answers them all, at great length. And when a man writes back to thank him, Behrendt sends the man another letter. "This isn't a matter of thanks," he says. "I am making you a loan. You'll go on paying it back for the rest of your life."

At Birmingham, the men idolize him. You can guess the extent of some of that idolatry when you hear the story of the young soldier whose left leg was badly hurt in battle. He lies on his back, waiting for the scars from each successive operation to heal so that the surgeons can operate again. One day he called Behrendt over to his bedside. "Mr. Behrendt," he said, "you've got a lot of pull around here. I wish you'd make them amputate my leg."

"For God's sake—why?" asked Behrendt.

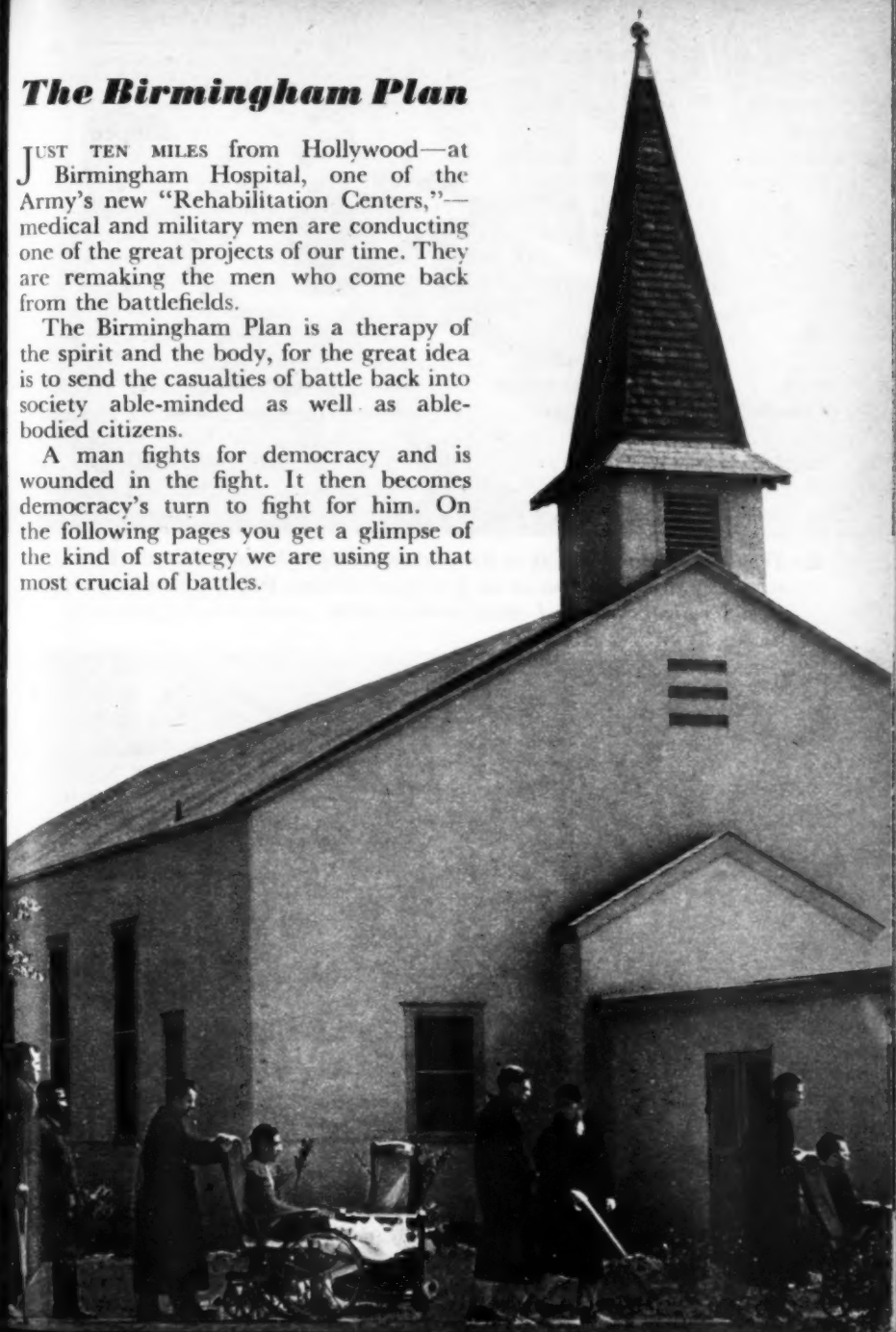
"So I can get me one of those artificial legs and learn to walk just like you do."

The Birmingham Plan

JUST TEN MILES from Hollywood—at Birmingham Hospital, one of the Army's new "Rehabilitation Centers,"—medical and military men are conducting one of the great projects of our time. They are remaking the men who come back from the battlefields.

The Birmingham Plan is a therapy of the spirit and the body, for the great idea is to send the casualties of battle back into society able-minded as well as able-bodied citizens.

A man fights for democracy and is wounded in the fight. It then becomes democracy's turn to fight for him. On the following pages you get a glimpse of the kind of strategy we are using in that most crucial of battles.





1. *The Chief of Reconditioning at Birmingham is Major Daniel R. Mishell. The major interviews all new arrivals at the hospital, determines their specific needs, assigns them to various classes and courses at the hospital.*



2. *Northrop Aircraft works hand in hand with Birmingham. Here is Lieutenant Ray Cramer, wounded pilot of a B-25, (1) passing the long bed-ridden hours doing constructive work (2) learning a new trade (3) getting paid by Northrop for his work.*



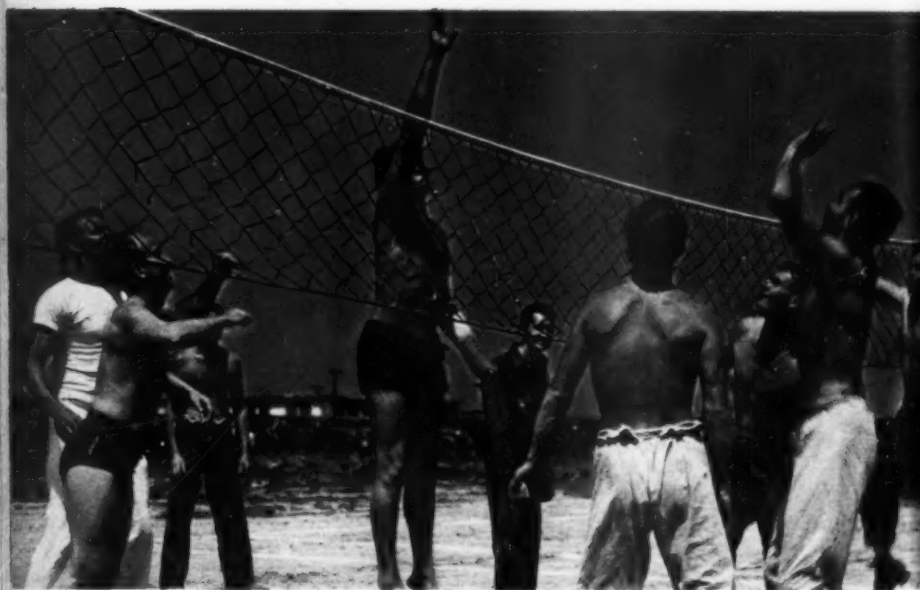
- 3.** *A fully equipped machine shop has been set up at Birmingham by Northrop. Convalescent men learn all sorts of metal work, turn out thousands of vital airplane parts, and get paid regular Northrop rates.*



- 4.** *For patients with hand or arm injuries, occupational therapy is a vital part of Birmingham's program. In the weaving classes, men turn out practical products of the loom while their injured muscles move gradually back into shape.*



- 5.** Regular high school courses are offered to patients and regular high school diplomas awarded to those who earn them. For example, three times a week Miss Althea Carravacci, a local high school teacher, gives Spanish lessons.



- 6.** Many of the men of Birmingham will go back into battle. For these there is a strenuous series of outdoor exercises to complete their reconditioning. Volleyball is a favorite sport. Note the bandaged arm of the man in the air.



7. There are art classes at Birmingham, and here you see a specimen of the sort of instruction the men receive. The instructor of the day is top-notch American artist Alexander Brook. The model is Jinx Falkenburg, ex-model, now a movie star.



8. Six days a week Hollywood personalities go out to Birmingham to do their bit with entertainment—a vital part of the Birmingham Plan. Here Claudette Colbert, VACS officer, introduces guest star Jeanette MacDonald to Private Alfred J. Marino.



- 9.** *Birmingham is located in a lush valley between two magnificent mountain ranges. The buildings are designed to take advantage of California weather. Many patients take their daily sunshine dosage in a time-honored manner—playing cards.*



- 10.** *A few months ago Private Harry Robitschek fell off a cliff at Attu. Whether he returns to battle, or is discharged into civilian life, he will leave Birmingham with his wounds healed and his hopes for a post-war future increased a thousandfold.*

The Uncivilized Sourdough

by DON PUGNETTI



DURING THE MIDDLE 1930's, a group of wealthy sportsmen arrived in Alaska to hunt moose and brown bear. They hired an old sourdough as guide.

The first night out they made camp alongside a stream, and the sourdough busied himself cooking while the others rested. Supper ready, he put the food on a makeshift table, called the hunters and sat down at his place.

The sportsmen hesitated. Then one, plainly embarrassed, suggested apologetically, "I'm sorry, but we don't eat with our hired help."

"Oh, that's okay," came the reassuring answer. "I'll be through in about 10 minutes."

Probably the most fiercely independent and self-sufficient American extant, the Alaskan sourdough lives and acts as he darn well pleases. Year in and year out, content with his self-imposed isolation, he stays close to the land, kills his own game, traps, fishes and sometimes "pans" a nearby stream for gold. Surrounded by legend since the name sourdough (which means just that) first gained prominence and a questionable amount of glamor in the days of the Yukon Gold Rush, he is nonetheless real, as the thousands of American soldiers who have come to the territory since the outbreak of war will testify.

On a seven-day furlough, five

GI's were camped by a sourdough's cabin near Seward. Before turning in, they confided to the old timer that they wanted to shoot a bear. Would he help them?

The sourdough's eyes twinkled. "You know, that's right handy, boys," he answered. "I've been watching a yearling on the slope for the past four days. I think I got just the plan to get 'us' a bear."

Then he began to outline his strategy. To make sure nothing would go wrong, he even diagramed just what he wanted them to do.

"It's foolproof," remarked one lad eagerly.

The old Alaskan chuckled, but the soldiers failed to hear the cunning note of gaiety.

At daybreak they started out. Hardly had they disappeared from sight than the sourdough checked and loaded his rifle. Then he leisurely seated himself in an easy chair on his porch, where he had an unobstructed view of the slope.

The old man hadn't lied. The plan was foolproof, and he was ready for the bear which they flushed and sent running down the hill to him.

American troops in the territory have done little to alter the sourdough's living habits. Actually, they have batted right down his alley by furnishing him with an audience—for there's nothing a

sourdough would rather do than sit back and spin yarns. Always ready for a laugh, soldiers relayed their favorites back to the States. When you hear the story of a man who was caught in the Nome gold dredge, went through the entire dangerous process and escaped unscathed—except that the gold fillings were dredged out of his teeth—you're hearing a version of a sourdough's tale.

The day that news of Pearl Harbor reached Alaska, a chill of suspense ran the length of the territory. At one large air base, a sourdough observed a large quantity of barreled octane gas lying exposed and unguarded. A short time later he walked into the Commanding Officer's quarters and announced, "I just cached that bunch of gasoline barrels you had down there by my cabin."

The colonel thanked him for the trouble and promptly dismissed the incident. That is until a few days later when, after a detail of troops had searched to no avail, he appeared at the door of the Alaskan's cabin and pleaded, "Look, I appreciate your hiding those barrels so the Japs couldn't find them, but how about telling us where they are?"

It's a rugged life in a rugged country, but the way the sourdough looks at it, "Civilization is one of

them things you gotta take or leave,"—and he leaves it. Miles away from the Alaskan cities he builds his rude cabin and "picks in" whatever furnishings he needs, usually on a packboard with the sourdough himself doing the lugging. Some cabins stand complete with overstuffed chairs, iron beds and dressers. One old fellow even hauled in a sofa.

But the story which tops them all concerns the newcomer to Alaska who came across a sourdough with a kitchen stove strapped to his board. The newcomer stared in amazement. "Great guns, man!" he exclaimed, "doesn't that load bother you?"

"Naw," answered the old Alaskan. "At least it ain't the stove. But that two hundred pound sack of flour I stuck in the oven is kinda bad—it keeps shiftin' around."

In true Alaskan tradition, the sourdough never locks his cabin, for he understands the unpredictable qualities of Alaska's weather and realizes his cabin and food can mean the difference between life and death to a traveler in the Northland. Although it is sometimes apparent that the cabin has not been occupied for years, there is no need to wonder if the owner is dead.

Any Alaskan will tell you that old sourdoughs, like old soldiers, never die.

Truth Will Out

OUT WEST RECENTLY, baseball fans heaved a sigh of relief when one of their less popular umpires was called up for induction by the Army. Their jubilation was shortlived, however, when he was rejected. The reason: defective vision.

—LOUIS HIRSCH

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Picture Story:

SPOTLIGHT ON THE ARMY

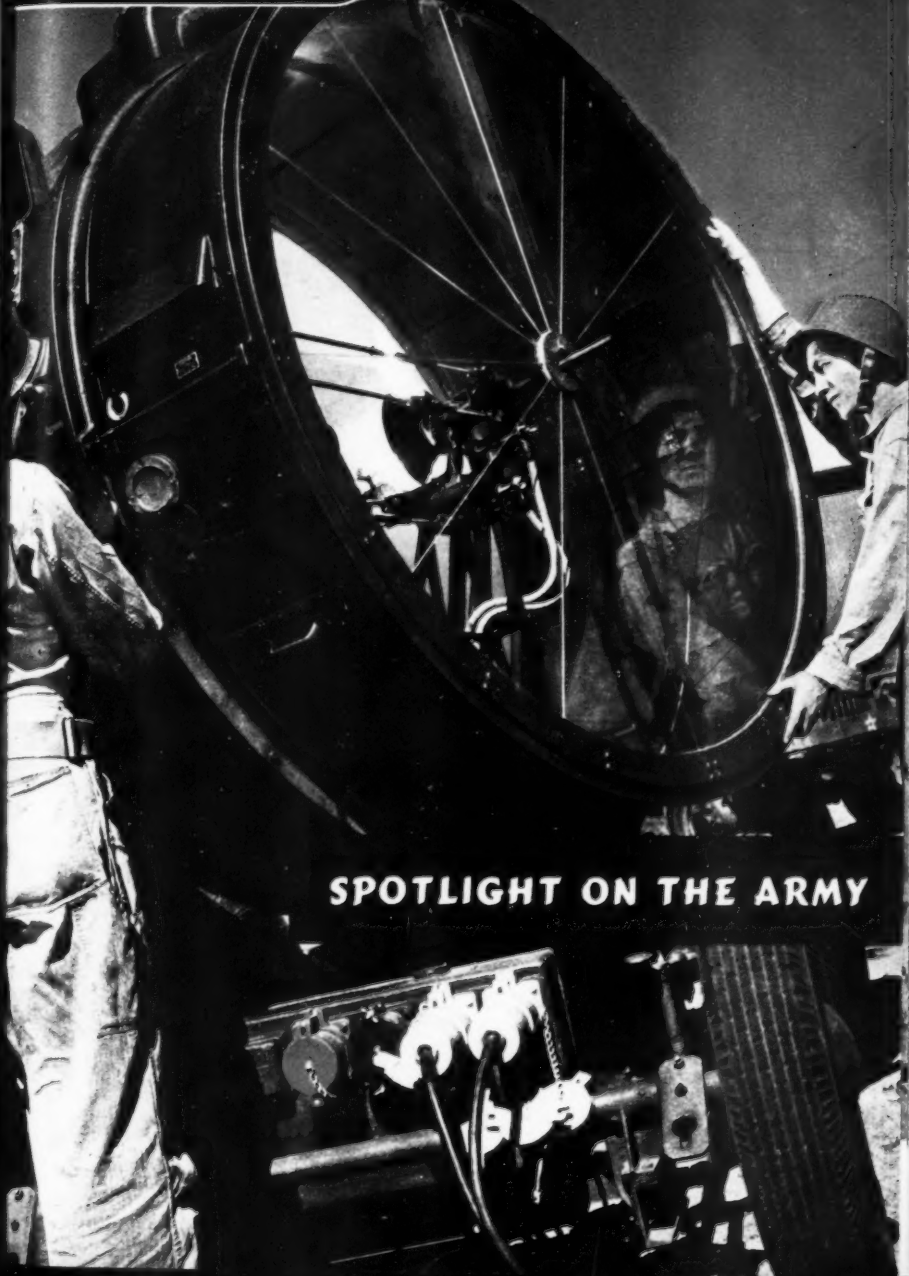
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1. *This is the best reported, best recorded war in history, thanks in great measure to Army Signal Corps photographers. Of recent color photos taken by them, these are topnotchers: . . . a paratrooper dangling against an empty sky.*



- 2.** *An infantryman winning ground the hard way. In this war, as in no other, photographers have been dispatched to cover a thousand battlefronts, big and small. Their job—to piece together a record of how the U.S. Army worked, lived and fought.*



- 3.** *Hundreds on thousands of action pictures taken monthly by America's crack cameramen now in uniform, are used for tactical study, placed in the nation's historical files, or made available to the press.*



4. Classics the equal of Matthew Brady's magnificent shots of the Civil War are coming out of this war too. History books may some day run pictures like these of a Signal Corpsman and his communications system.



5. *The tanks which served as battering rams in the assault on the Reich . . .*

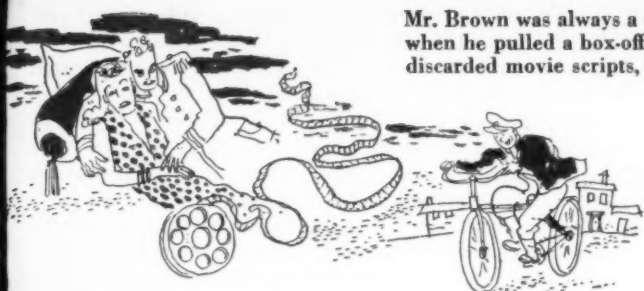


6. *The faces of men who fought for freedom . . .*



7. *Or the weapons and technical marvels used by the armed services. Name any battle, any phase of the fighting, any bit of history made by the U.S. Army and chances are there's a picture of it in the Signal Corps file.*

Mr. Brown was always a capable director; but when he pulled a box-office hit from a pile of discarded movie scripts, he made film history



Doing the Movies Up Brown

by STANLEY CRAIG

ABOUT A YEAR after America's entry into World War II, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer made a picture called *The Human Comedy*. When the film was fresh off the assembly line the studio gave it what is known far and wide in movie parlance as the "sneak preview" treatment. That allowed executives at M-G-M a taste of certain things to come when they read the comments handed in by those first audiences.

The cards on which they were written were divided into two classes. The first was epitomized by the lady who wrote, "This is the sweetest, most gorgeous film I have ever seen." The opposition was headed by the gentleman who dipped his pen in acid and wrote, "It stinks!" People were never non-committal over *The Human Comedy*. They loved it or they loathed it.

Now whether you were one of the majority who approved of *The Human Comedy* or one of the minority who detested it, you have a man named Clarence Brown to thank for your sentiments in the matter. William Saroyan merely wrote the

story (later published in book form) and M-G-M merely paid for it. But Brown rescued it from oblivion, and fought for it against heavy odds. Eventually, too, he directed it; for Brown's main business in Hollywood is directing. And in that field he is one of the town's best.

Clarence Brown, who is a round man but not an obese one, dresses like an English squire with a passion for Tattersall vests. He looks like the golf-playing partner in a Wall Street firm and is basically a romantic man. The story of his love affair with *The Human Comedy* is but one side of that romanticism.

The story does not begin with Brown. Rather, it starts with William Saroyan in December, 1941, when M-G-M asked Saroyan to come out and work for the company and Saroyan, much to everybody's surprise, said he would. He stipulated, however, that he would like to direct films as well as write them. The gentlemen of M-G-M were delighted to comply. They even gave him Louis B. Mayer's old office.

Saroyan moved in with an old player piano and a pair of dice.

He played the piano and the dice but he also did a good deal of writing. For one thing, he wrote a story for Mickey Rooney called *The Human Comedy*, and M-G-M promptly bought it for a king's ransom. Then, just when relations between company and employe were definitely amicable, Saroyan took his first stab at directing. He wrote a short story. Under his direction it was made into a short picture which he called *The Good Job*. It was a simple and moving film; but the powers at M-G-M took one look at the finished product and screamed in chorus, "No!"

For one thing, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is not in the habit of making films in which young men carry old men around on their shoulders just for the hell of it. The studio had made a deal with Saroyan in which he was to direct the great Rooney, the pride and joy of the Metro lot, in *The Human Comedy*. But after the boys saw *The Good Job* they told Saroyan that maybe he wasn't ready for Rooney. Saroyan squawked and resigned. He gave a few short blasts in the newspapers and dragged his bleeding heart back to the more compatible Atlantic coast.

Now THE camera eye moves back to Clarence Brown. Brown was resting on a ranch he owns in Calabasas. The boys at Metro decided he had too much talent to be idle and they invited him back to work at his own terms. Brown came back. The boys did everything they could for him. They even gave him the office the erstwhile Saroyan had vacated.

The first thing Brown did was

call for a story—a story about real people.

An executive at M-G-M phoned down to the Office Boy in Charge of Discarded Stories and told him to grab a handful of scripts from the third shelf and bring them down to Mr. Brown. The office boy, who must have been far-sighted, gathered a bundle from the second shelf and deposited them on Brown's desk. Brown picked the first script off the heap and read it. It was *The Human Comedy*. Brown knew he had the story he wanted.

When the powers heard that he had picked the Saroyan story they figured maybe Saroyan had put some old Armenian curse on the joint. In a general hush-hush atmosphere, the cashiers at M-G-M watched that crazy man Brown make the ridiculous Saroyan story. When Saroyan himself visited the set and said that everything looked hunky-dory to him, the cashiers knew that they were headed—and straight—for catastrophe.

The picture was finished and released, and a few people hated it, and many people loved it. The hairy-chested critics, the ones who are never stirred to protest by quantities of blood and guts on the screen, were terribly offended by *The Human Comedy* because the Macauley family, the central characters in the film, never thought any thoughts which cannot be found in the Sermon on the Mount, and because they seemed to believe, congenitally, in fairies. But Joe Breen, head critic of the Hays Office, who saw the film at a special preview, wept bitter tears and told Brown that he had made the greatest tribute to the American way of

life ever immortalized on celluloid and the sound track. The picture made several million dollars.

If Mr. Breen came anywhere near the truth in his estimation of Brown's contribution, in that one fell swoop, to the screen, then this man Brown is now master of two of the neatest tricks that any one director can possess. Added to this genius of portraying domesticity, he has long been one of the industry's top practitioners in another sphere, one that goes by the name of Sex. When Brown deals with hearth and home, he does so with a respect that amounts to passion. When he deals with sex he knows how to make passion, *per se*, eminently respectable.

He may almost be said to have invented the modern Hollywood approach to the subject of sex because, in an earlier day, he made most of the Greta Garbo films. In that long succession of golden pageants in which the silvery Swede moved like a Grecian Duse and caused the great revolution in sex-appeal, screen love, as we know it today, was born.

Brown is a versatile man and it is an arbitrary thing to divide his work into two broad categories; but it remains a fact that nobody has ever surpassed him in those two seemingly inconsistent fields, home-life and the primrose path. Nobody in the business can skip from jes' plain folks to the girls in the gilded cages with such aplomb. Nobody in the game is so palsy-walsy with the ideologies of both Edgar Guest and Max Factor. He has a deep, abiding respect for both.

Brown started life as an automotive engineer. A short time later

he founded his own Brown Motor Company at Birmingham, Alabama. Then he decided that he was really destined to be a motion picture director. He went to New York, took the ferry boat to the old Paramount studios on Staten Island and maneuvered himself into conversation with Maurice Tourneur, who was then a kingpin in the directing business. Tourneur told him that he was about to fire his assistant director. Brown promptly asked him for the job. He got it.

During World War I, Brown was in the Air Corps, but when he returned to civilian life he accompanied Tourneur to California. There, he continued his work as an assistant, until opportunity knocked and made him a director. And it wasn't long before he was one of the top men at M-G-M. He married Alice Joyce, one of the reigning beauties of the cinema during the post-war years, and then Greta Garbo, cinematically speaking, came into his life.

Brown has made many pictures without Garbo. He was making pictures when Garbo was soaping chins in a Swedish barber shop, but it will take him a long time to live down his reputation as "Greta Garbo's director." There were years when the great lady at the height of her powers and her popularity would have no other director, and it still remains a fact that her best pictures were made under Brown's direction.

He made that fantastic series of Garbo-Gilbert-Brown epics in which the hearts of Garbo and John Gilbert beat as one and their palpitations reached across two oceans.

Those were the wide-open days when sex on the screen was a simple matter of catch-as-catch can. Brown provided Garbo and Gilbert some very fancy situations but it remains to his everlasting credit that he never lost sight of the fact that he was handling two of the most accomplished artists who ever came to the screen. In other words, he, himself, behaved like an artist.

Gilbert went out when the talkies came in but Garbo's star soared higher than ever. The climax of her career came in those first days of talking pictures, at the very moment when it seemed probable that the great lady would be out of luck because she could not get rid of her Swedish accent. While the cashiers went around wringing their hands and there was much talk of importing carloads of elocution instructors to teach Garbo how to talk American, Brown himself came forth with the most revolutionary idea of the era—Why not let Garbo speak with an accent?

The audacity, the fantastic grandeur of the idea, swept the Metro people off their feet. They agreed to the noble experiment. Brown decided to kick a few more conventions square in the face. For the first time in the cinematic life of the Northern Light, he took away her soft focus and sweet music, her inevitable silks and satins designed by Adrian, her spun glass coiffures. He gave her a skirt and a blouse and made a picture from an old play about a Swedish girl of the demi monde. The faithful came to it warily, hoping that the Snow Queen would make music when she spoke, but apprehensive lest she might

garble her lines. Her first words were, "Gimme a drink of whiskey." The tonal effect was part cat's purr, part escaping steam. It caused a mass madness. The faithful collapsed in the aisles, recovered, climbed back into their seats, and stayed to worship a brand new Garbo. Thousands of fans remember that picture as a film entitled *Garbo Talks*. Its true name was *Anna Christie*.

After Brown's outstanding direction of Garbo, there came a period of experimentation. All the time he was aching to do another sort of thing. Occasionally he got his chance. Somewhere in between the glamor stuff he managed to make a film called *Night Flight*. That film is one of the major miracles and mysteries of modern Hollywood simply because very few people seem to have heard of it and fewer still saw it. It amounts to a major mystery when you consider the cast of that film: John Barrymore, Lionel Barrymore, Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, Helen Hayes, aided and abetted by one of the most spectacular supporting casts ever assembled in movietown.

It had a scene in which Robert Montgomery gets slowly out of the plane, stamps his feet on the cold solid ground. That scene is Brown's idea of the best thing he's ever done. "Everything considered," he says "the mood, the timing, were my very best." The film was further distinguished by the scene in which Lionel Barrymore, playing a decrepit old aviation inspector with the itch, walks through a doorway and scratches his backside. In spite of all this, *Night Flight*, a great

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film artistically, was a great flop.

It had a great deal to do with Metro's insistence that Brown go back to the glamour girls, and thus, eventually, with Brown's decision to remain inactive until he could do the things he wanted to do.

He did one of them with *The Human Comedy*. He did another with *The White Cliffs of Dover*. His first Technicolor production, *National Velvet*, again stars Mickey Rooney and the incomparable kid, "Butch"

Jenkins of the many freckles.

From here on, Clarence Brown will make the sort of pictures he has always wanted to make. Presumably they will be compounded of the same super-slick technique responsible for the Garbo films, the same sense of dramatic ingenuity that made *Night Flight*. Unquestionably, too, they will be motivated by the same deep understanding for little people that made *The Human Comedy*.

Flouts from the Filipinos

EVACUEES RETURNED FROM the Philippines on the *Gripsholm* brought this story of native scorn for the Japanese conquerors.

Animals are not permitted on Manila streetcars. One day, however, a well-filled car was stopped by a Jap soldier with a monkey in tow. Pointing at the monkey, the conductor shook his head sternly and protested in English that it could not be allowed on the car. Every effort the soldier made to climb on was successfully blocked by the Filipino conductor, but he knew he would be pushing matters too far if he dared to start on without him.

Since neither could speak the other's language, the crowded car was being held up by a difference of opinion in which there could be no compromise. When everyone's patience was near the breaking point, one of the passengers spoke soothingly, "If you do not object to the father, why do you object to the son?"

The carload of people relaxed in laughter, and the Jap saw his opening and clambered on. But to top it off, he pushed his way through to the gentleman who had made it possible for him to board the car and gratefully gave him a deep bow.

ANOTHER INSTANCE OCCURRED when the Japanese Imperial Army ordered that the Rising Sun flag be displayed in all conspicuous places in Manila as a demonstration of Filipino enthusiasm over the Japanese occupation of their country.

One day an American, looking for a conveyance, hired an empty horse-drawn cart. He noticed that a Japanese flag stuck jauntily up from the middle of the pony's back.

"Pro-Japanese, are you?" he suggested casually.

"No!" the driver answered fiercely with a crack of the whip. "The horse is."

—ALICE MARGARET HUGGINS



The doctor loved good music, and strong drink did not appeal to him—but he couldn't resist the charm of the women who proved his undoing



Mystery of Hildrop Crescent

by ARCHIE McFEDRIES

THE BULGING blue eyes of Dr. Hawley Harvey Crippen—a shy little man who had a fair-to-middling eye-and-ear practice in Brooklyn in 1893—seldom missed a trim pair of ankles or a pretty face. It was a generally recognized fact among Dr. Crippen's colleagues that his practice would have been considerably bigger and many times more lucrative had he paid half as much attention to it as he did to the opposite sex.


Dr. Crippen, a native of Coldwater, Michigan, was 31 when he began his Brooklyn practice. He had previously practiced in Salt Lake City, where a youthful marriage had come to an end with the death of his wife—a woman who, in the opinion of observers, was better off dead than alive and married to an incurable Lothario.

When he had been practicing in Brooklyn for only a short time, Dr. Crippen was attracted to a demure-looking young lady of 17, a patient of the physician with whom he shared offices. The girl's real name was an unpronounceable Polish one, so she had taken the

name of Cora Turner. Professionally, she called herself Belle Elmore for, despite a definite lack of talent in the art, she was attempting to become a singer.

It was but a short time until Dr. Crippen married the girl. And whatever it took to prevent the doctor's eyes from roving in the presence of pulchritude, young Mrs. Crippen seemed to have. The only rift in the Crippen marital lute was the young wife's habit of vocalizing. The strident timbre of his wife's singing voice grated on the doctor's aesthetic taste.

In 1900, when the little doctor was in his 37th year and Cora was but 23, the couple departed for London where, among other things, Crippen had made a connection with a patent medicine outfit. A contributing factor behind the move was Mrs. Crippen's desire to make another attempt at becoming a singer there, unhindered by the presence of people who knew of her failures during the past five years. Crippen, still strongly attracted to her, outwardly agreed with her reasoning although he hoped after she failed



in England, as he knew she would, that she would abandon her futile ambition and devote herself entirely to him.

Five years passed in England, and by 1904 Cora Crippen had bowed to the inevitable. After that frustration set in, and she began to nag her husband. More important, from the doctor's point of view, was the fact that his wife was beginning to lose her attraction for him. By the year of 1910—a most fateful year, as it was to turn out—Cora Crippen was a good deal less than desirable to her husband.

The Crippens occupied a bleak-looking brick house at 39 Hilldrop Crescent, in the Holloway district of London. It was there, on the night of January 18, 1910, that the doctor and his wife engaged in a scene in the presence of a music hall actress named Lil Hawthorne, whom Mrs. Crippen had become friendly with by virtue of membership in the Music Hall Ladies' Guild. The quarrel started when Cora accused her husband of infidelity. "That," said Crippen, in his mousy little voice, "is a lie."

"It's not a lie!" said Cora, getting hysterical despite her friend's efforts to calm her. "It's that typist of his. She's young and pretty and full of life—just like I was when he first saw me."

Lil Hawthorne turned to Crippen. "Doctor," she demanded, "is there any truth in what Cora says?"

Crippen, who by this time wore thick-lensed glasses and a bristly sandy mustache, stared steadily at his questioner. "I will thank you," he said, "to remove your out-sized nose from the private affairs of this household." Dr. Crippen spoke in

a normal tone of voice, nor was there any expression on his meek countenance to indicate anger. Lil Hawthorne did notice, though, that his Adam's apple bobbed up and down beneath his high, stiff collar—an involuntary muscular reaction which, the woman knew from past observation, always set in when the doctor was disturbed.

SHORTLY AFTER her visit to the house in Hilldrop Crescent, Lil Hawthorne left for a vaudeville tour in the United States. When she returned to London five months later, one of the first things she did was to call on Cora Crippen, but Cora was not there to greet her. Miss Hawthorne became alarmed when a neighbor of the Crippens informed her that Mrs. Crippen had not been seen for many months. The neighbor added that recent goings-on in the Crippen household had become a scandal in Hilldrop Crescent. "The doctor," the actress was told, "brings a young lady out with him every night and she remains until morning."

Miss Hawthorne made it her business to get a description of the young lady. The girl, she was told, was a dark, slight person of not more than 20 with, Miss Hawthorne gathered, plenty of what appealed to Crippen.

Lil Hawthorne's next move was a visit to Dr. Crippen's offices in Albion House, a professional building in New Oxford Street. She was greeted in the reception room by a young lady who fitted the neighbor's description of the girl who now shared the Crippen house in Hilldrop Crescent. Miss Hawthorne quickly ascertained that the girl's

name was Ethel Le Neve and that she had, for three years, been Dr. Crippen's typist and receptionist.

Now Miss Hawthorne strode belligerently into the doctor's consulting room. "Look here," she demanded, "where is Cora?"

"She left me," answered Crippen, and his Adam's apple began to jerk. He shook his head dolefully. "Cora is a mercurial woman, I must say."

Crippen's Adam's apple was still bobbing up and down when Miss Hawthorne bolted from the office and headed for Scotland Yard. She went straight to the office of a friend named Frank Froest, then Superintendent of the Yard. Here she quickly painted Crippen's entire background, which she knew from Cora, stinting on none of the darker hues. Breathlessly, she expressed the opinion that Mrs. Crippen had met with foul play.

Superintendent Froest thought the matter over and summoned Chief Inspector Walter Dew. "Dew," said Froest, after outlining the situation, "I think you had better have a chat with this Doctor Crippen."

Inspector Dew and Dr. Crippen had lunch together. The mild little physician made a very favorable impression on the Chief Inspector. Apparently, he wished to hide nothing. Certainly, he admitted, he had been carrying on with Miss Le Neve. "My wife," he explained, "had become revolting to me."

"You have not heard from her since she left?" asked Dew.

Dr. Crippen shook his head and said, "I hope I never do."

As a matter of routine, Inspector Dew went out to Hilldrop Crescent and, with Crippen looking on,

searched the doctor's house. It was Crippen himself who suggested that Dew inspect the cellar. "I want you to satisfy yourself that I have not hidden my wife there," laughed the mousy little man. He held a candle for the detective as the sleuth made a search of the cellar, and found nothing suspicious.

ON THE THIRD day following—a Monday morning—Lil Hawthorne called at the Yard again. She had been doing some sleuthing over the weekend and learned that Dr. Crippen and Ethel Le Neve had been seen together at dances, following Mrs. Crippen's disappearance, and the girl had worn Mrs. Crippen's jewelry. "Cora," Miss Hawthorne told Dew, "must have been murdered. She couldn't have disappeared of her own free will, for she loved jewelry too much to leave any of it behind."

Inspector Dew considered that detail, but he wasn't startled until he learned that Dr. Crippen and Ethel Le Neve had vanished over the weekend. Searching for a clue to their whereabouts, Dew located a man in Albion House who ran errands for Dr. Crippen. On the previous Saturday morning, this man disclosed, Dr. Crippen had dispatched him to various stores in London to purchase a complete outfit of clothing for a boy of about five feet—the approximate height of Ethel Le Neve.

The man had returned with a brown tweed suit, together with all accessories, and turned the purchases over to Dr. Crippen, who accepted them with profuse thanks but without explanation. Dew had, upon calling at Crippen's office the

previous Friday, held a brief conversation with Miss Le Neve and he was thus able to picture in his mind's eye precisely how she would look wearing the apparel that Crippen had purchased. There was no doubt now in Dew's mind that Crippen had murdered his wife and that by way of expediting his flight he had persuaded Miss Le Neve to dress in boy's attire.

Scotland Yard operatives set out for every principal country on the continent to hunt down a man with thick-lensed glasses, traveling with a girl dressed as a boy; and, of course, passengers aboard all vessels departing from British ports were carefully scrutinized.

Inspector Dew recalled Crippen's suggestion that he search the cellar. Now, that loomed as a hunch that the suggestion had been part of a master criminal's cunning; so he ordered the cellar torn apart, and found the body of Cora Crippen.

The corpse had been in the cellar for many months. A chemical analysis of the vital organs disclosed that Mrs. Crippen had been poisoned by a certain rare substance known almost exclusively to physicians. A canvass of London's apothecary shops disclosed that Dr. Crippen had purchased this poison the morning after the night that Lil Hawthorne had heard his wife accusing him of infidelity.

Scotland Yard now had a copper-riveted case—but where were the doctor and his paramour?

It was on the 13th day after Crippen had purchased the boy's clothing that the Yard received a wireless message from the captain of the S.S. *Montrose*, two hours out of Antwerp, bound for Quebec.

It stated that two passengers aboard—down on the ship's manifest as John Robinson, Sr. and John Robinson, Jr.—answered in a general way the Yard's descriptive fliers about Crippen and Ethel Le Neve. The captain of the *Montrose* had become suspicious when he had noticed John Robinson, Sr. squeezing the hand of John Robinson, Jr.—hardly the behavior of father and son.

Dew began to look up shipping information. The *Montrose*, he saw, was a nine-day liner that wasn't due to dock in Quebec until a week from the following Sunday. The *Laurentic*, a seven-day ship, was due to leave Liverpool the next day and would arrive in Quebec on Saturday, a day ahead of the *Montrose*. Dew, needless to say, was on the *Laurentic* when she left port.

On Sunday, when the *Montrose* arrived at Father Point Light, in the St. Lawrence, Dew, wearing the uniform of a pilot, boarded her by means of a rope ladder. The captain immediately pointed out John Robinson, Sr.

Dew gulped and high hope plummeted. He had, he told himself, made a wild-goose chase across the Atlantic. John Robinson, Sr., watching the pilot boat from the rail of the promenade deck, did *not* have a sandy mustache; it was white. So was his hair. And he wore no glasses. Then Dew noticed a peculiarity that Lil Hawthorne had told him about—a bobbing Adam's apple.

Everything was clear to Dew in a flash. Crippen had simply bleached his sandy hair and mustache and discarded his glasses.

Crippen was leaning over the

rail. Dew joined him. "Doctor," whispered the Chief Inspector, "I'm afraid that you will have to return to England with me. I found your wife's body in the cellar."

Crippen didn't even look up.

"Where," asked Dew, "is Miss Le Neve?"

Crippen looked up then, mute alarm masking his features. He didn't speak. He didn't have to.

"You really are deeply in love with that girl, aren't you, Doctor?" asked Dew.

"She is everything that a man could ever hope for in a woman," said Crippen. "She's down in her cabin. Please go easy on her."

The murderer and Ethel Le Neve were taken to Quebec's historic gaol on the Plains of Abraham, there to remain until the *Megantic*, bound from New York to Liverpool, made a special stop at Father Point for them. Crippen and Dew shared a cabin on the eastward journey. Miss Le Neve, in a cabin not far

away, was in charge of two women warders.

Ethel Le Neve had committed no crime, and had had no knowledge of the murder, although she was charged with being an accessory after the fact before being eventually freed, to become lost in the mists of anonymity. After a trial at Old Bailey, Dr. Hawley Harvey Crippen was hanged in Pentonville Prison on the 23rd day of November in 1910. Before he went to the scaffold, he wrote, as his Adam's apple bobbed painfully, a letter that remains a classic of its kind:

In this farewell letter to the world, written as I face eternity, I say that Ethel Le Neve has loved me as few women love men and that her innocence of any crime, save that of yielding to the dictates of her heart, is absolute. To her I pay this last tribute. It is of her that my last thoughts have been. My last prayer will be that God will protect her and keep her safe from harm and allow her to join me in eternity.



Stoking the Fire

ON A TRIP TO LONDON, Andrew Carnegie was seated in the non-smoking carriage when one of the passengers lighted an obnoxious-smelling pipe.

"This is not a smoking car," protested Mr. Carnegie.

"All right, Governor," replied the man. "I'll just finish this pipeful." But after puffing away for several minutes, he filled his pipe again. "See here," warned Carnegie, "if you persist, I will notify the guard at the next station." And he handed the man his card to let him know whom he was annoying. The smoker glanced at the card, stuck it in his pocket and touched a match to his pipe. At the next station, however, he changed to another carriage.

Still angered at the man's insolence, Carnegie reported the incident to the guard, and demanded that some action be taken. The guard hurried away, but returned a few minutes later with a card in his hand.

"If I were you," he advised, "I wouldn't try to prosecute the gent. He just gave me his card—and he's Andrew Carnegie." —IRVING C. JOHNSON



Should skim or not to skim be one of your bugbears when it comes to reading, here are some helpful do's and don't's on the subject

How To Skim a Book

by NORMAN LEWIS

SKIMMING is no different from ordinary reading—except that no time is wasted reading the wrong things. There is but one cardinal rule: know *what* you're skimming for. Contrary to popular belief, skimming does not mean superficial, whirlwind reading, since actually it is no faster than the normal rate of reading. Nor does it mean skipping around from page to page and column to column, since the direction and discrimination of your own personal tastes and interests dictate on what and where you should carefully concentrate in reading.

Suppose you are taking the 12:25 to New Rochelle out of Grand Central Station. Do you "skim" through the whole building, scurrying from gate to gate, until you find your train? You do not. You go to the information booth to ascertain the track location of the train and in what part of the terminal that track is situated. The information booth is the "Table of Contents" of Grand Central.

Or let us assume you are curious to have a look at some magnate's office in the Empire State Building.

Do you "skim" through floor after floor—all 102 of them—reading the sign on each door? No; if you want to survive your search you look for the directory of names and offices in the lobby of the building. The directory is efficiently alphabetized, and it's no trick at all to check the bigwig's room number. That directory is the "Table of Contents" of the Empire State.

So, that's the way it is with a book or magazine or newspaper. You don't try to skim every page. You start by reading carefully and thoroughly—the very opposite, you see, of what most people call skimming. And where do you do this careful reading? Why, in the table of contents, of course.

When a skillful reader picks up a book of non-fiction, the first thing he turns to is the table of contents, because there, he knows from experience, is the blueprint of what's in the book. If he has decided that this is a book that merits only his quick skimming, the table of contents will tell him which parts to read first, which to omit entirely, which to read more thoroughly

than others. He decides beforehand on his plan of attack, reading as much as is necessary to fill his needs. If what he is looking for is so special that it may not be in the contents, he goes to the next logical place, the index. Tables of contents and indexes, I repeat, are put in books so that when skimming must be done, it can be done conveniently and effectively.

TO SKIM A NOVEL, when you believe skimming is necessary, you *skip*. When the fever of creation is upon them, some novelists write so freely and loosely that they are given to long and rambling descriptions, to poetic babbings or to eloquent expositions of a philosophical attitude. Depending on what kind of person you are and what tastes and leanings you have developed, you skip the parts which you deem uninteresting or of no personal value to you.

If what you want out of a novel is conflict and plot, you quite unconsciously skip or skim everything else. On the other hand, if you are reading an author for philosophy or descriptions or poetic passages or any one of a dozen other reasons, you may find the plot and action of little consequence.

To skim a newspaper you apply the same principles—decide what you want and then methodically search for it. Once you've learned the organization of your favorite daily, you can find what you want with split-second accuracy. Papers, too, have indexes and contents, in case you're not familiar with the set-up.

The New York *Times* invariably places the biggest news story of the

day under a five-column headline on the right-hand half of the front page. Most tabloids place the big story on the right half of page three. In such placement, the newspapers are following our invariable tendency to focus our eyes first on the right-hand side of the page—in spite of the fact that we read from left to right. Most dailies rarely vary by so much as a column in the uniform arrangements of their information, so a little study will enable you to turn unerringly to whatever interests you. Thus, you can become a skimmer *par excellence* overnight.

It is especially important to know how to skim magazines. Dilettante readers flip the pages absentmindedly, casually read the big-print titles, stare enviously at the display ads, read the captions under the pictures, chuckle good-naturedly over the "fillers" (the short anecdotes used to round out a page), and then put the magazine down. They've skimmed it, but exactly what's between the covers they're not quite sure they can say.

Few readers plod through a magazine reading every word from cover to cover, nor does the editor expect anyone to do that. A magazine is a storehouse, a "treasury." There's something in the average magazine to suit every taste in reading. The way to skim a magazine to find out what suits *your* taste is not to sample the first paragraph of each article or story till you discover something you like. That is, not if you agree that the purpose of skillful skimming is to save time by getting out of your reading just what you want and nothing else.

Most magazines provide two ex-

cellent aids for the busy skimmer: a table of contents and, under or above or alongside each title in the inside pages, an additional subtitle which further informs the reader what the article or story contains. This subtitle is designed primarily to pique your interest, but it also serves as a signpost to guide your personal choices, whatever your tastes might be. Remembering the names of authors whose writing you

found to your liking is an excellent way to anticipate the probable interest to you of whatever articles or stories carry their names.

Skimming is a misnomer. Skimming in reading is not like skimming the cream off the top of the milk, for in writing the "cream" is not always on top. Instead of sifting through the whole bottle, why not find out where the "cream" is and go right to it?

Big Little Men



SOME BATTLE-WORN Marines were moving out of their front-line positions as fresh troops took over. When one grimy Leatherneck climbed out of his foxhole, the clean-shaven youngster who was replacing him asked:

"What outfit did you relieve when you came?"

The Marine rubbed his stubbly chin and pondered. His dour face brightened as he responded:

"The Jap army infantry."

—T/SGT. BEN SCHNEIDER



IT WAS SHORTLY AFTER the last war. Several men in a barroom were discussing one of the battles. A lieutenant, telling his version of it, was interrupted by a former captain who corrected him on several points. He, in turn, was contradicted by a man who claimed to be a major and told a different story. Presently a fourth man spoke up.

"Gentlemen, I was in that fight. Perhaps I can refresh your memories a little."

And he gave a quiet but precise account of the action.

"What was your rank, sir?" asked the bartender.

"I was a private," he replied, preparing to leave. "How much do I owe you for the drinks?"

"Not a thing, sir, not a thing," said the bartender. "You're the very first private I've ever met."

—GRACE M. WILLIAMS



DURING THE CIVIL WAR, the famous guerrilla leader, Captain John S. Mosby, raided Fairfax Court House in Virginia, where he surprised General E. H. Stoughton, the Union leader in possession of the town, sound asleep in bed. Mosby woke him with a slap, and the general sat up groggily.

"Have you ever heard of Mosby?" asked the stranger.

"Yes," said the general excitedly. "Have you got him?"

"No," replied the captain grimly, "he's got you!"

—MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD

You'll skyride five or six miles above Mother Earth, in the post-war world, with the greatest of comfort and ease



You'll Ride the Troposphere

by HARRY O. HOYT

IF YOU ARE ONE of those who prefers a tourist chair on a milk-stop train to a deluxe cabin on an airliner; if your stomach is squeamish when the plane is tossed about by air currents; if your ears pop and ache—you are just an average air traveler. So am I.

But cheer up! There *is* something new under the sun—a plane which can fly five or six or more miles above the earth, carrying passengers in comfort. The skyriders of the future needn't even wear an oxygen mask.

About an hour out of Los Angeles, a pilot and I recently were flying some eight thousand feet up. We were bounding around in a little four-seater job, and skirting a granite shoulder of San Jacinto, when he nudged me and pointed ahead. A black cloud, east of the Salton Sea, was racing toward the Colorado River. Lightning flashed and a curtain of rain veiled the miles of barren mountain peaks over which we were to fly.

"Now if we only had a pressurized cabin," he said, "we'd be looking down on that storm. As it is,

we've got to detour." We high-tailed it back of the storm, swept over the river, vaulted a jagged range and floated out above the Salt River valley, a lovely patchwork of gold, brown, green and magenta, with the city of Phoenix in the distance quivering in 100 degrees of heat.

It was in Phoenix, Arizona, at a branch of the AiResearch Manufacturing Company, that I saw the latest flying miracle. According to Charles Morris, Chief Research Engineer, I was about to experience comfort at 40 thousand feet above the tropopause with the temperature outside ranging 67 degrees Fahrenheit. There would be no buffeting by air currents, no storms to make detours necessary. I could eat roast duck, salad and pickles without stomach qualms—in short, I was going to like flying!

"Tropopause?" I asked, and was informed that in meteorology, all that portion of the air above the earth under the stratosphere is called the troposphere. As we ascend it gets colder. The line where the temperature ceases to change

and becomes constant is the tropopause. Here the stratosphere begins. This is generally considered to be about 35 thousand feet up.

Our great Superfortress, the B-29, can now climb up into the stratosphere, far above flak, carrying a crew which need wear neither oxygen masks nor electrically-heated flying suits.

A few months ago a cross-country flying record was broken by the *Constellation*, Lockheed's new cargo plane, powered the same as the Superfortress and, like it, equipped with a cabin pressure regulator. This plane, which the Army calls the C-69, flew about 20 thousand feet above the earth.

In war, we have to climb faster and higher than the planes of the enemy. In commercial aviation, we need a power plant which will carry us over the loftiest peaks. The Army makes the use of oxygen mandatory at heights over 10 thousand feet. Up to this point, very few air passengers are troubled by the diminishing supply of oxygen.

When we started to build more powerful engines, we found that these mechanical power plants were not unlike human beings who require food and air. The engines needed more fuel and oxygen too.

An ordinary plane has a theoretical ceiling of about 24 thousand feet. So a gear supercharger to offset the reduction of air density was attached to the engine and it raised the ceiling to 38 thousand feet. Even that wasn't high enough, so the turbo-supercharger was invented and the ceiling went up again to 56 thousand feet.

Raising the ceiling and increasing power brought on a hundred other

problems. Electrically-heated pressure suits for pilots and crew had to be designed. A member of a Flying Fortress crew in action looks like a combination of a twelfth century knight, a deep-sea diver and something from another planet. To operate with all this gear is obviously difficult. A cabin or several cabins maintained at low-level pressure would eliminate most of the junk these crews have had to wear. They might still have to take oxygen equipment and electrically-heated suits along in case the cabins were punctured by flak or bullets from fighter planes, but most of the time they could work unhampered in their long runs to the target.

The ablest engineers studying high-altitude airplane operation were drafted for the work from a dozen aircraft plants. But to Charles W. Morris, Chief Installation Engineer, who came to AiResearch from the General Electric Company where he had been developing the turbo-supercharger, must go a large measure of the credit for the *cabin pressure regulator*.

A compressor which can pump air into a plane cabin is old stuff in thousands of factories. The real problem lay in finding a way to *keep* the air in the cabin at the proper pressure—a valve, so to speak, which would automatically regulate this pressure by controlling the escape of air to the outside.

To maintain sea-level pressure regardless of flight altitude would be desirable but not practical because in mountainous terrain airports are often located at four thousand to six thousand foot altitudes. On a regular flight between San Francisco and Omaha, air

travelers are subjected to a decrease of pressure of four and a half pounds per square inch while climbing up over the Sierras.

Apart from this consideration, two other factors, leakage and the structural strength of the cabin, had to be examined. There are leaks around every imperfectly driven rivet, at each skin wrinkle, by each door and window—in a hundred unsuspected places. Moreover, leakage increases as the plane gets older.

As for the structural strength of the cabin, theoretically a cabin could be built which would stand any pressure, but weight, the great bugaboo of all airplane designers, makes this impossible.

Obviously, if sea-level pressure inside a cabin were to be maintained indefinitely as the plane climbed, the cabin would "blow some fuses" as the heavier air inside sought to escape at the seams and at other weak places. So special cabins were designed for the various planes which were to be installed with pressurizing equipment. These cabins are inside the plane structure—a cabin almost within a cabin. They are nearly circular as air under pressure tends to round out all surfaces.

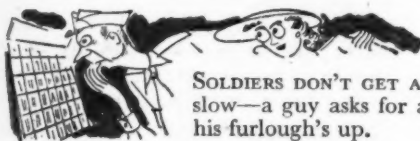
"In our passenger planes of the future," Morris continued, "the pressure inside the cabin will remain at sea-level while the plane climbs up to eight thousand feet, the regulator acting as a ventilator outlet. Between eight thousand and 30

thousand feet the regulator will decrease the pressure in the cabin gradually and passengers will never experience any of the discomforts of high-level flying."

Because engineers couldn't be flown up 40 thousand feet every few minutes to inspect the operation of the regulator, AiResearch decided to bring 40 thousand feet of altitude to them. They built a strato-lab. This is an enormous cylinder, large enough to accommodate the fuselage of a B-29 plane with a cabin equipped for pressurization. In this huge chamber tests have been carried on for several years. Outside the cabin, but inside this chamber, the temperature and air pressure can be regulated to simulate the conditions found at any given point above the earth. In fact, the temperature here has been reduced far below anything a plane would meet in the stratosphere—minus 110 degrees Fahrenheit. When the regulator was placed in a B-29, it functioned exactly as it had in the strato-lab.

Cruising at 20 thousand feet in post-war luxury airplanes will solve many problems for the would-be sky traveler. Practically all storms will be far below. There will be no bumping by air currents. Nervous tension, upset stomachs and ear trouble will never bother you.

I predict that within 10 years we'll be flying from New York to San Francisco in five hours—with the greatest of ease and comfort.



SOLDIERS DON'T GET ALONG with southern girls. They talk so slow—a guy asks for a kiss, and by the time she says "Yes," his furlough's up.

—BOB HOPE, NBC

The End Is in Sight



—France

NOW THE END is in sight. Country smells are in the air here on the farm where my tent is pitched. Apples are dropping from the trees and the holly berries are firm. I am glad we came to France this way and at this time. The France of the dauphine—this province in the Alps—is a foretaste of home.

The three-year soldier, grimy and unshaven, lay stretched out on the top of a Sherman tank, his hands behind his head. A small boy had clambered up beside him. He had seen everything there was to see in the tank, and he was sitting still now, listening to the soldier.

"... and all them houses was just a pile of bricks," the soldier was saying. He was squinting across the valley at the high mountains, and talking to himself. The boy didn't understand a word, but his eyes never left the soldier's face.

"There was wrecks all along the road," the soldier said, "and the bridges was blown." He turned and looked soberly at the boy.

"You don't know nothing about that," he said. He spoke as though he were talking to an equal. "And you never will." He turned to me. I was stretched out beside him, just listening. The long line of tanks was motionless beside the road, and the sun was warm.

"This kid," the soldier said, "won't do no more traveling than

I would of done if it wasn't for this war. I wouldn't never have moved out of God's Country," he said, "and maybe no farther east than Pittsburgh." I gave him a cigarette and let the boy light the match.

"I've never been to Pittsburgh but once," I said, "and that was just passing through."

"No, sir," the soldier said, "he won't probably never move off his old man's farm. He'll grow up talking this French, and he'll go down to town and get himself drunk on *vin*, and when he gets old as I am he won't know a darn thing. Like me."

This soldier must be all of 20 years old. If he had time to shave, he would look his age. He told me he comes from Missouri. The time he went to Pittsburgh he was nine years old. He went with his mother to visit her sister.

Thinking back got him to thinking ahead, as so often happens.

"Now you take me for instance," he said. "I am what you might call a world traveler. I been to California, and I been in Africa and Italy, and here we are in 'Sunny France.' My old man used to talk about 'Sunny France.' Him and me ought to get together when I get home."

When he gets home, the soldier said, he doesn't know what he'll do. It used to be a sure thing that he would go to work in the old man's

hardware store. And one of these days—you know how it is—it would be his hardware store. But now . . .

"I got a girl back home," he said. He took out a dirty wallet of fine Moroccan leather and showed me a picture of a nice-looking heifer sitting under a tree, with a ukulele in her lap. "When I got drafted," he said, "I was for getting married right off, but she says no. She says I am going through things she never would know nothing about, and it would make a difference between us.

"Well, I argued some," the soldier went on. "Here I am going away, and here is this girl I know all my life, but nothing doing. No wedding." The soldier looked at the boy, who grinned at him.

"In a way," the soldier said, "she was right. And then again, she was all wrong." He flipped away the butt of his cigarette and watched it smouldering in the wet grass. "Women are funny," he said.

So we talked some more, and he said maybe he would try and get a job in the garage when he gets home. He said he can't see any future standing behind a counter in a hardware store. Once you been around, he said, maybe you always want to be on the go. Still and all, the old man did all right . . .

"And besides," he said, "women don't know what they're talking about half the time. And then we got to lick the Japs, and I suppose she'll say that's something else between us."

It went on like that, and after awhile the convoy got moving again. The soldier gave the French boy a packet of the colored candy that

comes in the C-ration tin, and the boy waved at him as the tank rolled away down the mountain. "*Vive l'Amérique*," the boy hollered. "*Vive la France*." He waved his candy and hollered, "*A mort les Allemands!*"

I got back into the jeep and tried to fit into a kind of nest made of a raincoat and a stolen blanket. We passed the long line of tanks, all full of soldiers thinking maybe they will get a job in the garage when they get home. We drove through the villages and waved back at the French girls, and finally we got to this farm.

We had the singularly unimaginative dinner customarily served to the unit with which I travel, and afterwards I sat talking with the soldier who was cleaning up.

"I used to do cooking for the railroad," the soldier said.

"For the diner?" I asked.

"No," he said contemptuously, "for the train crew. So I know how to cook. When I get home," he said, "I'm going to open me a restaurant with good plain cooking . . ." and he was off on the trail of tomorrow.

Everybody is thinking about tomorrow—when he gets home. Everybody has an idea of what it's going to be like, and the idea is always like something dreamed up by Santa Claus.

Now the end is in sight. The nights are cold, and the wet gray clouds slosh past the peaks of these French mountains. Next year, there may be Americans at home.

Is that girl still sitting there with a ukulele in her lap? Is there a job in the garage? The end is in sight, and the exile is beginning to wonder.

—CHESTER MORRISON

Game Book Section:



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Ho . . . Hum . . .



HOPE YOU DON'T tire easily . . . for here is a quiz about sleep, designed to reveal how wide awake you are. Chalk up five points for each question you are able to answer correctly. A score of 70 gets you by but indicates a definite lack of shuteye. Between 70 and 80 is good and over 80 labels you a veritable dynamo. Answers on page 140.

1. Little Boy Blue was under the haystack:
 - (a) sound asleep
 - (b) fast asleep
 - (c) quite asleep
2. The intensity of sleep increases most rapidly during the:
 - (a) first hour
 - (b) second hour
 - (c) hour before waking
3. One is most likely to snore on:
 - (a) his right side
 - (b) his left side
 - (c) his back
4. To be healthy, wealthy and wise, the old adage advises us to:
 - (a) go to bed early and rise late
 - (b) go to bed late and rise early
 - (c) go to bed early and rise early
5. The Sleeping Beauty was awakened by:
 - (a) the sighing of a zephyr
 - (b) the song of a lark
 - (c) a kiss
6. Of the following, the one which is out of place is:
 - (a) doze
 - (b) forty winks
 - (c) coma
7. Sleepy Hollow is in:
 - (a) Pennsylvania
 - (b) New York
 - (c) Virginia
8. Of the following, the one which was not a dream is:
 - (a) *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*
 - (b) *A Dream of Fair Women*
 - (c) *Enoch Arden*
9. Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night sailed off in a:
 - (a) pea-green boat
 - (b) wooden shoe
 - (c) rollicking tub
10. In *A Visit from St. Nicholas*, mama was settled in her:
 - (a) nightcap
 - (b) hair curlers
 - (c) kerchief
11. When asleep you are:
 - (a) on the bosom of Orpheus
 - (b) in the arms of Morpheus
 - (c) under the wings of Pegasus
12. A deep sleeper sleeps like a:
 - (a) turtle
 - (b) log
 - (c) cat
13. "O sleep! it is a gentle thing, Beloved from pole to pole," said:
 - (a) The Prisoner of Chillon
 - (b) The Ancient Mariner
 - (c) Sir Launfal
14. The *Aesop's Fables* character which loses because of a nap is a:
 - (a) grasshopper
 - (b) drone
 - (c) hare

15. In the second stanza of Gray's *Elegy*, the sounds which "lull the distant folds" are:

- (a) gentle ripples
 - (b) sighing murmurs
 - (c) drowsy tinklings
16. The Sandman is so called for:
- (a) he has a sandy beard
 - (b) sleepy children rub their eyes
 - (c) he lives in a house of sand

17. A sleepwalker is a:

- (a) omophagist
- (b) polyphonist
- (c) somnambulist

18. Of the following, the one which does not hibernate is the:

- (a) mole
- (b) woodchuck
- (c) lizard

19. *They Shall Not Sleep* is by:

- (a) Jack Belden
- (b) Quentin Reynolds
- (c) Leland Stowe

20. When animals sleep through the summer months they:

- (a) asservate
- (b) estivate
- (c) coruscate

Done in a Flash



PLACE THE ITALIC WORD between two letters of the word at the left. This will give another word, the meaning of which is suggested. For example, write "award" in number one to "get a prize." Speed is the important element. If you take more than four minutes, you are below average; three minutes and you are good; two minutes or less and you are terrific. Answers are on page 140.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. ad Put in <i>war</i> and get a prize, | 11. tress <i>Spa</i> makes walk in forbidden place, |
| 2. my <i>One</i> in here gives stuff that buys. | 12. prose <i>Rim</i> makes flower of yellow face. |
| 3. bat <i>Lo</i> put in makes swell up high, | 13. brow <i>Or</i> used here makes it mean to loan, |
| 4. come Use <i>pet</i> to make it mean to vie. | 14. drums <i>Old</i> makes this the hot, calm zone. |
| 5. bow Put <i>ill</i> in here and get a wave, | 15. tee Put <i>off</i> for sweet that children please, |
| 6. bit <i>And</i> makes this a thieving knave. | 16. sent A <i>dime</i> dropped in, you get the lecs. |
| 7. sow Plant <i>all</i> in this and get quite pale, | 17. pile <i>Lag</i> in this makes it mean destroy, |
| 8. per Put <i>itch</i> in this, get jug for ale. | 18. grade <i>En</i> in here, get bomb, no toy. |
| 9. am <i>To</i> in this makes part so wee, | 19. bad Put <i>all</i> in this, a song you'll see, |
| 10. shy <i>Err</i> in here, red wine flows free. | 20. an Put <i>me</i> in this, so let it be. |

And This Is Mr. Smith



AMERICA IS A nation of people called Smitty. Common people with common names are the backbone of the country. But while the names in this quiz are common enough—Smith, Jones, Johnson and the like—the men and women who bear these names are uncommon in their accomplishments. Your task is to guess their first names. Count two points for each correct answer. A score of 60 or better is fair; 70 or more is good, and anything over 80 is excellent. Answers on page 140.

I. Smith

1. Late ex-Governor of New York
2. Colonist, friend of Pocahontas
3. Author of *Wealth of Nations*
4. Founder of the Mormon Church
5. Creator of "The Gumps"
6. Ribald author of *Topper*
7. Blonde movie actress

II. Jones

8. Golf champion
9. Banker and government official
10. American naval hero
11. Keeper of an ocean locker
12. Actress in *Since You Went Away*
13. Legendary engineer

III. White

14. Old-time movie heroine
15. Architect, murder victim
16. Woman photographer
17. Beloved of Prince Charming
18. Late editor of *The Emporia Gazette*

IV. Taylor

19. Twelfth president of the U.S.
20. Popular movie actor
21. Composer and movie critic
22. U.S. Steel official

V. Davis

23. Head of the O.W.I.
24. Confederate president
25. War correspondent, novelist
26. Blonde movie actress

VI. Johnson

27. U.S. Senator from California
28. Eighteenth century English literary lion
29. One of baseball's greatest stars
30. Seventeenth president of U.S.
31. World heavyweight champion
32. Head of NRA

VII. Adams

33. Columnist, radio wit
34. Second president of the U.S.
35. Actress, star of *Peter Pan*
36. American revolutionary patriot
37. Secretary of the Navy, 1929-33
38. Historian, author of a book on his education
39. Sixth president of the U.S.

VIII. Wright

40. Author of *The Shepherd of the Hills*
41. Modern architect
42. Author of *Native Son*
43. Elder of two inventor brothers
44. Younger of the two brothers

IX. Stone

45. Chief Justice, Supreme Court
46. Movie actor, paternal type
47. Stage and screen entertainer

X. Arnold

48. Former trust-busting official
49. Eighteenth century traitor
50. Four-star general, World War II

Try This Racket



B BELOW ARE 50 sound effects with which you should be quite familiar. With each is given the first letter of the name of the object which produces the sound. Your job is to fill in the remaining letters of the sound producers. Ring up two points for each you complete correctly. A passing score is 60. Between 60 and 70 is fair, between 70 and 80 good, and over 80 very good.

Answers are on the following page.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. The screeching of B _ _ _ _ _ | 26. The tick of a C _ _ _ _ _ |
| 2. The baying of H _ _ _ _ _ | 27. A snap of the F _ _ _ _ _ |
| 3. The clapping of H _ _ _ _ _ | 28. The report of a R _ _ _ _ _ |
| 4. The twang of a G _ _ _ _ _ | 29. The creaking of S _ _ _ _ _ |
| 5. The rataplan of a D _ _ _ _ _ | 30. A fanfare of T _ _ _ _ _ |
| 6. The babble of a B _ _ _ _ _ | 31. The sizzling of S _ _ _ _ _ |
| 7. The gaggle of G _ _ _ _ _ | 32. The splash of O _ _ _ _ _ |
| 8. The hum of a T _ _ _ _ _ | 33. The slam of a D _ _ _ _ _ |
| 9. The sough of the W _ _ _ _ _ | 34. The blare of a B _ _ _ _ _ |
| 10. A smack of the L _ _ _ _ _ | 35. The swish of a S _ _ _ _ _ |
| 11. The clatter of H _ _ _ _ _ | 36. The clucking of H _ _ _ _ _ |
| 12. The tintinnabulation of
B _ _ _ _ _ | 37. The cawing of C _ _ _ _ _ |
| 13. The rustle of L _ _ _ _ _ | 38. The purr of a M _ _ _ _ _ |
| 14. The bleat of a L _ _ _ _ _ | 39. The cooing of D _ _ _ _ _ |
| 15. The gurgle of a D _ _ _ _ _ | 40. The wheeze of a pair of
B _ _ _ _ _ |
| 16. The beat of a H _ _ _ _ _ | 41. The chirp of a C _ _ _ _ _ |
| 17. The squeak of a M _ _ _ _ _ | 42. The patter of R _ _ _ _ _ |
| 18. The hiss of a S _ _ _ _ _ | 43. The clashing of C _ _ _ _ _ |
| 19. The crackle of L _ _ _ _ _ | 44. The fizz of C _ _ _ _ _ |
| 20. The boom of a C _ _ _ _ _ | 45. A click of the H _ _ _ _ _ |
| 21. The rumble of T _ _ _ _ _ | 46. The neigh of a H _ _ _ _ _ |
| 22. The puling of I _ _ _ _ _ | 47. The crashing of T _ _ _ _ _ |
| 23. The squeal of a P _ _ _ _ _ | 48. Peals of L _ _ _ _ _ |
| 24. The bray of a D _ _ _ _ _ | 49. The lowing of C _ _ _ _ _ |
| 25. The clanking of C _ _ _ _ _ | 50. The roar of a L _ _ _ _ _ |

Answers . . .

Ho . . . Hum . . .

- | | | | | |
|--------|--------|---------|---------|---------|
| 1. (b) | 5. (c) | 9. (b) | 13. (b) | 17. (c) |
| 2. (a) | 6. (c) | 10. (c) | 14. (c) | 18. (a) |
| 3. (c) | 7. (b) | 11. (b) | 15. (c) | 19. (c) |
| 4. (c) | 8. (c) | 12. (b) | 16. (b) | 20. (b) |

Done in a Flash

- | | | | | |
|------------|------------|--------------|--------------|-------------|
| 1. award | 5. billow | 9. atom | 13. borrow | 17. pillage |
| 2. money | 6. bandit | 10. sherry | 14. doldrums | 18. grenade |
| 3. bloat | 7. swallow | 11. trespass | 15. toffee | 19. ballad |
| 4. compete | 8. pitcher | 12. primrose | 16. sediment | 20. amen |

And This Is Mr. Smith

- | | | | | |
|---------------|--------------|---------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| 1. Alfred E. | 12. Jennifer | 21. Deems | 31. Jack | 40. Harold Bell |
| 2. John | 13. Casey | 22. Myron C. | 32. Hugh | 41. Frank Lloyd |
| 3. Adam | 14. Pearl | 23. Elmer | 33. Franklin P. | 42. Richard |
| 4. Joseph | 15. Stanford | 24. Jefferson | 34. John | 43. Wilbur |
| 5. Sidney | 16. Margaret | 25. Richard | 35. Maude | 44. Orville |
| 6. Thorne | Bourke- | Harding | 36. Samuel | 45. Harlan |
| 7. Alexis | 17. Snow | 26. Bette | 37. Charles | 46. Lewis |
| 8. Bobby | 18. William | 27. Hiram | Francis | 47. Fred |
| 9. Jesse | Allen | 28. Samuel | 38. Henry | 48. Thurman |
| 10. John Paul | 19. Zachary | 29. Walter | 39. John | 49. Benedict |
| 11. Davy | 20. Robert | 30. Andrew | Quincy | 50. Henry |

Try This Racket

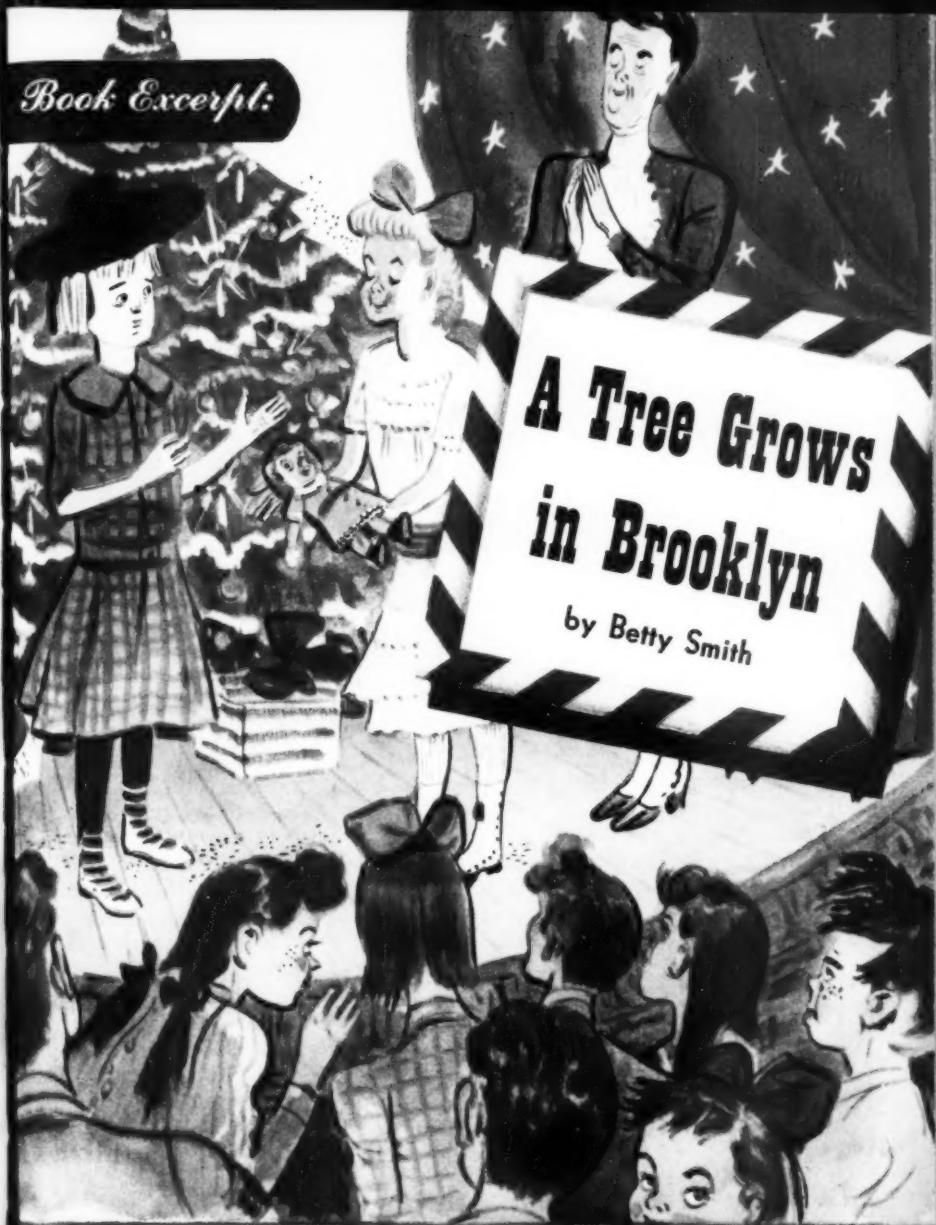
- | | | | | |
|-----------|------------|--------------|-------------|---------------|
| 1. Brakes | 11. Hoofs | 21. Thunder | 31. Steak | 41. Cricket |
| 2. Hounds | 12. Bells | 22. Infants | 32. Oars | 42. Raindrops |
| 3. Hands | 13. Leaves | 23. Pig | 33. Door | 43. Cymbals |
| 4. Guitar | 14. Lamb | 24. Donkey | 34. Bugle | 44. Champagne |
| 5. Drum | 15. Drain | 25. Chains | 35. Skirt | 45. Heels |
| 6. Brook | 16. Heart | 26. Clock | 36. Hens | 46. Horse |
| 7. Geese | 17. Mouse | 27. Fingers | 37. Crows | 47. Timber |
| 8. Top | 18. Snake | 28. Rifle | 38. Motor | 48. Laughter |
| 9. Wind | 19. Logs | 29. Stairs | 39. Doves | 49. Cattle |
| 10. Lips | 20. Cannon | 30. Trumpets | 40. Bellows | 50. Lion |

Want Some Fun?

If you do, the recipe is simple. For the most fun-packed, entertaining and enjoyable five minutes you've ever listened to over the air, just tune your radio to your favorite Blue Network station on Saturday nights, at 9:55 EWT—and there you are! You'll be listening to the Coronet Quick Quiz—which, as you know, is a program of questions and quips designed especially for your relaxation and listening-pleasure.

So tune in this and every Saturday night to the Coronet Quick Quiz—9:55 p.m., EWT; 8:55 p.m., CWT; 7:55 p.m., MWT and 6:55 p.m., PWT.

Book Excerpt:



How do you measure a Merry Christmas? For Francie Nolan it was an undecorated tree in a cold front room and a doll won by a lie. But there was the fairyland of tinsel trappings and the warmth of papa's song on the tenement stairs. It was a Christmas never to be forgotten . . . excerpted from that perennial best-seller *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*.



A Tree Grows in Brooklyn

by BETTY SMITH

CHRISTMAS WAS a charmed time in Brooklyn. It was in the air long before it came. The first hint of it was Mr. Morton going around the schools teaching Christmas carols, but the first sure sign was the store windows.

You have to be a child to know how wonderful is a store window filled with dolls and sleds and other toys. And this wonder came free to Francie. It was nearly as good as actually having the toys to be permitted to look at them through the glass window.

Oh what a thrill there was for Francie when she turned a street corner and saw another store all fixed up for Christmas! Ah, the clean shining window with cotton batting sprinkled with star dust for a carpet! There were flaxen-haired dolls, and others which Francie liked better, who had hair the color of good coffee with lots of cream in it. Their faces were perfectly tinted, and they wore clothes the like of which Francie had never seen.

Oh, the deep blue eyes framed by thick lashes that stared straight into a little girl's heart, and the perfect miniature hands extended appealingly, asking, "Please, won't you be my mama?" And Francie had never had a doll except a two-inch one that cost a nickel.

And the sleds! There was a child's dream of heaven come true! Thought Francie, "If I could only have one of those, I'd never ask God for another thing as long as I live."

There were roller skates made of shining nickel with straps of good brown leather and silvered nervous wheels tensed for rolling, needing but a breath to start them turning, as they lay crossed one over the other, sprinkled with mica snow on a bed of cloud-like cotton.

There were other marvelous things. Francie couldn't take them all in. Her head spun and she was dizzy with the impact of all the seeing and the making up of stories about the toys in the shop windows.

The spruce trees began coming into the neighborhood the week before Christmas. Their branches were corded to hold back the glory of their spreading and probably to make shipping easier. Vendors rented space on the curb before a store and stretched a rope from pole to pole and leaned the trees against it. All day they walked up and down this one-sided avenue of aromatic leaning trees, blowing on stiff, ungloved fingers and looking with bleak hope at those people who paused.

A few ordered a tree set aside for the day; others stopped to price, inspect and conjecture. But most came just to touch the boughs and surreptitiously pinch a fingerful of spruce needles together to release the fragrance. And the air was cold and still, and full of the pine smell and the smell of tangerines which appeared in the stores only at Christmas time, and the mean street was truly wonderful for a little while.

There was a cruel custom in the neighborhood. It was about the trees still unsold when midnight of Christmas Eve approached. There was a saying that if you waited until then, you wouldn't have to buy a tree; that "they'd chuck 'em at you." This was literally true.

At midnight on the Eve of our dear Savior's birth, the kids gathered where there were unsold trees. The man threw each tree in turn, starting with the biggest. Kids volunteered to stand up against the throwing. If a boy didn't fall down under the impact, the tree was his. If he fell, he forfeited his chance at winning a tree.

Only the roughest boys and some

of the young men elected to be hit by the big trees. The others waited shrewdly until a tree came up they could stand against. The littlest kids waited for the tiny, foot-high trees and shrieked in delight when they won one.

On the Christmas Eve when Francie was ten and Neeley nine, mama consented to let them go down and have their first try for a tree. Francie had picked out her tree earlier in the day. She had stood near it all afternoon and evening praying that no one would buy it. To her joy, it was still there at midnight. It was the biggest tree in the neighborhood, and its price was so high that no one could afford to buy it. It was 10 feet high. Its branches were bound with new white rope, and it came to a sure, pure point at the top.

The man took this tree out first. Before Francie could speak up, a neighborhood bully, a boy of 18 known as Punky Perkins, stepped forward and ordered the man to chuck the tree at him. The man hated the way Punky was so confident. He looked around and asked: "Anybody else wanna take a chanct on it?"

Francie stepped forward. "Me, Mister."

A spurt of derisive laughter came from the tree man. The kids snickered. A few adults, who had gathered to watch the fun, guffawed.

"Aw g'wan. You're too little," the tree man objected.

"Me and my brother—we're not too little together."

She pulled Neeley forward. The man looked at them—a thin girl of 10 with starveling hollows in her cheeks, but with the chin still

baby-round. He looked at the little boy with his fair hair and round blue eyes—Neeley Nolan, all innocence and trust.

"Two ain't fair," yelled Punky.

"Shut your lousy trap," advised the man who held all power in that hour. "These here kids is got nerve. Stand back, the rest of youse. These kids is goin' to have a show at this tree."

The others made a wavering lane. Francie and Neeley stood at one end of it and the big man with the big tree at the other. It was a human funnel with Francie and her brother making the small end of it. The man flexed his great arms to throw the great tree. He noticed how tiny the children looked at the end of the short lane. For the split part of a moment, the tree-thrower went through a kind of Gethsemane.

"Oh, Jesus Christ," his soul agonized, "why don't I just give 'em the tree, say Merry Christmas and let 'em go? What's the tree to me? I can't sell it no more this year, and it won't keep till next."

The kids watched him solemnly as he stood there in his moment of thought. "But then," he rationalized, "if I did that, all the others would expect to get 'em handed to 'em. And next year nobody a-tall would buy a tree off of me. They'd all wait to get 'em handed to 'em on a silver plate. I ain't a big enough man to give this tree away for nothin'. No, I ain't big enough. I ain't big enough to do a thing like that. I gotta think of myself and my own kids."

He finally came to his conclusion. "Oh, what the hell! Them two kids is gotta live in this world. They *got* to get used to it. They got

to learn to give and to take punishment. And it ain't give but *take, take, take* all the time in this world."

As he threw the tree with all his strength, his heart wailed out, "It's a rotten, lousy world!"

Francie saw the tree leave his hands. There was a split bit of being when time and space had no meaning. The whole world stood still as something dark and monstrous came through the air. The tree came towards her, blotting out all memory of her ever having lived. There was nothing but pungent darkness and something that grew and grew as it rushed at her.

She staggered as the tree hit them. Neeley went to his knees, but she pulled him up fiercely before he could go down. There was a mighty swishing sound as the tree settled. Everything was dark and green and prickly. Then she felt a sharp pain at the side of her head where the trunk of the tree had hit her. She felt Neeley trembling.

When some of the older boys pulled the tree away, they found Francie and her brother standing upright, hand in hand. Blood was coming from scratches on Neeley's face. He looked more like a baby than ever with his bewildered blue eyes and the fairness of his skin made more noticeable because of the clear red blood. But they were smiling. Had they not won the biggest tree in the neighborhood?

Some of the boys hollered "Horray!" A few adults clapped. The tree man eulogized them by screaming:

"And now get the hell out of here with your tree."

Francie had heard swearing since she had heard words. Obscenity and profanity had no mean-

ings as such among those people. They were emotional expressions of inarticulate people with small vocabularies; they made a kind of dialect. The phrases could mean many things according to the expression and tone used in saying them. So now, when Francie heard his curses, she smiled tremulously at the kind man. She knew that he was really saying, "Goodbye—God bless you."

It wasn't easy dragging that tree home. They had to pull it inch by inch. They were handicapped by a boy who ran alongside yelping, "Free ride! All aboard!" who'd jump on and make them drag him along. But he got sick of the game eventually and went away.

In a way, it was good that it took them so long to get the tree home. It made their triumph more drawn out. Francie glowed when she heard a lady say, "I never saw such a big tree!" A man called after them, "You kids musta robbed a bank to buy such a big tree."

The cop on their corner stopped them, examined the tree, and solemnly offered to buy it for 10 cents—15 cents if they'd deliver it to his home. Francie nearly burst with pride although she knew he was joking. She said she wouldn't sell it for a dollar, even. He shook his head and said she was foolish not to grab the offer. He went up to a quarter, but Francie kept smiling and shaking her head "no."

It was like acting in a Christmas play where the setting was a street corner, and the time a frosty Christmas Eve, and the characters a kind cop, her brother and herself. Francie knew all the dialogue. The cop gave his lines right and Francie

picked up her cues happily, and the stage directions were the smiles between the spoken lines.

They had to call up to papa to help them get the tree up the narrow stairs. Papa came running down. To Francie's relief, he ran down straight and not sideways, which proved that he was still sober.

PAPA'S AMAZEMENT at the size of the tree was flattering. He pretended to believe that it wasn't theirs. Francie had a lot of fun convincing him, although she knew all the while that the whole thing was make believe. Papa pulled in front and Francie and Neeley pushed in back, and they began forcing the big tree up the three narrow flights of stairs.

Johnny was so excited that he started singing; not caring that it was rather late at night. He sang *Holy Night*. The narrow walls took up his clear sweet voice, held it for a breath and gave it back with doubled sweetness. Doors creaked open and families gathered on the landings, pleased and amazed at the something unexpected being added to that moment of their lives.

Mama stood alone on the top of the last flight of steps, with her hands clasped before her. She listened to the singing. She looked down and watched their slow progress up the stairs.

They set the tree up in the front room, after spreading a sheet to protect the carpet of pink roses from falling pine needles. The tree stood in a big tin bucket with broken bricks to hold it upright. When the rope was cut away, the branches spread out to fill the whole room. They draped it over the piano and it

was so that some of the chairs stood among the branches. There was no money to buy tree decorations or lights. But the great tree standing there was enough.

The room was cold. It was a poor year, that one—too poor for them to buy the extra coal for the front room stove. The room smelled cold and clean and aromatic. Every day, during the week the tree stood there, Francie put on her sweater and cap and went in and sat under the tree. She sat there and enjoyed the smell and the dark greenness of it.

Oh, the mystery of a great tree, a prisoner in a tin wash bucket in a tenement front room!

POOR AS THEY WERE that year, it was a very nice Christmas and the children did not lack for gifts. Mama gave each of them a pair of long woolen drawers, drop seat style, and a woolen shirt with long sleeves and itchy insides. Aunt Evy gave them a joint present; a box of dominoes. Papa showed them how to play. Neeley didn't like the game so papa and Francie played together and he pretended to be disgusted when he lost.

Aunt Sissy gave Francie a tiny package. She opened it and found a tiny matchbox. It was very fragile and covered with crinkly paper with a miniature spray of purple wisteria painted on the top. Francie pushed the box open. It held 10 discs individually wrapped in pink tissue. The discs turned out to be bright golden pennies.

Sissy explained that she had bought a bit of gold paint powder, mixed it with a few drops of banana oil and had gilded each penny,

Francie loved Sissy's present the best of all. A dozen times within the hour of receiving it, she slid open the box slowly, gaining great pleasure from holding the box and looking at it and watching the cobalt blue paper and the clean wafer-thin wood of the inside of the box appear. The golden pennies wrapped in the dream-like tissue were a never-tiring miracle.

Everyone agreed that the pennies were too beautiful to be spent. During the day, Francie lost two of her pennies somewhere. Mama suggested they'd be safest in the tin-can bank. She promised that Francie could have them back when the bank was opened. Francie was sure that mama was right about the pennies being safest in the bank, yet it was a wrench to let those golden pennies drop down into the darkness.

Papa had a special present for Francie. It was a post card with a church on it. Powdered isinglass was pasted on the roof and it glistened more brightly than real snow. The church window panes were made of tiny squares of shiny orange paper.

The magic in this card was that when Francie held it up, light streamed through the paper panes and threw golden shadows on the glistening snow. It was a beautiful thing. Mama said that since it wasn't written on, Francie could save it for next year and mail it to someone.

"Oh no," said Francie. She put both hands over the card and held it to her chest.

Mama laughed. "You must learn to take a joke, Francie. Otherwise life will be pretty hard on you."

"Christmas is no day for lessons," said papa.

"But it is a day for getting drunk, isn't it," she flared up.

"Two drinks is all I had, Katie," Johnny pleaded. "I was treated for Christmas."

Francie went into the bedroom and shut the door. She couldn't bear to hear mama scolding papa.

Just before supper, Francie distributed the gifts she had for them. She had a hat pin holder for mama. She had made it with a penny test tube bought at Knipe's drug store. She had covered it with a sheath of blue satin ribbon ruffled at the sides. A length of baby ribbon was sewn to the top. It was meant to hang on the side of the dresser and hold hat pins.

She had a watch fob for papa. She had made it on a spool which had four nails driven into the top. It took two shoe laces. These were worked over and around the nails and a thick braided fob kept growing out of the bottom of the spool as she worked it. Johnny had no watch, but he took an iron faucet washer, attached the fob to it and wore it in his vest pocket all day, pretending it was a watch.

Francie had a very fine present for Neeley: a five-cent shooter which looked like an oversize opal rather than a marble. Neeley had a boxful of "miggies," small brown and blue-speckled marbles made of clay which cost a penny for 20. But he had no good shooter and couldn't get into any important games.

Francie watched him as he crooked his forefinger and cradled the marble in it with his thumb behind it. It looked nice and nat-

ural that way, and she was glad she had got it for him rather than the nickel popgun she had first thought of buying.

Neeley shoved the marble in his pocket and announced that he had presents, too. He ran into the bedroom, crawled under his cot and came out with a sticky bag. He thrust it at mama, saying, "You share them out." He stood in a corner. Mama opened the bag. There was a striped candy cane for each one. Mama went into ecstasies. She said it was the prettiest present she had ever had. She kissed Neeley three times. Francie tried very hard not to be jealous because mama made more fuss over Neeley's present than hers.

It was in that same week that Francie told a great lie. Aunt Evy brought over two tickets. Some Protestant organization was giving a celebration for the poor of all faiths. There would be a decorated Christmas tree on the stage, a Christmas play, carol singing and a gift for each child.

Katie couldn't see it—Catholic children at a Protestant party. Evy urged tolerance. Mama finally gave in, and Francie and Neeley went to the party.

It was in a large auditorium. The boys sat on one side and the girls on the other. The celebration was fine except that the play was religious and dull. After the play, church ladies went down the aisle and gave each child a gift. All the girls got checker boards and all the boys got lotto games. After a little more singing, a lady came out on the stage and announced that next there'd be a special surprise.

The surprise was a lovely little girl, exquisitely dressed, who came from the wings carrying a beautiful doll. The doll was a foot high, had real yellow hair and blue eyes that opened and shut, with real eyelashes. The lady led the child forward and made a speech.

"This little girl is named Mary." Little Mary smiled and bowed. The little girls in the audience smiled up at her, and some of the boys who were approaching adolescence whistled shrilly. "Mary's mother bought this doll and had clothes made for it just like the clothes little Mary is wearing."

Little Mary stepped forward and held the doll high in the air. Then she let the lady hold it while she spread her skirt and made a curtsy. It was true, saw Francie. The doll's blue silk dress, pink hair bow, black patent leather slippers and white silk socks duplicated exactly the clothes of the beautiful Mary.

"Now," said the lady, "this doll is named Mary after the kind little girl who is giving her away." Again the child smiled graciously. "Mary wants to give the doll to some poor little girl in the audience who is named Mary." Like wind on growing corn, a rippling murmur came from all the little girls in the audience. "Is there any poor little girl in the audience named Mary?"

There was a great hush. There were at least a hundred Marys in that audience. It was that adjective "poor" that struck them dumb. No Mary would stand up, no matter how much she wanted the doll, and be a symbol of all the poor little girls in the audience. They began whispering to each other that they weren't poor and

had better dolls home and better clothes than that girl, too, only they didn't feel like wearing them. Francie sat numb, longing for that doll with all her soul.

"What?" said the lady. "No Marys?" She waited and made her announcement again. No response. She spoke regretfully. "Too bad there are no Marys. Little Mary will have to take the doll home again." The little girl smiled and bowed and turned to leave the stage with the doll.

Francie couldn't stand it, she couldn't stand it. She stood up and held her hand high in the air. The lady saw it and stopped the little girl from leaving the stage.

"Ah! We do have a Mary, a very bashful Mary, but a Mary just the same. Come right up on the stage, Mary."

Feverish with embarrassment, Francie walked up the long aisle and on to the stage. She stumbled on the steps, and all the girls snickered and the boys guffawed.

"What is your name?" asked the lady.

"Mary Frances Nolan," whispered Francie.

"Louder. And look at the audience," said the lady.

Miserably Francie faced the audience and said loudly, "Mary Frances Nolan." All the faces looked like bloated balloons on thick strings. She thought that if she kept on looking, the faces would float away up to the ceiling.

The beautiful girl came forward and put the doll in Francie's arms. Francie's arms took a natural curve around it. It was as if her arms had waited and grown so just for that doll. The beautiful Mary ex-

tended her hand for Francie to shake. In spite of embarrassment and confusion, Francie noticed the delicate white hand with the tracery of pale blue veins and the oval nails that glowed like delicate pink sea shells.

The lady talked as Francie walked back awkwardly to her seat. She said: "You have all seen an example of the true Christmas spirit. Little Mary is a very rich little girl and received many beautiful dolls for Christmas. But she was not selfish. She wanted to make some poor little Mary, who is not as fortunate as herself, happy. So she gave the doll to that poor little girl who is named Mary, too."

Francie's eyes smarted with hot tears. "Why can't they," she thought bitterly, "just give the doll away without saying I am poor and she is rich? Why couldn't they just give it without all the talking about it?"

That was not all of Francie's shame. As she walked down the aisle, the girls leaned towards her and whispered hissing, "Beggar, beggar, beggar."

It was beggar, beggar, beggar, all the way down the aisle. Those girls felt richer than Francie. They were as poor as she, but they had something she lacked—pride. And Francie knew it. She had no corn-punctuations about the lie and getting the doll under false pretenses. She was paying for the lie and for the doll by giving up her pride.

When they stood to sing the *Star Spangled Banner* in closing, Francie put her face down close to the doll's face. There was the cool, delicate smell of painted china, the wonderful, unforgettable smell of a doll's hair, the heavenly feel of new-gauze

doll's clothes. The doll's real eyelashes touched her cheek and she trembled in ecstasy. The children were singing:

*O'er the land of the free,
And the home of the brave*

Francie held one of the doll's tiny hands tightly. A nerve in her thumb throbbed and she thought the doll's hand twitched. She almost believed the doll was real.

SHE TOLD MAMA the doll had been given to her as a prize. She dared not tell the truth. Mama hated anything that smacked of charity, and if she knew she'd throw the doll away. Neeley didn't snitch on her.

Francie now owned the doll but had a lie on her soul. That afternoon she wrote a story about a little girl who wanted a doll so much that she was willing to give over her immortal soul to Purgatory for eternity if she could have the doll. It was a strong story, but when Francie read it over she thought, "That's all right for the girl in the story, but it doesn't make me feel any better."

She thought of the confession she would have to make the next Saturday. She resolved that no matter what penance Father gave her, she would triple it voluntarily. Still she felt no better.

Then she remembered something! Maybe she could make the lie a truth! She knew that when Catholic children received Confirmation, they were expected to take some saint's name for a middle name. What a simple solution! She would take the name of Mary when she was confirmed.

That night, just before going

to bed, Francie consulted mama.

"Mama, when I make my Confirmation, can I take Mary for a middle name?"

"No."

Francie's heart sank, "Why?"

"Because when you were christened, you were named Francie after Uncle Andy's girl."

"I know."

"But you were also named Mary

after my mother. Your real name is Mary Frances Nolan."

Francie took the doll to bed with her. She lay very still so as not to disturb it. She woke up from time to time in the night and whispered "Mary" and touched the doll's infinitesimal slipper with a light finger. She trembled at feeling the thin soft bit of smooth leather.

It was to be her first and last doll.

Judgment Day

A LITTLE TYKE of no more than eight was being cross-examined by the prosecuting lawyer. "Did anyone tell you what to say in this court?" thundered the attorney.

"Yes," was the soft reply.

"I thought so," gloated the prosecutor. "Who was it?"

"My father," the boy answered mildly. "He said that the lawyers would surely try to tangle me up, but as long as I stuck to the truth I would be all right."

—ROGER STILLERMAN

THE IRATE PROSECUTOR whirled on the defendant: "Madam," he shouted, trying to prove a vital point, "while you were taking your dog for a walk, did you stop any place?"

The spectators waited tensely for her answer.

"Sir," she said quietly, "did you ever take a dog for a walk?"

—SAN SIMEON

SOME YEARS AGO A VIENNESE PHYSICIAN, who had chosen his profession only for the profit in it, was asked by a destitute waiter to attend his wife. The avaricious doctor at first refused, but when the frantic husband had promised to pay every schilling whether the poor woman was killed or cured, the physician agreed.

He treated the woman, but it was too late. In a few weeks she died.

With indecent haste, the doctor sent his bill. There was no response. Subsequent letters were likewise ignored, so the physician sued.

After the judge had heard the arguments, he called the plaintiff to the bench. "As I understand it," he began, "you were to be paid for attending the patient whether you cured or killed her?"

"Yes, Your Honor," was the reply.

"Did you cure her?" asked the judge.

"No," answered the doctor. "That was impossible."

"Did you kill her?"

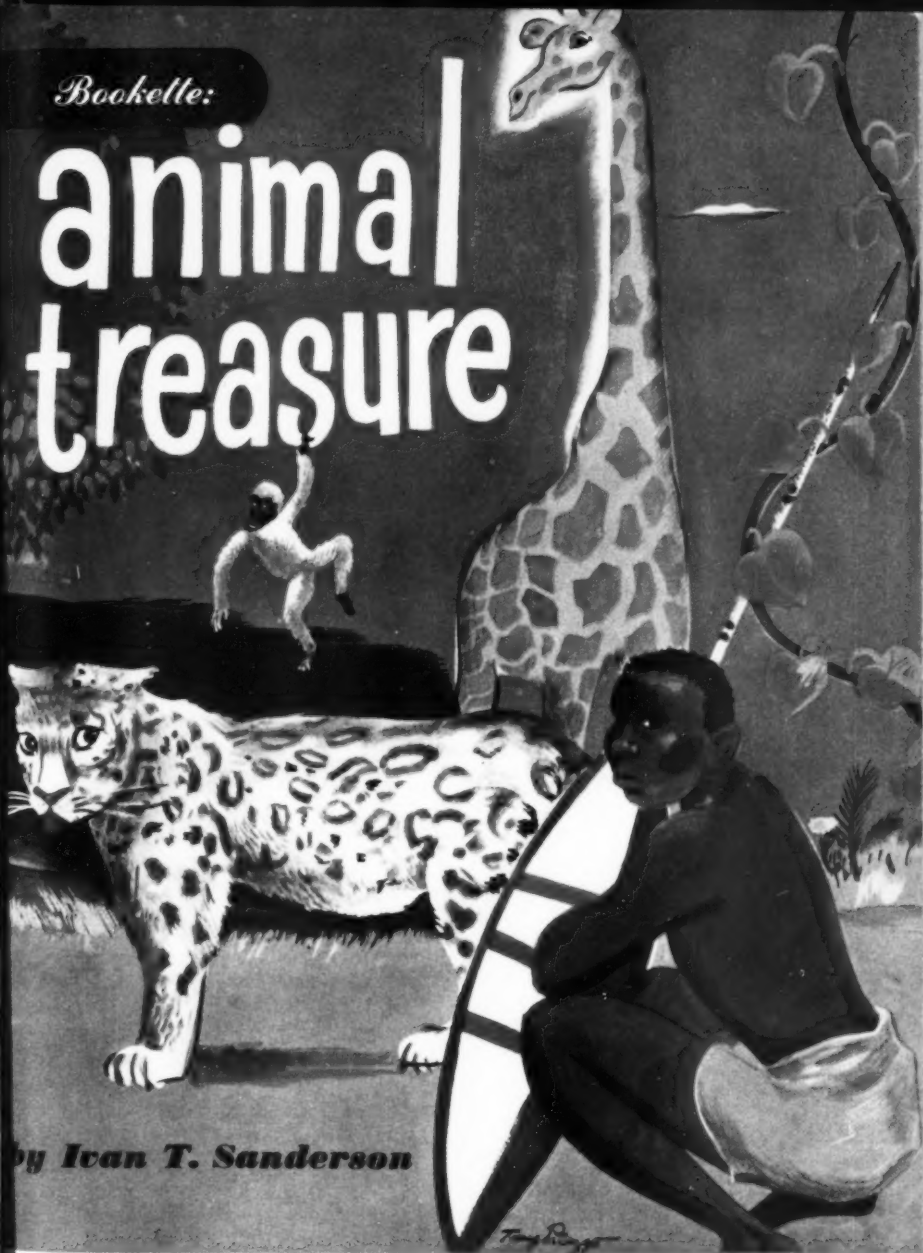
"Certainly not!" was the indignant reply.

"Then," concluded the judge, "since you neither cured her nor killed her, you have no claim. Case dismissed."

—ADRIAN ANDERSON

Bookette:

animal treasure



by **Ivan T. Sanderson**

A trailblazing naturalist, Sanderson transports you to West Africa to share his adventures among nature's most bizarre offspring. You view these creatures in their jungle haunts to learn what makes them tick. This condensation divulges the how and why of animal life.



Animal Treasure

THE ANIMALS that crowd their little faces into the following pages lived, or are still living, in the deep virgin forests of West Africa, around a place called Mamfe, a place known to but a handful of the earth's inhabitants. It is some 250 miles north-northeast of Calabar, which town is in the extreme southeast corner of the Protectorate of Nigeria.

But before I go any further perhaps I had better explain why I went to Mamfe at all.

Through the sweat and exertions of others I found myself one day in the happy position of choosing between another year at school, before going to a university to learn more about my beloved animals, or doing something else. I chose the something else and bolted from Europe at the age of 17, my boxes filled with all the recognized stock-in-trade of the collector.

I made my way across the violet waters of the East Indies to the goal of all my dreams—Macassar. From there I went far inland, fully convinced that the work of the

great Alfred Russel Wallace was about to be completed at last.

Then came the first great shock to my youthful enthusiasm. The net results when all the animals so painstakingly accumulated had been looked at in the cold light of a museum, amounted to nothing more than a repetition of some of the great Wallace's looser moments.

Slowly it dawned upon me. Scientific methods of collecting animals were out of date.

I went off to Cambridge a wiser but no less enthusiastic person. What I saw and learned there only confirmed my half-formed theories. One professor said that zoology had been divided into three stages—*what*, *how* and *why*. He explained that we had almost reached the end of asking *what*. The more advanced students were now beginning to ask not only *how* nature works on the lines that it does, but *why*. I now knew why I could add nothing to the work Wallace did in the year 1860.

The truth seemed to be this: nobody knew anything about the

by Ivan T. Sanderson

how and why of animal behavior other than from studying those few animals kept in institutions.

My troubles in Malaya showed me how this might be rectified. But the task of organizing an expedition was somewhat bewildering. Just at that time a circular fell into my hands stating that a famous scientist required internal organs of some particular animals. Curiously enough, these animals were to be found only in the place that I had chosen for my operations because it had the worst climate and medical reputation in the world, and therefore was a place likely to have been neglected.

Then, again by chance, I was introduced to another great man of learning who wanted definite evidence of a whale in the rivers of the same country. From him I returned to the leading scientists at Cambridge and informed them of my project; I found that they required the exotic giant water shrew from the same place, and also a general collection of the animals inhabiting the country.

While all this was going on I had been holding conversations with friends at the British Museum who also wanted many things from the same country. All at once half the problems were solved.

The next problem then arose: whom should I take with me? The question of suitable physique must be considered. Upon this subject I hold views diametrically opposed to everybody else's, the medical world and people who have lived in the tropics not excluded. My methods have, however, worked three times to date, so this is

my story and I am sticking to it.

For the tropics and hard work weed out all the athletes, sportsmen, and anybody who is large, beefy or tough. From the remainder select all those who are at least used to and at ease in smoky bars, airless cabarets, and crowded subway trains. From these "worms," probably numbering less than half a dozen, one must take a chance upon selecting one who will not carry with him some illness that will flower in the tropics. The chance is not such a long one, because a man who can live in real smoky cabarets can live anywhere unless he is already starting to die! Last come questions of compatibility of temperament and similarity of tastes.

When I had finally despaired of finding anybody to go with me, I remembered a conversation I had had over a pot of tea in a kitchen at four o'clock in the morning some years before. By an amazing coincidence, within three days my companion of the teapot turned up from Paris, where he lived, and literally bumped into me.

George Russell and I got together and completed the actual organization of the expedition. George fulfilled all the conditions.

And so we sailed for Africa one August. When George got persistent low fever and was told that he was dying of consumption, I rushed him down to the coast, meantime wiring frantically for somebody to be sent out to me to take his place. No sooner had George got to the coast, seen another doctor, been told that he had not the slightest trouble with

his lungs or anything else, and decided to return to me, than I learned that the substitute had already left. George waited at the coast for this substitute and brought him up to me. We had a great meeting and I soon perceived that by some fluke another amazing human being had been sent to me by the fates.

I can think of nobody but the Duke who would have fitted in with us or done such splendid work so painstakingly. There was only one trouble. He was slightly beefy and suffered from it in characteristic fashion until he got thin. First he had a violent attack of fever. Then he got his legs covered with tropical ulcers. Eventually, after a second attack of fever, he got thin like us, and was positively bouncing by the end of the trip.

We went not to shoot, nor merely to collect, but actually to study the animals in life and record their differences of appearance, behavior, and habits as they really are in nature.

FOR A WHOLE YEAR in West Africa we waged ceaseless warfare against the hawks and on only one occasion did we obtain the same species of bird twice. Silently these birds swoop down to carry off a chicken from a native's compound, an unsuspecting monkey from a forest tree, or a bird from the sandbanks. If you go to the zoo, you may notice the smaller monkeys are forever glancing furtively at the tops of their cages. This action is almost automatic, the result of countless generations of their ancestors always on the look-out for

their enemies, the hawks, gliding silently above them.

On one occasion, when trekking back to Mamfe from down river in a great hurry, we came to a native village nestled at the foot of a hill. At that moment an immense hawk wheeled out of the forest and commenced soaring above the village in ever-widening circles. Ben, my head skinner, passed me the gun. I decided to take a chance shot at it. As the smoke cleared away, I saw the bird wobble and fall like a thunderbolt in the middle of the only "street" of the village.

Before I had recovered from my surprise, a tumult arose below.

Crowds of wildly yelling Africans brandishing small spears and huge bush-knives burst from the houses and charged up the hill, headed by a terrifying old gentleman who had snatched up the dead bird and stuck it on a grinning ju-ju mast. Gruesome and probably quite untrue stories of the horrible deaths meted out to white men who had killed sacred animals or interfered with other African ju-jus crowded into my mind.

The multitude swarmed about me. Drums began to beat and the assembled company broke into a sort of African *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow* while the old gentleman ceremoniously handed me the feathered corpse. Apparently I had rid the community of its Public Enemy Number One. My relief was so great I became slightly stupid and, pulling out the tail feathers, I placed them on the ju-ju mound. Again I had, quite by accident, done the right thing. The assembled company burst with ex-

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citement, the drums fell into a quick reverberating rhythm, and everybody began to dance.

I dallied a long time among my friends at this village. The chief and I held long discussions upon all the local "beef," that is, animals. He implored me to stay or return to his village, saying that my placing the feathers on the ju-ju would rid the vicinity of hawks and there would be plenty of chickens and fresh eggs for me to eat. Unhappily, I could not accept his offer, but I did visit him several months later and could not find one solitary hawk. The chief assured me there was none, and seemed to regard this as a matter of course.

DURING OUR expedition to these West African regions, we collected some seven thousand odd animals comprising about 450 species. This is only an approximation, as several of the groups have not yet been completely identified and named. There proved to be 92 species of mammals, 64 different reptiles, including snakes, 46 different frogs, and about 250 different spiders, centipedes, parasitic worms, ticks, crabs, lobsters, snails, scorpions and others. Only a handful of the whole lot are sufficiently well known to have popular names, and quite a number, being entirely new even to science, are only now receiving Latin names. The result is that I have no choice but to label the creatures to whom I introduce you by their fabulous scientific names.

We temporarily usurped a bit of land, rightfully the freehold property of the chief and villagers of a place named Eshobi which

borders the Great North Road leading out of Mamfe into the great forests and then beyond to the grass-covered mountains and orchard-like plains of the north. Upon this piece of land we built our camp, around and among the giant pillar-like trunks of the trees.

We camped near the road because it served as a useful method of getting about the otherwise almost impenetrable forest. Along it we wandered with shotguns in the heat of the evening. I was thus lazily employed on the third day after our arrival in the forest.

All at once I was arrested by a sound that I could have sworn was an organized revolt on the part of my own stomach against the unnamed muddle that had been forced into it at lunch time. I paused, prepared for the indignity to repeat itself. Sure enough, it did, but from somewhere among the foliage to the left of the path.

When I moved, the babble died away. This was repeated several times. Annoyed and mystified, I crouched in the path among the roots, waiting for my tormentors to show their hands.

Then by a method learned at school, I joined the chorus, weakly at first, but with ever-increasing volume. The accompaniment of my jungle acquaintances came closer around me.

Suddenly before me sat a most menacing figure, apparently wrapped in a gray shawl. He (or she) and I both ceased our visceral mutterings promptly and uttered a surprised "uh" so precisely in unison that I got an overpowering desire to giggle. This was, however,

as quickly wafted away also, when my zoological reasoning came to an abrupt halt. I had not suspected that drills (*Cynocephalus leucophaeus*), though baboons of a sort, went about in large, belching parties.

I then remembered that discretion is always the better part of valour when in the presence of baboons. I therefore stood up to go, trying to be as unhurried as possible. This simple movement, however, was heralded by unmistakable complaints from all sides in the form of the most unpleasant grunts. The old lady (or gentleman) before me also rose, but on all fours so that his or her bright pink posterior came into view.

This display had a remarkable effect. The bushes parted on all sides and a surprising array of sub-humanity presented itself, ranging from one obvious male of quite alarming proportions, to the merest toddlers with pale, flat faces. Their movements were leisurely, as if they were taking their places for a boxing match.

While all this taking of seats was going on, I was retreating gingerly backwards up the path, while trying to learn the rules of monkey ethics in the raw. The outsized gentleman seemed to have been appointed as doorman. He trotted into the path behind me. I remember thinking stoically that drills are vegetable feeders and that I was not a vegetable though I doubtless looked like one. When the old gentleman yawned, and I had a glimpse of his three-inch fangs, I began to doubt the words of wisdom uttered by the worthy professor of my late university.

I did remember that almost any animal will shy away if one picks up a stone and makes pretence of throwing it. This I instantly put to the test, but in my excitement I accidentally did pick up a stone and hurled it at a big yawning male with a force of which I did not believe myself capable. My target seemed quite angry, as might be expected, and as I stooped to gather more missiles, he waltzed about and returned the compliment with some vigor, projecting a small boulder straight at me with considerable accuracy.

This heralded a great commotion. I hurled more stones in all directions, and although the admiring onlookers retreated each time, those on the opposite side advanced, the gentleman who had yawned so indulgently most of all. He was now very angry indeed, projecting stones and big blobs of spittle at me alternately as he waltzed about.

During one of the periodic lulls between these diplomatic interchanges, one of the most youthful of my audience bowled a small lump of earth at me. The action was so ludicrous that in my decidedly agitated frame of mind I burst into roars of laughter.

The brat's mother made a dive at her shivering prodigy, gathered it to her bosom, and bolted, followed by several other mothers and their offspring. The remaining "stag party," numbering some dozen, began running to and fro looking surprised and angry. I continued laughing and shouting as if I were at a football match, and soon became quite incoherent from sheer

nerves. I advanced on the old male, shouting: "They've made a goal; run, run, you old idiot; *bonjour, mademoiselle cochon; nunca café con leche*," at the same time executing a spine-rocking rumba combined with all the other outlandish dances in my repertoire. He stopped dead in his tracks, muttering to himself. "Standing aghast" is the only way to describe his pose. Amazement was written all over his face. Then his nerve gave way and he shied like a dog. His final rout was accompanied by a flood of the choicest swearing from my Cockney vocabulary. He fled.

With his hurried retreat "to bush," my way home was open before me; I wasted no time in taking it, swearing and bellowing with full conviction.

TO GIVE AN insight into the undisturbed rat life of the forests is a difficult task. Some part of the forest floor is forever strewn with a mat of juicy, sweet-smelling fruits.

Every night it is cleared away by a swarm of hungry little mouths. From the tangled undergrowth, from the trees above, from the swamps and out of burrows, rats pour. Night after night one may set traps baited with odoriferous tidbits in their runs, but only every now and then will a fool among rats stop to investigate your bait and leave his dead body in your trap to be found in the morning. The horde passes by to the piles of food provided by nature.

Lying silently among a tangled mass of foliage brought down from above by a fallen tree, I waited in the eerie light of evening to see for

myself the life of this mysterious hidden world.

I had selected a vantage point from which I could watch unobserved and unsmelt a long vista of bare forest floor covered with newly fallen fruits. I had settled into my hide-out shortly after three-thirty in the afternoon, fully expecting some two hours' wait during which time I should get used to the bites of ants and other insects. I was very much mistaken, however, since streaks of brown and red began flashing among the leaves and tree roots as soon as I fell quiet.

Within half an hour the life of the forest had returned to normality and I was completely forgotten. From everywhere nervous brown forms appeared, darting hither and thither, investigating crevices that caught their fancy, sitting up sniffing the air and rubbing their noses with clenched fists, or playing with each other like immature wrestlers. In the bowels of this woody giant scampered the trembling feet of little rats, furry squirrels, countless birds, and scaly lizards.

So much I saw lying there. *Deomys*, a lanky rat with hind legs like springs, came bounding past in pairs, their sleek orange fur glistening in the half-light, their white bellies immaculate as snow. Bundles of purplish fur bobbed up and down amongst the water weeds, every now and then appearing on open patches of mud and sand, balanced on their pale stilt-like supports and long, naked tails. A marsh-rat (*Malacomys*) has much to do as darkness falls, searching out likely feeding grounds, cleaning his dense woolly coat, preening his immense

whiskers, and apparently fraternizing with his kind.

Never, until I watched this kaleidoscope of little life, did I realize how much rats cooperate and gossip. Members of each species met their kind, exchanged countless sniffs, gamboled in play, and dug among the roots in consort.

Nobody seemed to molest anybody else in this miniature world.

Four *Hylomyschus stella* (a small reddish-brown rat) gathered around an apparently bare patch of leaf mold almost directly in front of my hide-out.

After what appeared to be a sort of conference, they commenced systematically scratching and delving among the leaves at the base of a huge flange-like root. They worked almost methodically, clearing away the leaves and bringing to light a most unsuspected number of beetles and other insects, which they greedily devoured. Big, struggling beetles, about the size of the common cockchafer, can put up a considerable struggle with their powerful prickly legs, and the rats had learned a very practical method of dealing with them. Sitting up on their hind legs, they fumbled with them between their forepaws like a stage comedian trying to hold a fragile object that he wishes to give the impression he is going to drop at every second. Thus the insects never got a chance of gripping their enemies and in the meantime the rats kept nibbling bits off them.

So it was that we discovered the origin of the little piles of insect wing-cases, and other fragments often encountered in the forest.

When it became too dark to see

my little friends clearly, I crawled out, stiff and completely covered with bites, but well repaid by the most perfect nature film that I could ever have witnessed.

"I FIND A very funny place, master. They're plenty big tree all fall for ground. They lie so." (He crossed his arms.) "It is very peculiar."

Soon a whole crowd of us were on our way through the forest, led by Faugi. After a few minutes we came upon a number of gigantic tree trunks lying at all angles, each terminated by a monstrous disk of roots clogged with earth.

Into these we peered and poked long sticks. When some layers of crumbling bark had been removed from a depression where an old tree had lain, a number of chambers and sunken passages in great sheets of the decayed bark were laid bare. Coiled up in them were two very remarkable animals about the size of a football and covered with large, brown, horny scales.

Pangolin or scaly anteaters are scaly things with tails seeming to imply something of the reptile order, and tubular mouths, small, beady black eyes and heavily clawed feet.

They were carefully lifted out of their snug burrows and proved to be warm balls of a heaviness quite disproportionate to their size. Nothing was to be seen of the essential parts of the animal, the head, legs, and forepart of the body being doubled up and wrapped around by the long scaly tail which was securely hooked onto some scales of the back by a naked thumb-like

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pad on the underside of its tip. Any attempt to unroll them was countered by vigorous and completely successful muscular contractions on the part of the animal.

We carried our animated foot-balls back to camp. It was only after more than half an hour that one began tentatively and jerkily to unroll, but at the slightest movement on our part it would at once snap together again. Towards the end of dinner one suddenly came undone like a bud bursting. Its long tail flipped over, leaving the animal on its back for a second so that the naked white underside was exposed, and then it righted itself and set off out of the tent as fast as it could go with a most pathetically eager expression on its funny little face.

"Shut up!" I yelled at it, and it complied with incredible adroitness, remaining tightly rolled up for a further half hour. I then saw why the Hausas call this animal "the modest one."

THE WORLD of the great forests is divided into a number of layers one upon the other, like a chocolate cake. First there is a subterranean stratum in which an assemblage of animals, mostly of small size, spend their entire lives, seldom if ever appearing in the light of day or even the darkness of the night. Then, second, there comes that layer in which we have just been roaming—the floor of the forest.

One of the first laws revealed to us was the unsuspected fact that the life of the jungle is like that of the ocean floor. Everything drifts slowly hither and thither as if

wafted forward by currents and cross-currents. To stand still is to arouse suspicion.

When hunting, George and I adopted two entirely different methods. George concealed himself at some vantage point and waited for the waves of forest life to drift by him; I drifted and eddied with the animals themselves. Doing this, I learned many things and so did he. The speed at which I drifted, I found, must vary with the weather. Bright fine days brought life almost to a standstill. In a hurricane I had to run to keep pace with things. Sometimes terrestrial animals would be drifting one way while all arboreal creatures above me would be passing in another direction.

Above the floor of the forest, life leaves the ground altogether and soars into the air, first into the low, broad-leaved trees, no taller than an orchard, and then to another layer still higher up among the head-foliage of the giant trees which forms a continuous roof, supported by endless pillar-like trunks, covering the countryside.

A vast host of small animals pass their entire lives, as their ancestors have done before them for centuries and æons, hidden in this mysterious flying continent and never descending to the ground. Only a few forms—some monkeys, frogs and rats—descend occasionally in search of water. To reach these animals and learn their ways one must climb up into their world.

I strolled silently along the floor of the jungle scanning the lattice-work of leaves and branches silhouetted against the evening sky. With aggravating persistence,

troops of monkeys crossed my path, swinging and crashing through the trees. At one time I was standing immediately beneath a troop of green monkeys with white noses (*Cercopithecus nictitans*). I watched them stripping the thin bark off young shoots, which they gobbled greedily although bunches of succulent fruit were within reach all about them.

I started wondering then, and have continued to wonder ever since, whether people understand the real use of the monkey's tail. Only in South America do monkeys use their tails as prehensile organs with which to grasp branches when all their hands (and feet) are otherwise occupied. The walls of a room in a certain great London hotel are decorated with lanky forest trees and a host of monkeys. The artist has depicted the commonest African monkey (*Cercopithecus aethiops*). We can disregard the fact that this species doesn't live in straggling forest trees—a misconception forgivable under the plea of artistic license—but how excuse the portrayal of 30 per cent of these mural monkeys as hanging by their tails, like Christmas turkeys in a shop window, a thing that they could never do under any circumstances whatever?

That is, nevertheless, probably the average conception of the monkey's tail as a mechanical organ. Zoologists, I find, though more enlightened, are compensatingly vague. They say the tail of the African monkeys is an organ of balance.

I watched this troop of putty-nosed guenons feeding and saw them moving about their daily

business. Great chasms constantly lay across the animals' paths, which they crossed in prodigious flying leaps. To accomplish this, the animals take a short run, jump upwards with their arms outspread as in a "swallow-dive," and sail headlong through the air. But this is the point at which the tail comes into play. By its long, trailing weight, it soon alters the monkey's position from a nose-dive to a perpendicular position analogous to our upright stance. The monkey then lands, not on top of a branch, as is popularly supposed, but on the side of a mass of leaves and smaller twigs, with its arms and legs spread-eagle fashion. It grasps the foliage in an all-embracing hug and then scrambles to safety.

BEFORE US lay a tremendous valley stretching as far as the eye could see. To the right and left rose tier upon tier of softly molded mountains basking placidly in the still, clear air.

Stupefied by the beauty into which we had stepped, we began to descend towards the village of Tinta, which we saw lying far below us. When we were still some distance from the cluster of circular houses, we met a deputation headed by Chief Ekumaw surrounded by the other notables of this wonderful little tribe of unknown mountain people. With them we entered the little compound which was to be our future home, and after a great deal of palaver, exchange of greetings, and our respective renderings of jazz music, they departed, leaving us to set up house.

In the evening, we saw a small

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army advancing towards the house from the direction of the village.

"They bring story of a great beef," said Ety'i, our interpreter.

We held a conference. Could it be a gorilla? We then began questioning the local inhabitants. Yes, they knew the "man-beef"; there were many of them about. This animal was indeed one.

Was the beef dead? we inquired. The hunter didn't know. He had not waited to find out, the "wise guy!" Eventually it was decided that it would probably be wounded and, as it was the father, the family would doubtless hang about; therefore it would be best to start before dawn in search of it. We made great preparations, since we wanted photographs of gorillas.

We were far up the side of the mountain before dawn began to light up the sky. The hunter who was leading us seemed bent on showing us how many mountains there were in Assumbo. When we got to the very summit where the tall forest ended, the hunter suddenly plunged to the left among the dense undergrowth.

"Gorilla!" he said, pointing to his mouth and making his jaws work as if eating. Then we were all brought to a halt.

The ground fell away before us. We were at the top at last. The chief hunter informed us that it was at this spot that he first saw the gorilla. Before us lay a solid wall of undergrowth into which we cautiously thrust our way.

Suddenly there was a crash almost at my elbow, the foliage parted, and a great expanse of silvery hair flashed by in the same di-

rection in which we were moving.

Right before me, I just caught a glimpse of a colossal black and white object, then it disappeared behind some leaves and emitted the most fearsome gurgling grunts. I sprawled among the undergrowth.

When I scrambled out, I found myself on the edge of a small banana plantation choked with other low growth. Beside me stood all the hunters, and lying in their midst was an enormous swollen corpse. It was a huge male gorilla, now belching up the gases formed by the decomposition of the food in its dead belly.

Apparently the hunter's chance shot of the night before had found its mark and the animal had died where it stood feeding on the top of the bank. As we advanced, one of us must have released a creeper that held it up, and it had fallen down under its own weight, flattening the undergrowth and emitting those blood-thirsty gurgling sounds as it rolled over and over, the gases pouring out of its mouth.

Men left at once for the village and we settled ourselves down to await their return. During this time we had ample opportunity of examining our prize.

At last the Munchis came and the sad old man was lashed to two young trees and borne away by 30 staggering, chanting humans. The journey down from the mountain where he died to the village, which we estimated was no less than four thousand feet below, took seven hours. As far as we could ascertain by a process of weighing—first the gorilla against men, then the men individually against stones, and

finally the stones against our scales—this old male was more than a quarter of a ton in weight, probably between six and seven hundred-weight. A path had to be cut every foot of the way through extremely dense vegetation.

The first thing to be done with a dead animal is to measure it, so that if ever one requires to stuff and mount it, the skin, which is necessarily stretched during the process of drying, may be shrunk down to the right proportions again. The arm-span, from the tip of the third finger on one hand, along the arm, across the chest, and thence along the other arm to the tip of the third finger, measured nine feet, two inches. The ear was only two inches long, but the face, from the crown to the point of the chin, measured over 13 inches—more than a foot! While the distance from the top of the head to the caudal appendage was just over four feet, a great deal larger than the same span in any man, the legs were proportionately short. Yet they measured more than two feet, which can be verified from the skeleton we brought back. Male gorillas can then stretch to a height exceeding six feet.

Altogether, 20 men worked for 36 hours on that corpse before it was properly preserved. The skeleton had to be picked and scrubbed, the skin cleaned of all fat—a tough job in itself—then stretched on a frame and dried over a slow fire for three days, and, lastly, the hands and feet had to be skinned out to the tip of the last joint. This was the worst of all, not because it took place in the

early hours after a strenuous day, but because the tough skin on the palms and soles is bound rigidly to the bone and flesh beneath by a maze of ligaments as strong as wire.

Scientists have been at great pains to define a number of different races of gorillas. There are undoubtedly two, the mountain and the plains forms. Individual gorillas vary and show family resemblances just like men. One family may have bright red crests on their heads, even the very young; another may be almost entirely silvery-gray in color, and others almost jet black. Of course, there are, apart from these, certain colors that go with age, notably gray hair, as among men.

THERE IS a fantastic animal, a veritable living fossil, that inhabits the mountain streams of West Africa. It was first discovered many years ago by the famous traveler and explorer du Chaillu. Since his time, little or nothing has been done towards elucidating the habits of this giant aquatic shrew (*Potamogale velox*), no pictures have ever been taken of it in life. This has led to the *Potamogale's* becoming almost a zoological myth.

The giant water shrew or *Potamogale* was one of the most essential reasons for our going to Africa. This animal is about two feet long and has the appearance of an ordinary otter. Its body is clothed in a short, thick, sleek fur, but the tail, flattened from side to side like a tadpole's, is covered by the barest coat of extremely short, sparse hairs. The head is flattened from above just like that of a dogfish or

shark. The legs are short and stout, the ankles being provided with peculiar longitudinal flanges of tough skin. The eyes are minute.

"Ask the chief if he will tell all hunters to bring us any animal that looks at all like this." I held forward a photographic reproduction of an extremely bad picture purporting to be the *Potamogale* in life.

I did not expect any real response. Chief Ekumaw's reactions were of an entirely different nature.

"Ah-ha, ah-ha," said Chief Ekumaw. "*Ekoledzaw, n'a quille, uhummo ekoredzaw*," which was loosely interpreted as "It is the *ekoredzaw*, oh, very definitely the *ekoredzaw*." This was confirmed by no less than 14 hunters gathered from all parts of Assumbo.

"So they know the beef?" I asked.

"They know 'em plenty," Ety'i assured us. "They do live for all small water."

"The chief think him hunterman fit go catch 'em, bring 'em come?"

"Ah-ha," said everybody, and the palaver forthwith broke up.

This took place a few days after our arrival in Tinta. As a result of the various turmoils, we almost forgot the *ekoredzaw*. Then one night the clear, still air of the valley was suddenly filled with the sound of little drums made of earthenware and beaten with tiny sticks.

The drums, however were heralding the arrival of the sub-chief of N'tamele (a neighboring village). This was reported to us by a breathless individual from the village.

The chief of N'tamele brought a man who carried an *ekoredzaw*; he considered both objects of such

special importance and material value that he had deemed it advisable to accompany them himself to see that neither escaped.

"Let me see," I pleaded.

Their ranks opened. In its hands, a little toddler held a large sack.

Slowly, inch by inch, a sleek body was coaxed out of the sack into the light of dawn, until at last there at my feet crouched a real, live *Potamogale* complete with fish tail and pinpoint eyes, just as the textbooks describe.

The whole of our household let out a yell of delight. I decided that it must be photographed at once.

The *Potamogale* was released. It instantly glided in among the rocks and grass before we had time to focus. Heaved out again at the risk of our being bitten by its needle-sharp teeth, it steadfastly presented its posterior to the camera. We coaxed it with live fish, but it was so scared at their flapping tails that it bolted back into the cage. Dismayed, we proffered dead and very dead fish. These it sniffed, then backed sneezing into the grass once more. When full daylight came, photography became impossible owing to the gray skies. We still hadn't taken a single shot. We retired to bed utterly beaten in body and spirit.

About midday I was called to accompany Chukula and Ben down the valley. We took guns, cameras and collecting bottles. I sauntered down to the river and began wading along, on the lookout for frogs. All of a sudden from beneath my feet something long, dark and slender shot forward in the water.

"Master, master, look—a *Pota-*

mogale!" Ben was off like a torpedo.

I scampered after him as best I could. I raised the camera to my chest; the excited shaking of my hand did the rest.

The result was the first one of the only two good pictures I have ever taken in my life, and I believe the first ever to be taken of the giant water shrew alive.

During the following weeks we spent many hours hunting the ekoredzaw. Though we never killed or captured one ourselves, we acquired 16 in all, of various ages.

BATS ARE ONE of the most diverse and numerically predominant groups of animals in existence, yet they live around and among us like ghosts, unnoticed and unknown because they fly by night.

Scientists divide the bats into two classes—the *Megacheiroptera* and the *Microcheiroptera*—which only means the "large bats" and the "small bats." The former are vegetarians, the latter for the most part carnivorous, eating insects or sucking blood.

We noticed that the bats also fell into the following two classes: those that fly in the open air away from trees and obstructions when they first appear every evening and, secondly, those that do not. Nearly all the large frugivorous bats belong to the first class, almost all the small insectivorous ones to the second; but, still from the point of view of the collector, there is another vast difference between them. The first can be shot, the second cannot, except in most unusual circumstances.

Nobody seems to appreciate just

what a bat's flight consists of. To support the body in the air during flight the wings, which are formed by the elongated fingers with a thin membrane stretched between them, are moved up and down and backwards and forwards. Flight consists of a series of collapses, jerks, spurts, headlong drops, side-slips, and indiscriminate tumbles.

The body of a bat may be taken as, on an average, about one-fifteenth of the area of the whole animal when the wings are fully extended.

All the microcheiroptera have minute eyes, some even are totally blind, their eyes being reduced to pin-point dimensions and covered by skin. Bats have been released in a confined space across and through-out which up to four hundred piano wires were stretched at all angles. The bats continued to fly indefinitely among them without ever so much as touching a wire with their wing tips either in bright light or in total darkness, even when what eyes they had were completely sealed over. By what method is this performed? Many scientists seem to have decided that the nose-leaves, ears and the wing-membranes are the centers of this kind of super-tactile sensitivity.

If a bat is caught, look at its face. Bats' faces vary enormously, probably more so than any other animals'; few of them are straightforward visages and many are beyond the wildest nightmares of a deranged liver or fancies of the grotesque. The nose is often developed into a whole series of grotesque leaf-like structures one on top of another, and there are wrinkles,

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folds, and feelers of naked skin.

Ears often are immense in proportion to the animal. I know one bat whose ears are much larger than the whole animal itself. Inside the main ear there may be another pinna or false ear of almost any form.

As I lay in bed one night in our rest house at Mamfe, I saw a phantom form flutter momentarily across the rectangle of moonlight cast by the window opposite my bed. There was definitely a bat in the room. George and I held a rapid conference in the dark. The torch was unearthed and lighted, and disclosed not one but half a dozen bats flying round the room. As soon as the light came on, they streamed out of the window. This gave us the idea.

The bright paraffin lamp was set blazing near the window. Long pieces of string were attached to both doors. Members of the staff were crowded into the room, the window was closed, and the light extinguished. We then sat patiently in the dark; sure enough, bats began to enter almost at once, presumably in search of the insects that had been attracted by the light. We pulled the strings, which closed the doors with a bang. We were now sealed up with the bats. The lamp was relighted and our troubles began.

The room was approximately 20 feet square and 14 feet high. There were five of us, all supplied with nets, and four bats. After 20 minutes, we had caught only one, although all four followed each other round and round the room in a wide figure eight.

When we had at last captured

them all, which was only accomplished by their becoming tired and hanging to the wall upside down, we tried the experiment of sealing over their eyes with tiny pieces of adhesive tape. This had not the least effect on their efficiency, but when we folded one of the ears downwards and attached its tip to the face, they all behaved in a ludicrous and incompetent manner.

Other experiments affecting the nose-leaves and parts of the ears had very strange results, all of which seemed to prove conclusively that these organs are the center of their balance-and direction-finding mechanism and that they function quite involuntarily.

We collected, during our stay around Mamfe, no less than 25 species of bats, though most of these were represented by only one or two specimens. Whenever we smoked trees in the high forest, the first things to come out were bats.

George shot a number of the smallest bats I have ever seen; in actual bulk they must be the smallest of all mammals, despite the claims of the pygmy squirrel (*Nannosciurus*) to that distinction. The trunk of this animal when skinned was about the size of a bumble bee and a good deal smaller than the last joint of a small woman's little finger.

The frugivorous bats or megachiroptera are mostly larger animals, some in the Oriental region having a wing span exceeding four feet. We obtained eight species of this group; four of which were, however, of very small size. They do not have nose-leaves and their ears are usually simple, like those of

other animals. Their heads, nevertheless, show an amazing variety of form; one was exactly like a calf's, another like a mastiff's, and the hammer-headed bat's more like a horse's than anything one could imagine.

"SIR, THE CHIEF come with the other chief."

We were in a new locality and had a new interpreter. He was a court messenger and we were now in Nigerian territory.

"Show them in," I answered.

The court messenger had not exaggerated; what is more, there were indeed other chiefs, to the number of approximately a score.

We had been caught unawares by the arrival of all this pomp. George was, as usual, immaculately dressed in Palm Beach trousers and spotless shirt, and the Duke was likewise fully clad, looking brawny and rather English in khaki shirt. I regret to have to state that I was clad in a pair of rose-pink artificial silk pajamas of rather staggering design, which means ultra-bell-bottomed trousers and a top built somewhat like a polo vest. We all wore beards. My hair was, however, so long that I had a beret perched on my head to keep it in place. I had no time to change, because the flood of humanity was upon us before we could move. So there I sat like a glowing April blossom before the penetrating gaze of a score of extremely dignified and conventional African chiefs. I feared the worst.

The court messenger stepped forward to speak.

"The big chief brings greetings,"

he announced. "All other chiefs feel the same and hope you like their country."

"Tell the chief and chiefs," I answered, "that we do like his country, and thank them very much indeed for their kind presents."

Eventually we came to the core of the palaver. It appeared that before the depression and before the United Africa Company had gained a monopoly of the West African trade, these people received 12 shillings and sixpence for a drum of raw palm-oil, whereas they are now receiving about ninepence.

Had we any ideas, the head chief wanted to know, as to any cheaper way of transporting the commodity to the great river? He added that there was a small river nearby, which, it had been suggested, might be canalized. The chiefs had come together, he added, to ask us if we could show them what to do and give some idea of the cost.

After explaining that we had come for animals, I mentioned that we were lucky enough to have an engineer in our midst. The Duke took his bow and we arranged to make an expedition to inspect the river. The trip was to take place next day.

We pushed the poor Duke off at crack of dawn. He was paddled down the river, found that a lot of rock-blasting and lock-building would be necessary, and returned home by easy stages, doing a little collecting on the way.

He reached home after dark, a weary man. I looked across at the handful of little glass tubes that the Duke had produced from his collecting bag and stood on the

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table. First I looked casually, then I looked harder, finally my eyes nearly popped out of my head.

"Duke," I said, controlling myself with an effort, "what have you got in that tube?"

"Oh, some small spiders, I think."

"Give me the dish, quick."

"What is it?" George came into the fray.

"This imbecile, this Superlative Worm has been harboring a *Podogona* and doesn't honestly seem to realize it."

They both craned forward as a small leggy creature about the size of one's little fingernail stalked out of the tube into the dish.

It was a *Podogona*.

So ended the last of our quests. A year before I had been asked to try and find some of these obscure tick-like animals, of which only a handful of specimens was in existence in all the museums and collections of the world.

"Now listen, everybody, tomorrow you all go with the new master and don't come back until you have all got plenty, plenty of these small beef," I announced.

BELIEVE ME, we got *Podogona* in plenty, five hundred of them. They were living and breeding beneath the leaf mould on a bit of old farmed land. We pickled all but 20 which we kept alive in a biscuit tin, though we didn't know what they ate. They arrived back in England and lived there for a year, but still nobody ever discovered what they ate. They were taken to a meeting of the Royal Society; they were introduced to His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury at a meeting of the trustees of the Natural History Museum; they have been poked at by scientists of all nations; nobody has yet succeeded in cutting a dead one into sections for microscopical investigation. Their skin is so hard that it blunts any known knife. They are indeed stubborn creatures.

Traveling up to London in the train after landing at Plymouth, I had these precious beasts in their dirty tin by my side. The ways of bug-hunters are indeed strange, but full of thrills and peculiar pleasures. We were back again with everything we had set out for, and countless other valuable animals besides.



The Telling Question

FROM THE SEALED QUESTION BOX, the speaker at the bond rally took out one of the slips of paper and read aloud: "Is it right that a man in debt, bankrupt in fact, should buy bonds?"

The audience murmured their surprise, but the speaker was unperturbed.

"No, I should imagine it is not right! But, my friends, consider. Whoever leaves this hall now without buying a bond will have everyone whispering—'There he goes. That's the bankrupt!'"

—S. J. SABIN

**September
Round Table
Roundup**

Sparing the rod meant spoiling the child to 63 per cent of our readers who responded to the round table on "Is Spanking Necessary?" "Spanking doesn't have the bad, lasting psychological effect that mental forms of punishment do," ran a typical letter. "A reprimand may not be understood fully by a child. Immediate but not harsh physical punishment after a misdeed has more realism and can be better understood by a youngster than discussion or deprivation. A brisk slap or two following on the heels of transgression is scaled to the juvenile sense of justice. Youngsters live in a world of tan-

gibles and something experienced can't help be more effective than an intellectual argument."

On the other hand, 37 per cent of our contestants felt that "real understanding of a child makes spanking unnecessary" and that it is "far better to deprive him of some desired pleasure than to inflict physical punishment upon him—something which can only lead to fear and dislike of the parent. The basis of all education is mutual love and trust. This can't exist if the parent sets himself up as an infallible superior or power over the child. Moreover, there is something unjust about a grown person taking a switch to a child who can do nothing but bear it."

WINNERS IN THE CORONET ROUND TABLE FOR SEPTEMBER

For the best letters on the question "Is Spanking Necessary?" first prize of \$100 has been awarded to Joe R. Phillips of Tucson, Ariz.; second prize of \$50 to Elizabeth Bagley of Eureka, Cal.; third prize of \$25 to Mrs. Philip Manieri, Jr., of Mt. Ephraim, N. J., and prizes of \$5 each to Ann Astheimer, Galveston, Tex.; Robert Muller, Springfield, Mass.; Mrs. D. C. Benton, Mineral Wells, Tex.; Elaine Gruninger, Syracuse, N. Y.; and M. Williams of Los Angeles, Cal.

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Danny Kaye
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Deems Taylor (p. 45)



Betty Smith (p. 141)



Ivan T. Sanderson (p. 151)



Dr. Herbert Hirschenschein (p. 31)

Between These Covers

... Deems Taylor, music critic and composer, writes the witty text accompanying *A Pictorial History of the Movies*, which opens with the art's peepshow days . . . The enchanting story of Christmas in Brooklyn is from Betty Smith's classic about life in that borough, *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* . . . *Animal Treasure* tells about the animals Ivan T. Sanderson didn't bring back from his junkets to tropic jungles and desert isles . . . Dr. Herbert Hirschenschein is the authority behind the syndicated newspaper feature *Human Mechanics*.



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